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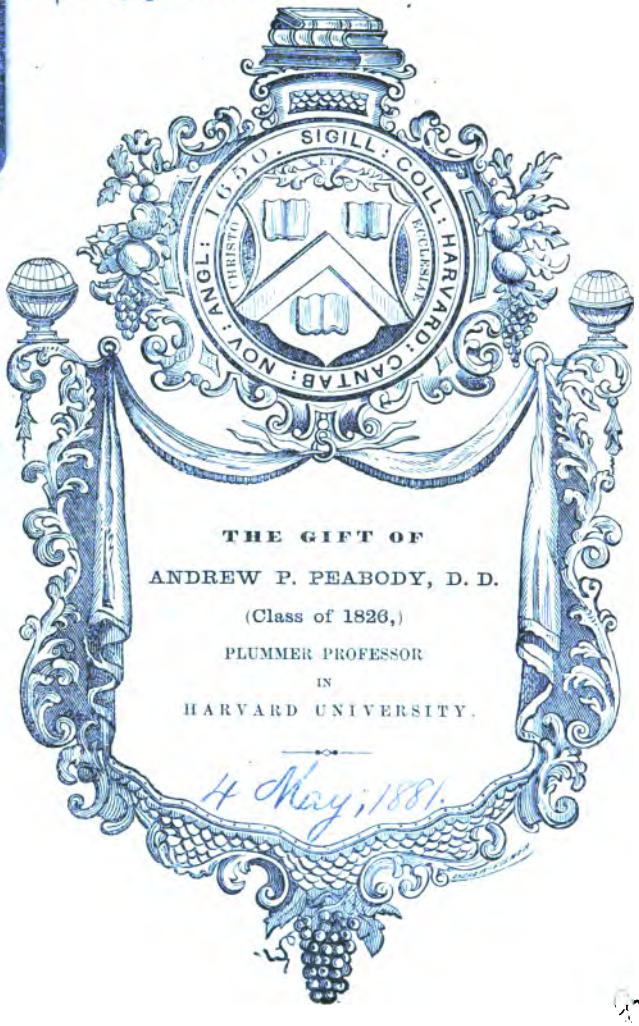

THE GIFT OF
ANDREW P. PEABODY, D. D.
(Class of 1826,)
PLUMMER PROFESSOR
IN
HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

4 May, 1881.

MONTROSE,

AND OTHER

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

By Henry Rivers.

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CONTENTS.

LA TOUR.

PAGE

CHAP. I. — ACADIA, OR NOVA SCOTIA, ... 1
II. — THE RIVAL CHIEFS, ... 3
III. — BOSTON IN 1643, ... 11
IV. — LA TOUR IN BOSTON, ... 15
V. — LA TOUR TRIUMPHANT FOR A TIME, ... 24
VI. — MADAME LA TOUR, ... 27
VII. — LA TOUR'S TROUBLES AND DOUBLES, AND FINAL DISAPPEARANCE, ... 32

GEORGE BRUMMELL. 39

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 91

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

CHAP. I. — INTRODUCTORY, ... 115
II. — A YOUNG LORD, ... 119
III. — A COVENANTER HEART AND HAND, ... 144
IV. — A COVENANTER STILL, BUT CONSERVATIVE, ... 169
V. — A ROYALIST GETTING UNDER WAY, ... 219
VI. — A ROYALIST VICTORIOUS FOR A TWELVEMONTH, . . . 228
VII. — A ROYALIST DEFEATED, BUT STRUGGLING, ... 289
VIII. — A ROYALIST IN EXILE, ... 322
IX. — RETURN TO SCOTLAND, AND DEATH, ... 360

LA TOUR IN BOSTON.*

CHAPTER I.

ACADIA, OR NOVA SCOTIA.

In the seventeenth century the tract of country called then, by the French, *Acadia*, by the English, *Nova Scotia*, was a debatable land. By right of discovery it belonged, beyond doubt, to the English; but the French made the earliest and most successful settlements on the coast. Without any very deep-seated faith, or fixed principles of action, the French people easily accommodate themselves to different modes of life; and their religious worship, the Catholic, which, in its devotion to outward forms and symbols, had become a kind of idolatry, found ready acceptance with the rude aborigines of North America. Little images of the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the saints — these, and the simple cross, were of better workmanship, and altogether prettier, than the rude things of the same kind with which the savages had long been familiar; and they had, moreover, the same kind of virtues. Roman Catholic priests, especially Jesuits, went among the Indians, abode with them, and, inculcating few, if any, self-

* Published originally in "Littell's Living Age," No. 311.

denying virtues, asked only that the new idols should replace the old ones; or, indeed, only that the new should be placed beside the old.

And so the French, as we said, made successful settlements along the coast, had little trouble with the natives, carried on a profitable trade with them, and found them ready allies in struggles with the English; but always, in every war between the two nations, English ships pounced on these settlements, captured the forts, and got possession of the country, or of parts of it. At each treaty of peace, however, in 1632, in 1667, and in 1696, the English ceded this Acadia, or Nova Scotia, to France again; until, finally, in 1713, at the treaty of Utrecht, France, in her turn, conveyed it to Great Britain. In these conveyances, and in grants made by the two governments to different individuals, no very definite boundaries or limits were set forth; and often the lands granted to one adventurer lapped over, or were inclusive of, those granted to another. About the year 1630, there was a French settlement as far west as the Kennebec River; and thence, easterly, grants of land by France to different individuals, at different times, covered a part of Maine, and the whole of the present provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. So confused and intricate had this business become, that at last certain commissioners were appointed to investigate and report on the matter. The result of their labors now stands printed in a large volume, entitled "Memorials of the English and French Commissaries concerning the Limits of Nova Scotia, or Acadia. London, 1755;" and furnishes some authentic materials for our historiette.

Of all these grants we need mention in this chapter only two; namely, the one made to Sir William Alexander (afterward Earl of Stirling) by James the First, in 1621,

confirmed by Charles the First in 1625; in which grant he was empowered to institute an order of Knights, under the title of Baronets of Nova Scotia; and that one by the French government to the Company of New France, in 1627. This company, founded by Cardinal Richelieu, had great powers and privileges, and on its part agreed to colonize the new country rapidly, and on a large scale; to establish and maintain the Roman Catholic religion there, and to exclude Huguenots and all foreigners. The two parties, proceeding to take possession of the country under these grants, soon came in collision. In the year 1627–8, an English fleet, under command of Sir David Kirk, (or Kertch,) fitted out by himself, in conjunction with Sir William Alexander, arrived at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, in Canada, and captured there eighteen French transport ships, commanded by "M. de Lockman and M. de la Tour." These ships Sir David made prize of; but failing this time in his attempt on Quebec, he returned to England, carrying thither "M. de la Tour" — Claude de la Tour, father of that other La Tour whose quarrels and troubles in Acadia vexed and perplexed the fathers of New England.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVAL CHIEFS.

Two Frenchmen, having each some title to this indefinite Acadian country, or to parts of it, struggled long for the mastery there with alternating success. One of them, Charles de Menou, Chevalier, Sieur D'Aulney Charnizay,

appeared in Acadia about the year 1632. He had a fort at Pentagoet, (Penobscot,) and another at Port Royal, (Annapolis.) The other, Sir Charles St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour, of France, Baronet of Nova Scotia, as his French and English titles seem to run, had his stronghold and most abiding place at the mouth of the River St. John, opposite Port Royal — the Bay of Fundy flowing between. A shuffling, intriguing, faithless kind of man this; Protestant with the English, Catholic with the French; careless what master he served in heaven or on earth, provided he could maintain himself there in Acadia, and trade with the natives. Without a courageous heart, or high purpose of any kind, he was in himself no match for his rival, D'Aulney; but La Tour had a wife — Frances Mary Jaquelins is her name — who, under all the disadvantages of petticoats for the kind of work she had to do, was worth a dozen common men. Of this La Tour no Biographical Dictionary gives any note; and the historical fog through which we first discern him is as dense as any natural one that ever shrouded the coasts of his own Acadia. His father, Claude de la Tour, said that he was himself in Acadia as early as 1609 — or some one said it of him; but his first distinct appearance in history occurs eighteen years later, when, as we said, he was taken prisoner by Sir David Kirk, in the River St. Lawrence. This Claude de la Tour, carried to England, was there busy enough — promising, intriguing, in all ways serving himself. Monsieur Denys says that Claude married, in England, one of the queen's maids of honor. It may be so or not; but it is quite certain that he got into favor there with Sir William Alexander. When Sir David Kirk sailed again, in 1629, with ships, to make another attempt on Quebec, La Tour went with him, promising

to place the whole Acadian country in the hands of the English.

And now, straining our eyes and looking through the fog in the direction pointed out by Monsieur Denys, we see, or seem to see, at Cape Sable, Charles St. Etienne de la Tour himself, seated in his fort there; and his father, and his mother-in-law, who was once a maid of honor, living very quietly in a little lodge outside the fort and at some distance from it, with four household servants, (*deux hommes et deux filles-de-chambre.*) Monsieur Denys, who gives us this glimpse through the fog, tells also a little story, — that La Tour senior and his wife came, some years ago, with two English ships, for the purpose of fulfilling that promise made to Sir William Alexander; that he had at first a peaceful interview with his son; showed him certain papers, commissions, in the name of the King of England, with the "Order of the Garter;" entreated him to submit to the said king; promised that he should be continued in command; and, in short, used "all the fine words in the world." These failing of effect, La Tour senior returned on board ship. Then English sailors and soldiers landed, to try what they could do with another kind of argument. There was sharp shooting on both sides; but the English got the worst of it, and withdrew to their ships foiled. And now La Tour senior and his wife, ashamed and afraid to return to England, asked of their son permission to remain with him. This boon the son granted, on condition that they should never enter his fort. The English ships departed, and La Tour junior built a little lodge outside his fort, and supported there his father and his mother-in-law, who was once a maid of honor. These La Tours Monsieur Denys saw at Cape Sable, when "he passed that way, about the year 1635,

and they told him this story." * In such dim light La Tour senior appears, and now altogether disappears and is buried, he and his wife, in the fog of Cape Sable.

This little story one can hope is true, for it is more honorable to *our* La Tour than any other that we have to tell of him. True in part it certainly is, for papers, commissions, somewhat like those above mentioned, did then exist. Sir William Alexander, by letters patent dated November 30, 1629, did grant to Claude de la Tour certain lands in Nova Scotia; and soon after, to wit, on the 12th of the next May, he did the same thing for the son, Charles St. Etienne de la Tour. By these letters patent† Sir William did also make these La Tours knights baronet of Nova Scotia; the same being, as he said, in consideration of their "great merit, and of services rendered to the English crown."

La Tour, who, as the above story runs, defended his fort so bravely at Cape Sable, was then, it appears, acting under a French commission, dated in 1627, and had a grant of land at St. John's River and elsewhere — he or his father; for, in the confused accounts of these adventurers, it is often difficult to say which is *which*. We, however, leaving the father in the fog at Cape Sable, will stick close to the son, who grows more and more authentic as we proceed, till at last we can put our hand on him and say, *This* is he.

Charles St. Etienne, whom we saw at Cape Sable, seems to have extended his possessions in Acadia undisturbed for some years. Le Commandeur de Razillai, who appeared, in 1632 or 1633, with a commission from the Company of New France, as commander-in-chief of the

* See Description de l'Amérique, &c., par Monsieur Denys.
† See Hazard's Col. Hist. Papers, vol. i.

country which had just been ceded by Charles I., did not disturb the French settlers whom he found there, but was, as Monsieur Denys says, a good and just man. La Tour went to France in 1634–5, (or his wife did,) and told a story of his doings in Acadia. The Company of New France then, "having knowledge of the zeal of said La Tour for the Catholic religion," made to him a certain "concession" — extensive grants of land at Cape Sable, Le Have, Port Royal, and Minas; and he lived there in peace, driving a profitable trade with the natives, having his head-quarters and stronghold at St. John's. At this time La Tour, strong in arms and authority, attacked, captured, and plundered an English trading house at Machias; and to Mr. Allerton, of Plymouth, who came to claim the prisoners and goods, he said: "I have taken them as lawful prize; my authority is from the King of France, who claims the coast from Cape Sable to Cape Cod." Asked to show his commission, this Frenchman replied: "My sword is commission sufficient where I have strength to overcome; where that fails, I will show my commission." High words these, of which Monsieur may repent by and by.

Of La Tour's rival, Charles de Menou, Chevalier, Sieur D'Aulney Charnizay, there is little to be said. He appears first in Acadia with Le Commandeur de Razillai, and probably came out from France with him as lieutenant, in the year 1632. After the death of Razillai, about the year 1636, D'Aulney claimed to be his successor in command, and seems to have been recognized as such by the government in France. Monsieur Denys, who has his own grievances to complain of, does not say any thing good of D'Aulney; but we must bear in mind, that, in the grant made to the Company of New France, all prior grants

were recalled and cancelled; and also that one condition of this grant was, that Huguenots and foreign Protestants should be excluded from the country. D'Aulney, then, the successor of Razillai, acting under the said company, and being himself a zealous Catholic, had perhaps good grounds for his doings in Acadia, or, at least, some excuse for them.

Be that as it may, he, a bold, aspiring man, built him a fort at Penobscot, and carried matters with a high hand in Acadia, or attempted to do so. At once the quarrel between him and La Tour began; on what ground does not appear. The truth may be that these men, having fishing stations along the coast, and trading with the natives for furs, hindered each other's gain, and came many ways in collision. Accounts of their dissensions reaching France, a royal letter was sent to D'Aulney, dated February, 1638, restricting the boundaries of his government, and marking out lines between himself and La Tour; but with little effect, for the quarrel continued, and grew more and more bitter. In these years, probably soon after the death of Razillai, D'Aulney got possession of Port Royal, and held it as long as he lived.

And now both parties sought aid in France; personally, or by agents, making accusations against each other. D'Aulney, a decided Catholic, found most favor there, and accused La Tour of disloyalty, of harboring Huguenots and foreign Protestants; with some reason, for, indeed, it does appear that La Tour had all along some connection with these Huguenots, many of whom, after the siege and fall of Rochelle, were abroad; but always he kept Roman Catholic priests there at St. John's, and, so far as he was any thing, was himself a Catholic. In these his days of trouble, La Tour cast a wistful eye towards the

English settlement at Massachusetts; and, turning up the Protestant side of him, sent messengers to Boston seeking aid. In Winthrop's Journal are the following entries: —

"1641, mo. 9. 8, [November 8.] Monsieur Rochett, a Rochéller, and a Protestant, came from Monsieur La Tour, planted on St. John's River, up the great bay on this side Cape Sable. He brought no letters with him, but only letters from Mr. Shurt, of Pemaquid, where he left his men and boat. He propounded to us, — 1. Liberty of free commerce. This was granted. 2. Assistance against D'Aulney, of Penobscot, whom he had war with. 3. That he might make return of goods out of England by our merchants. In these two we excused any treaty with him, as having no letters or commission from La Tour. He was courteously entertained here, and, after a few days, departed.

"1642, 6. Here came in a French shallop with some fourteen men, whereof one was La Tour, his lieutenant. They brought letters from La Tour to the governor, full of compliments, and desire of assistance from us against Monsieur D'Aulney. They staid here about a week, and were kindly entertained; and though they were Papists, yet they came to our church meetings; and the lieutenant seemed to be much affected to find things as he did, and professed he never saw so good order in any place. One of the elders gave him a Testament, with Marlorat's notes, which he kindly accepted, and promised to read it.

"1642, 9. 7, [November 7.] Some of our merchants sent a pinnace to trade with La Tour in St. John's River. He welcomed them very kindly, and wrote to our governor letters very gratulatory for his lieutenant's entertainment, &c., and withal a relation of the state of the controversy between himself and Monsieur D'Aulney. In

their return they met with D'Aulney at Pemaquid, who wrote also to our governor, and sent him a printed copy of the arrest against La Tour, and threatened us that if any of our vessels came to La Tour he would make prize of them."

The arrest here mentioned is a paper obtained by D'Aulney in France, dated February 13, 1641 — an order from the king to arrest La Tour and send him home to answer to certain charges; among others, that of alliance with foreign Protestants, (*accusé d'avoir tiré du secours des Religionnaires étrangères.**)

Thus far these two Frenchmén had brought their quarrel; and now D'Aulney, being prepared, will strike a blow and end it — if he can. In the spring of 1643, he, collecting all his forces, enters the River St. John, with two ships, a pinnace, and some five hundred men, and blockades La Tour's fort, whose outlook, at this time, is not a cheerful one. Here at last his old enemy has shut him up, blocking up the only avenue, and will starve him to death. Friends in France have promised aid, which, if it come at all, will now be late. Day after day he sits forlorn, looking seaward, sweeping the horizon with his telescope; and in the river, a little way above, at the foot of a fall, the great Manitou raises his head above the troubled waters, and sways to and fro, worshipped by the Indians; who, as they pass and repass in their canoes, pay tribute to this mysterious thing — which is what boatmen on the Mississippi name a sawyer, and curse it. At last, however, Monsieur La Tour espies a sail in the offing, and soon the promised signal — a ship with friends from France! There is (doubt it not) such

* Memorials of Commissaries, p. 118.

communication between fort and ship as can be made by flags and other signals; for the ship comes not into port, and La Tour himself, in silence, under cover of night, leaves his fort, takes boat, joins his friends at sea, and sails away; D'Aulney lying there with his ships under shelter of some headland, altogether in the dark, but sure of his prey.

CHAPTER III.

BOSTON IN 1643.

It requires, at this day, an effort of imagination to picture Boston as it was in the month of June, in the year of our Lord 1643. Standing on the summit of its highest hill, where we have materials for a beacon fire in case of need, the outlook is a wide one. We are some one hundred and fifty feet above the sea level; and below us lies the little peninsula, of irregular form, its margin all around indented by coves and little creeks, its surface uneven, and but partially cleared; forest trees still rise here and there, and underbrush, and swamp, and marsh still have place. Westward, from south all round to north, lies the shallow basin into which empty the waters of Charles River; and beyond, we see the forest-covered country. Eastward are the blue waters of our beautiful harbor, with its fifty green islands, on which the eye lingers well pleased. Southeasterly from our point of view, on a little hill rising abruptly from the shore, directly opposite the entrance to the harbor, we have built a fort; and farther away, some half mile distant in the north-east, where the penin-

sula ends in another hill, stands the windmill which grinds our corn.

This hill, our standpoint, (its summit divided into three little cones,) stands about midway of the peninsula lengthwise, and at its base comes to the shores east and west; westward with abrupt descent, and eastward sloping gently. There, on its eastern slope, a few rods from the water, stands our *new* meeting house, just now completed; very near thereto our market; and all around, the dwelling-places of our little community of God-fearing men. They stand there, of modest proportions, with fit interval for garden plot and out-house, on each side of that main street which runs southward to the narrow neck of land that joins us to Roxbury — on each side, but at unequal distances from it; clustering around the church and market, as a central point, but scattering away from that point towards the south; and still farther, on the other side of it, towards the north-east, in which direction the town seems to be extending itself. Down there, on the hither side of our house of God, lies our God's-acre. Mr. Johnson, husband of the Lady Arabella, died and was buried there on his own lot; and now many lie around him, sleeping quietly, far from their kindred.

A pretty view it is as we look out over these wooden roofs — northward, over the water to the village of Charlestown; eastward, to the harbor, where lie moored three stately ships; and southward, over the neck, to Roxbury.

From the main street, at the point where stands the market, a street runs eastward straight to a landing place at the water. On the north side of this landing place the shore, curving inward, forms that deep and wide cove, at the head of which is Bendell's Dock; and around it are the warehouses of our principal merchants. On the south

side is another smaller cove; and between the head of this cove and the main street is the house of Governor Winthrop — his lot running from the street to the shore. In these hundred dwellings there is prayer at early morn, prayer at high noon, and at night — prayer to Him who is over all.

Here we live in this year of our Lord 1643, in hope of better times, not without fear of worse; for on the one hand are French settlements, on the other Dutch; all around are forests full of savage men, and we live in the midst of terrors natural and preternatural; there are signs and wonders on the land and on the sea. We have had warm disputes about a covenant of works, and a covenant of grace; about justification and sanctification. Governor Vane held his head high and was stiff, though he could weep on occasion. Mrs. Ann Hutchinson had her meetings of sisters and talked; our magistrates differed; and our ministers — even good Mr. Cotton and good Mr. Wilson — could not agree. There was endless debate and doubt. One poor woman could bear it no longer, but, at any cost, would have firm footing somewhere; she threw her little babe headlong down a well, and said: "Now my damnation is inevitable."

But, for this year or two, we are more peaceful. Mr. Harry Vane has gone, and Mrs. Hutchinson; he a sublime egotist, who would not follow, and could not lead; she a lively, helpful woman, of too ready tongue, who talked herself into a labyrinth of words, and could not get out. These two have gone; one away through the trackless forest, the other away across the surging sea. Mr. Winthrop is governor again — the grave, kind, gentlemanly Winthrop; he and Mr. Cotton go once more hand in hand. The Bible — *that* has been, and shall continue to

be, the guide of our life; and we will act out, so far as in us lies, the written word of God.

Our government is a theocracy with a democratic tendency, and there is a continual struggle; but in all our differences and disputes hitherto the better part has prevailed. When other means fail, our teacher, Mr. Cotton, preaches a sermon, and, with copious reference to the old Hebrew lawgivers and prophets, settles the matter. Church members only are eligible to office, and none other can vote at elections. The governors of men must be the servants of God; and in *our* government ungodly men shall in no way have hand or voice; but we will govern *them*, and in all ways watch and curb them; for, indeed, we left our pleasant homes in Old England, tore up our roots there, and transplanted ourselves here, *not* for the purpose of tolerating wickedness of any kind, but for quite another purpose. We came here to worship the God of heaven, to lead pure and holy lives, and to train up our children in the way they should go.

In liberty and equality we do not believe. Our faith is, that men who are set in high places are the ministers and vicegerents of the Almighty on earth, and bound to execute the judgments of God; that the confirmed evil doer should be swept away; that the tree which bears not good fruit should be hewn down and cast into the fire. We believe, too, that degrees among men should be indicated by outward sign and observance. Our governor goes to church with two servants bearing halberds; and in the church itself seats are set apart expressly for the magistrates. We have servants bound for a term of years — bound to serve, and not entitled to the prefix of Mister. Negro slaves too we have here — real negroes with curly hair, who are slaves to white men.

In our church meetings on the Sabbath day, and at the Thursday lecture, by persuasion and by example, we would lead all men into the ways of truth and soberness; glad to prevail so, if we can: but if such means fail, then the strong hand of the law shall fall on the transgressor; he shall be fined, shall sit in the public stocks, shall be whipped; if need be, he shall die. With old Hebrew sternness we execute the judgments of God. No man shall have cards or dice in his house; no man shall take tobacco publicly, and shall pay a penny for every time of taking it in any place. We have whipped men for shooting fowl on the Sabbath day, and for cursing and swearing. The man who made the public stocks, charging an exorbitant price therefor, was himself set therein; Captain Robert Keayne, one of our most public-spirited men, convicted of taking more than sixpence in the shilling profit, was fined one hundred pounds sterling, and paid it; others, convicted of more heinous offences, were swept away and utterly exterminated — too many, as our kind governor sometimes thinks: So we live and work in Boston in this year of our Lord 1643, in hope of better times, not without fear of worse.

CHAPTER IV.

LA TOUR IN BOSTON.

On the twelfth day of that pleasant month of June, in the year 1643, Mistress Gibbons, wife of Captain Edward Gibbons, took boat, after noon, to go down the harbor to her husband's farm and fishery at Pullin Point, to see how matters were going on there. As she sails along, she notes,

with some interest, that a great ship is coming in from sea; which, as it passes Castle Island, salutes with big guns — answered not at all, or by echo only. Soon, the ship approaching, she sees faces and hears voices which are not English; and when a boat full of men detaches itself and puts off, pointing directly towards her, she, frightened, flies straight to Governor's Island, opposite the Castle; the stranger pursuing, and gaining on her, reaches the shore almost as soon as herself. Here, on the shore, she is introduced to Monsieur La Tour, — Sir Charles St. Etienne, Lord de la Tour, of France, Baronet of Nova Scotia, — for the stranger is he; and one of his gentlemen, who had been here before, recognized the lady, and wished to renew the acquaintance. Governor Winthrop, who, with his family, is here at his garden on the island, receives the stranger with grave courtesy, not without anxiety; for he is uncertain of the intentions of this Frenchman, who comes hither in an armed ship full of men, at a time too when our defences are in a bad state. Our fort on Castle Island, built some years ago of unshapen stone, with lime of burnt oyster shells, and acted on by the frosts of winter and the rains of summer, has crumbled and tumbled, and is a fort no longer. Rusty guns are there, but no garrison; and now here am I and mine in the power of this man, who sent us a threatening message some time ago! Such thoughts force themselves on Governor Winthrop, while he listens to La Tour's story of his fort at St. John's besieged by D'Aulney; of his escape in the night, and flight hitherward. The governor listens with brief response, and at the first fit interval takes occasion to send his own boat to Boston to take Mistress Gibbons home, (who has changed her mind about going to Pullin Point to-day,) — to take Mistress Gibbons home; and also, methinks, to take some message

to his friends there. This done, the governor, somewhat more at ease, listens again to La Tour's story, to his urgent request for aid against his enemy. He gives the Frenchman a cup of tea, but no promise of aid; that matter, being one of moment, must be referred to our magistrates for decision. When the governor, with his unwelcome guests, walks, in the level sunlight, down to La Tour's boat, to embark for Boston, he is right glad to see that three or four boats full of friends have come across the harbor to guard him home.

Being landed, "the governor, with sufficient guard," (for all the town is now astir,) brought him (La Tour) to his lodgings at Captain Gibbons's, a little way north of the market, where he will pass the night. This evening there is much talk in town, and in the neighboring towns, (doubt it not;) for the big guns were heard, and the news spread quick — much talk of this Frenchman, and his ship full of armed men; of his purpose, and of the state of our military defences. One thing gives us some assurance of his good intentions; he has placed himself this night on shore, in *our* power, which is a comfort to us.

Next day, at call of the governor, such magistrates and deputies as are at hand assemble. La Tour, the captain of the ship and other Frenchmen being present, the governor propounds the case to them. Monsieur produces his documents; the captain's commission, "fairly engrossed on parchment, under the hands and seals of the grand admiral of France and the grand prior," to bring supply to La Tour; who, in this document, is styled "His Majesty's Lieutenant General of Acadia;" and a letter from the agent of the Company of New France to La Tour, informing him "of the injurious practices of D'Aulney against him," in France, &c., and "superscribed to him as lieutenant general."

These documents, dated in April last, are rather satisfactory, and quite at variance with the statement made to us last year, by D'Aulney, that La Tour had been proclaimed a rebel in France; whereupon, after some deliberation, — though we could not, as a government, grant him aid without the consent of the other commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, yet we would not hinder any that were willing to aid him, — we answered (rather hastily) that we would allow him "free mercate;" that he might hire ships here, and get such other aid as he could. This answer La Tour takes with thanks, and appears to be well satisfied therewith. One other request he makes; that he may be allowed to land his men for refreshment after their long voyage; which we grant, on condition that they come in small companies at a time, so that "our women be not frightened."

And now Monsieur, or, as we term him, Lord La Tour, having leave, forthwith bestirs himself, making inquiry for aid. Captain Edward Gibbons is "young, gay, and wealthy;" gay as a Puritan can be: he has ships, is an enterprising man, and Monsieur is his guest; they talk together, with liberal offers on the one side, with somewhat of doubt on the other, and will probably agree by and by. They two talk, and the whole town talks and debates, and all the country towns. To many it seems dangerous to embroil ourselves in the quarrel of these two Frenchmen; moreover, there are, it appears, two *friars* in this very ship, now lying at anchor before the town. If La Tour and his men are Protestants, as they pretend to be, what then are these *friars* there for? But Monsieur himself has heard the report of his lieutenant, who took a Testament from one of our elders some time ago; he has seen the world, and can be many things to many men; he goes to

church every Sunday with our governor; and for once we (you and I, reader) will go with him, and see what we can, though in a dim way.

At beat of drum (instead of peal of bell) all people bestir themselves, but with due gravity and decorum, and move churchward. Governor Winthrop comes forth from his house, and, with fit guard of halberdiers and musketeers, marches northward along the main street, past the church, straight to Captain Gibbons's house; there (a few rods north of the church) he is joined by La Tour, and then (still with fit guard) he retraces his steps to the church — our new church, built at much cost, but cheerfully. Without, it is plain, substantial: within, it is plain, substantial, with galleries around the walls. In the pulpit is good Mr. John Cotton, our teacher, and good Mr. John Wilson, our pastor; and Mr. Cotton shall preach to-day; he is near threescore years of age; a smooth, rotund man, of middle stature, of florid complexion, blue eyes, and hair almost white. The ruling elder reads the psalm, and all who can, join in the singing; he reads from our new "Bay Psalm Book" — first book printed in North America; the imprint on the title page is, "The Psalms in Metre, translated for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints in public and private, especially in New England." The teacher, with clear, mellifluous voice, and earnest, impressive manner, speaks to a listening flock. In many divisions, and subdivisions, with copious reference to the Hebrew Scriptures, to the sayings and doings of the old lawgivers, prophets, and kings, he enforces his doctrine to an attentive, believing people; stern, serious men; staid, demure-looking women; and children prim, upright, but uneasy. Among these children methinks I see three girls — Joy, Recompense, and Pitie — and Mr. Cotton's

son, Seaborn, whose first slumbering had boisterous lullaby. We may note, also, that the boys are not quite Puritan, but only as puritanic as they can be; Sergeant Johnson and Walter Merry have "the oversight of the boys in the galleries, and if any are unruly will acquaint the magistrates therewith." After church services are over, we all go straight homeward in silence; or, if we speak at all, it is in low tones of the sermon, and such like serious things. Monsieur La Tour has seen much of the world; but here is a new phase of it, and he must take heed to his ways.

One of La Tour's requests, made on the day after his arrival, was, that he might have leave to land his men for refreshment and exercise; and "the training day at Bosten falling out on the next week, we expected him on that day;" though some in Boston, and many in the country round about us, were apprehensive of trouble; and the governor had messages and letters from many men: one letter, we see, is from Mr. Endicott, at Salem, who, after expressing his fears of the consequences of allowing so many armed men to land, says: "Great jealousies there are that it is not D'Aulney who is aimed at by La Tour." "I think it were good that that business" (the taking of Mr. Allerton's pinnace and goods) "were cleared before he had either aid or liberty to hire ships; yea, or to depart" himself. Thus Mr. Endicott speaks, for himself and others, direct to the governor; and many men talk, and ministers preach: one minister, "out of fear of Popish leagues" predicted that there would be store of blood shed in Boston on that day. Nevertheless, when the day came, La Tour, having leave, landed "forty men in their arms." Our train-band (about one hundred and fifty men) received them at the landing place, and escorted them to the field, where, in the forenoon, they stood at ease and beheld our

men exercise, who did their best before these military strangers. At noon, La Tour and his officers dined with the officers of our train band, Captain George Cooke, Lieutenant Thomas Hawkins, Ensign Francis Willoughby, and other past officers, with invited guests; dined at the "Ordinary," or public house, and had a substantial dinner; probably not a merry one. There was no hobnobbing, no drinking of healths; our magistrates and elders disapproved of that custom; Governor Winthrop disused it at his table, and it fell out of practice generally. After dinner, La Tour's men having dined with our privates in their houses, all went again to the training field. And now, our governor and some of the magistrates came into the field; and our soldiers, in their turn standing at ease, the strangers showed us what they could do. Prompt at the short, sharp word of command, they march, countermarch, wheel, and defile; they handle their arms briskly in unison, as one man, and are "very expert in all their postures and motions." When we saw these weather-beaten men, all trained to war, playing out their game so well, we thought of that prophecy, that blood would be shed in Boston this day. Suddenly, to our great astonishment, "they threw down their pieces, cast off their bandoliers, drew their swords, and charged" right towards us; the clear steel flashing bright in the evening sunlight! Whereat "some alarm was excited among the women and children," and perhaps some suspicion among full-grown men. But they only feigned to charge, and ended the day's exercise so; for now La Tour asked our governor for leave to depart, and leave being willingly given, there was again a military escort. Our captain drawing his men out into a march, the French fell into the middle; and so they marched, drum beating, colors flying, eastward to the main street,

then northward to the market; and, wheeling to the right there, onward to the landing place at the shore. When we came to their boat they gave a volley of shot and embarked; and no blood was shed that day in Boston.

There was, as we said, much talk and debate about this matter of giving aid to La Tour; and many men were dissatisfied with the favor shown and the concessions made to him — to him who sent us a threatening message once, who killed two Englishmen, and took Mr. Allerton's goods at Machias, some ten years ago; who is, as some of us believe, a Papist! And at last the governor and *near* magistrates met again to consider what we had done, and what wé were doing. There was much debate; many arguments on both sides, and ample quotations from the Old Testament; finally a kind of conclusion, that we could not apprehend it more unlawful to allow La Tour to provide himself succor amongst our people, than it was for Joshua to aid the Gibeonites against the rest of the Canaanites, or for Jehoshaphat to aid Jehoram against Moab.

But all this time, Monsieur, with church-going and training, has not been unmindful of his own especial business. At Bendell's Dock, and all around the cove, men are busy; none more so than Captain Edward Gibbons, who is fitting out ships with provisions and crews. All mechanics have enough to do, for there is great haste, and it appears that Captain Gibbons and the Frenchman have struck a bargain. Captain Edward Gibbons and Thomas Hawkins, "merchants and part owners of the ships Seabridge, Philip and Mary, Increase, and Greyhound," on the one part, "Monsieur La Tour, Knight of the King, Lieutenant General of New France," on the other part. The Seabridge shall have fourteen pieces of ordnance, fourteen able seamen and a boy; the Philip

and Mary, and the Increase, ten guns each; and the Greyhound, four "murderers;" all with tackle, apparel, and victual for two months from the 10th of July next. These ships are to sail in company with La Tour's ship, the Clement, to the fort of said La Tour, in the River St. John; but only to defend ourselves and La Tour against Monsieur *Dony*, (so we spell it,) "or any that shall unjustly assault or oppose La Tour in his way to his fort." La Tour may put on board each ship ten soldiers, but no more; for we are cautious. Monsieur La Tour is to pay charter for these ships five hundred and twenty pounds sterling per month; pillage and spoil of goods to be divided between the contracting parties. Such is the agreement* as it stands written, dated June 30, 1643, and witnessed by Robert Keayne, William Ting, and Etienne Duprée, (probably La Tour's lieutenant.)

And so these long summer days wear away amid the bustle of the outfit of so many ships. From early dawn to set of sun, workmen ply their busy trades; around the cove, and along the shore, all is astir, each man doing his utmost, till at last, on the 14th of July, the ships are all fitted and ready for sea, having on board some seventy land soldiers, which La Tour has enlisted here at forty shillings per month.

Now, on the last day of La Tour's stay here, we notice that the friars are on shore, taking leave of Mr. Cotton in a very quiet way. One of them "is well learned, a ready disputant, and very learned in the Latin tongue;" and they have been on shore once or twice before, but covertly. Friars! they had best keep out of sight. One of our fears all along has been, that if we did not aid La Tour to get

* See Hazard's Hist. Col., i. 499.

away home, he would stay here, and these *friars* would stay. We are glad they are going, and we will take leave of them civilly; or Mr. Cotton will, for he is so learned, and so good, they cannot harm *him*.

Towards evening, Governor Winthrop and many of our chief men accompany Monsieur to his boat, at the landing place, and take leave of him there, for the ships are all ready, with anchors apeak. Methinks Captain Gibbons stands long on the shore, gazing on these ships, which, with swelling sails lighted up by the setting sun, are fast receding in the distance. If he has no misgivings, he is a sanguine man. The outlay is great, and he has no surety of reimbursement — nothing but the promise of a rather doubtful looking stranger, who has agreed to ship furs to England, and place the proceeds there to the credit of Captain Edward Gibbons! Now he is "gay, young, and wealthy;" a few years hence, he will certainly be an older man, but perhaps not so gay, nor so wealthy.

CHAPTER V.

LA TOUR TRIUMPHANT FOR A TIME.

Monsieur D'Aulney, whom we left some time ago in the River St. John, lying there in the dark, under shelter of some headland, blockading La Tour's fort, did not dream of what had happened, but felt sure of his prey. Counting the days, he thought that soon his famished foe must surrender at discretion. Methinks he was astounded that day when the fleet from Boston hove in sight — five ships steering straight inward to St. John's. Setting sail

in haste, D'Aulney, by some manœuvre, escaped and fled homeward to Port Royal. The enemy pursuing, he ran his ships ashore in a harbor, and began to fortify them; whereupon La Tour sent a messenger on shore with letters to D'Aulney — letters from Governor Winthrop, from Captain Hawkins, and from La Tour himself. This messenger, "being one who could speak French well, was carried blindfolded into the house, and there kept six or seven hours;" and all the time D'Aulney's men were busy "fortifying with palisadoes; the friars, as busy as any, encouraging the women, (who cried pitifully,) telling them" that the English "were infidels and heretics." La Tour's letter D'Aulney refused to open, because it was not superscribed to the lieutenant general, &c., but to the governor; and to Captain Hawkins he returned answer, refusing to come to any terms of peace with La Tour, and sent a copy of the *arrêt* against him. Now, these means having failed of effect, La Tour urged Captain Hawkins to land his Englishmen and attack the enemy; but this the captain refused to do, it being no part of the agreement. Nevertheless, he gave permission to any that might choose to go; and with some thirty of the English, joined to his own forces, La Tour landed and assaulted the foe; but D'Aulney at bay fought bravely and beat them off. La Tour then, setting fire to a mill and some standing corn, doing what mischief he could, embarked and went with the Boston ships home to St. John's.

Captain Hawkins, having now, according to agreement, placed La Tour in his fort again, will leave him there, and depart himself for Boston; but first the "pillage and spoil of goods" shall be divided among the contracting parties; for such spoil there was. A trading pinnace of D'Aulney's, supposing that he and his ships were still

there at St. John's, came in, full of moose and beaver skins, and was made prize of. This being divided according to agreement, Captain Hawkins set sail on his ships, homeward bound, leaving Monsieur to his own resources.

And now, La Tour, triumphant for a time, acted on the aggressive; and a party of his men, with some English, made a successful attack on D'Aulney's establishment at Penobscot. Thus he, triumphant for a time; but for short time only; for his untiring and implacable foe, going himself to France, told his old story there, with additions — that this La Tour harbors Huguenots and foreigners; that he seeks aid, in New England, from enemies of the only true religion, and gets it; that he is not a good and loyal subject of his most Catholic majesty. He tells his story, and is believed, and prevails, getting *arrêts* and assistance; though Madame La Tour, who at this very time was also there in France, did her utmost for a husband who is hardly worth the trouble. He, sitting at home in his fort, receives letters from his wife, informing him of the state of matters abroad, and that he too must do his utmost, or the worst will come. Whereupon Monsieur, having little hope elsewhere, turns once more to his friends of New England, enemies of the true religion though they be; and in the summer of the next year (1644) we see him there again, telling his story to Governor Endicott, at Salem. He tells it in a pathetic, persuasive way, in his native French; and the governor, (notwithstanding his own letter to Winthrop last year,) moved with compassion for the man, appoints a meeting of magistrates and ministers at Boston to consider the matter. They meet, consider, debate, and adjourn, to meet again at Salem next week. We notice that Monsieur at this time plays a new card, or an old one which

he has kept long out of sight: that grant, from Sir William Alexander, of lands in Nova Scotia, confirmed under the great seal of Scotland, with letters patent of a Scotch baronetcy, is now brought forward to English eyes with some effect. Nevertheless, the magistrates, after much debate, could agree only to write a letter — a letter to D'Aulney — complaining of the wrongs he had done to New England people, apologizing for the aid given to his enemy last year, and asserting the determination of the governor and council to protect New England merchants in their trade with La Tour. With this letter, and a Massachusetts vessel in company, laden with provisions, La Tour, on the ninth day of September, set sail from Boston, homeward bound; his wife being, at about that date, off Cape Sable, under hatches of the ship Gilliflower, among boxes and barrels, bound, not homeward to the fort at St. John's, but to Boston in Massachusetts, much against her will. The captain of the ship Gilliflower shall learn, when the day of reckoning comes, that the weaker sex has now and then a bit of strength in it.

CHAPTER VI.

MADAME LA TOUR.

THE wife of La Tour, Frances Mary Jaquelins, is "a remarkable woman, or an uncommon man," and is deserving of a chapter in the Romance of History, were the materials at hand; but, unhappily, they are not, and the conscientious historian must, for the present, content himself with a meagre section or two of her story.

Of her parentage, her infancy, of all her girlhood, there is no word to say. That she had her young joys and sorrows — her dreams of love and life, softer, sweeter than she could realize — no one need doubt; for she too was a woman, though she had a man's work to do, and did it better than the most. Married to this La Tour, living almost every where without any abiding place, the domestic virtues, if she had inclination to them, had small chance for development, and she was by circumstance and habit a kind of Amazon, and we must figure her so.

We can discern this Madame La Tour abroad in Europe, in a dim light, seeking aid in France, whence, as we have seen, she wrote letters to her husband, informing him that D'Aulney had prevailed there. That ship, the Clement, from Rochelle, to which La Tour escaped in the night when his fort was besieged in 1643, was probably despatched by her. D'Aulney says that she fled from France, being "proclaimed a traitor" there; fled, no doubt, to England, to see what she could do in that country; for, on the 17th of September, 1644, a few days after Monsieur La Tour made his *second* departure from Boston, and before the good people there had done saying good riddance, there came into the harbor the ship Gilliflower, Captain Bayley, from London, bringing Madame La Tour, who had a story to tell the governor and others — how she chartered this ship in London, of Alderman Berkley and Captain Bayley, to convey herself, her people and goods to her husband's fort at St. John's; how the said captain, trading along on the coasts of Canada for his own profit, lengthened out the voyage to six months, to her great detriment — for when they at last arrived off Cape Sable, D'Aulney was there, lying in wait

for this very ship, or for one conveying Madame and her goods; how Captain Bayley, stowing herself and her people under hatches, among bales and barrels, to keep them out of sight, told D'Aulney a tale; namely, that he was bound from London direct to Boston, and knew nothing about Monsieur and Madame La Tour; and how D'Aulney, believing the tale, gave Captain Bailey a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, and let them go, right glad to escape so.

This was Madame's true story; and thereupon she claimed damages of Captain Bayley for unnecessary delay and detention, whereby, as she alleged, D'Aulney had been able to intercept her, and prevent her access to St. John's. Forthwith she arrested the captain and the merchant of the ship, and got possession of the goods on execution. This matter, brought before the Court of Assistants, made much noise and trouble in Massachusetts. The merchants of Charlestown took part with Captain Bayley; the merchants of Boston, "some of them being deeply engaged to La Tour," assisted the lady; but she, with right, prevailed, and got judgment for two thousand pounds sterling. At the time of this trial of Madame La Tour's suit there came to Boston one Marie, "habited like a *gentleman*, but supposed to be a *friar*," a messenger from Monsieur D'Aulney, bringing letters from him to the governor, (Endicott,) and documents showing that La Tour had been condemned in France as a rebel and a traitor. This messenger made complaints of the assistance given La Tour last year, and also propositions of peace and amity, &c. The governor and magistrates "urged much for a reconciliation with La Tour," and that D'Aulney should "permit his lady to go to her husband." As for La Tour, the messenger answered rather slightingly; and for his lady, "she

was known to be the cause of his contempt and rebellion;" she should not go to her husband; and D'Aulney would take her even out of Boston ships if they came in his way. This messenger, having concluded his business, "made great haste away," to tell his master the news. Nevertheless, the lady, nothing daunted, hired three ships in Boston, sailed away in October, 1644, and got safe home to her husband.

Very soon after her arrival, this husband, leaving the wife with a few men, French, English, Swiss, to keep the fort against D'Aulney, took ship and went about seeking aid.

She, looking about her there in the fort, sees some creatures that are not very useful — a kind of men who can eat, and say mass, but can do nothing else; these, "the friars and their confederates," she at once dismisses; for she does not lack decision of character, and will harbor no useless cattle. These creatures, going straight to D'Aulney, told him of La Tour's absence — of the weakness of the garrison; whereupon he, collecting his forces, set sail for St. John's. He will capture the fort, get hold of the lady — if he can. But Madame was at her post, and knew what to do there. Aiming the big guns well, plying them briskly, she soon rendered his frigate unmanageable, and killed or wounded some thirty of his men. Warping his ship out of reach of gunshot, he refitted as well as he could, and sailed away; and Madame has saved the fort for a season; and all this time the husband, Sir Charles St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour of France, Baronet of Nova Scotia, is in Boston, living with Mr. Maverick at Noddle's Island, walking round among the people of Boston, telling his story in a snuffling way, all through the winter.

Methinks he had better cease snuffling, go home, and

go to work; otherwise his story will become more and more pitiful.

For now D'Aulney, having had time to recruit, pounces upon the lady again. This time he prevails; though she fought bravely three days and three nights, and beat him off; but on the fourth day (Easter Sunday) he bribed one of the garrison, "a Swiss who was on guard that day," while the others were reposing after their hard day's work, and got inside the walls. But even then she bore herself gallantly, and surrendered at the last only on condition that the lives of all within the fort should be spared. This condition D'Aulney shamefully broke, and hanged them all save two — one, whom he made the executioner of the rest; the other, Madame La Tour herself, who was obliged to stand, with a halter round her neck, and witness the sad sight. The woman had borne much; this she could not bear; within three weeks of that shameful day "she died of grief and vexation." "Her little child and gentlewoman were sent away into France." Was it a daughter of this little one, who, in the next century, under the name of Aglate La Tour,* by management and for small considerations, got quitclaims from all the other heirs of Charles St. Etienne de la Tour, and then sold to the English government all her right, title, and interest in and to the Province of Nova Scotia for two thousand guineas?

* See Douglass's Summary, vol. i. 327.

CHAPTER VII.

LA TOUR'S TROUBLES AND DOUBLES, AND FINAL DISAPPEARANCE.

La Tour, after his return from Massachusetts with that letter to D'Aulney, being all he could get, seems to have lost head — all the head he ever had. Leaving his stronghold, as we said, in keeping of his wife, he went drifting about, asking all people in a whining way to assist him. Great part of the winter of 1644–5, all through the spring, and into the summer, he was at Boston, living with Mr. Maverick on Noddle's Island, telling his story, and petitioning the court for assistance. Edward Gibbons, who is now Sergeant-Major Gibbons, is greatly interested in the fate of Monsieur's petitions; he has received no proceeds of furs shipped to England, nor can he hear of any that are like to come; and as the spring months wear away he becomes urgent for payment, or at least for security. At last we note that he has got something — a paper drawn out in due form, dated May 13, 1645, whereby "Sir Charles St. Stephens, Lord of La Tour in France, and Knight Baronet of Nova Scotia," (rich in titles still,) conveys to "Sergeant-Major Gibbons" all of his (La Tour's) possessions in Nova Scotia, to secure payment of the sum of two thousand and eighty-four pounds sterling, now due to him, the said Major Gibbons; carefully excluding, however, from this mortgage the "great frigott riding in Boston harbour;" which may be the ship Clement, that was here before. A great frigate lying so long in Boston harbor, and Madame keeping the fort at St. John's with a

handful of men! keeping the fort, or trying to keep it, and fighting bravely till the end come.

Finally, however, Monsieur, telling his story over and over again till it becomes a weariness to the ears of men, has an interesting conclusion to add to it; for news comes from Acadia that his fort at St. John's has fallen to D'Aulney, "with jewels, plate, household furniture, ordnance, and other movables, valued at ten thousand pounds sterling;" which valuation, I think, is made by Monsieur himself. And now, his story having become hopeless as well as pitiful, he, despairing of aid in Boston, sails away to make appeal elsewhere. Major Gibbons, who holds a mortgage, is no longer gay or wealthy, being "now quite undone."

In the winter of 1645–6 La Tour was again in Boston; having been, since the preceding July, in Newfoundland trying his fortune with Sir David Kirk, who is governor there. La Tour says that Sir David received him courteously, and promised him assistance; but at last would give him nothing save a small vessel to carry him to Boston — something to take him *away*. What story La Tour told to his Boston friends, this time, nobody knows. Judging by the result of it, no one need doubt that it was a story of great profits to be made in trading for furs in Canada, or thereabout; for we find that he got merchandise for a trading voyage to the East, from Major Gibbons to the value of two hundred and sixteen pounds; from Mr. Maverick still more: these two shipped merchandise in the "barque Planter," intrusting it to Monsieur La Tour, who, promising large returns, sailed away in this bark, of which the master is a "stranger," and the crew partly French, partly English. Off Cape Sable, Monsieur conspired with the master and his own Frenchmen, and forced

out the other five Englishmen — "himself shooting one of them in the face with a pistol." These Englishmen, wandering about on the shore in winter some fifteen days, were at last sent by some Indians in a shallop to Boston, where they told their story to Major Gibbons, Mr. Maverick, and others. Governor Winthrop said: "It appeared (as the Scripture saith) that there is no confidence in an unfaithful or carnal man." To which Major Gibbons in his heart said, Amen.

So this Frenchman, grown desperate, has become a kind of pirate, and has gone away to parts unknown — to Hudson's Bay and elsewhere, trading with the Indians, and keeps in the dark some five years. But in the year 1650, he, wherever he was, heard news, good news — that his old enemy, D'Aulney, is *dead*. Then he lifted up his head, and looked again to the Acadian world as his "oyster," which he with "sword will ope;" with sword, or in a prettier way, for he has a scheme in his head. Sailing straightway to Port Royal, he calls on Jane Moten, Madame D'Aulney. Gentle reader, figure to yourself Monsieur La Tour when he called that day, dressed in his best, on the widow D'Aulney Charnizay, and made his best bow. With great complaisance of manner, he has an under look of truculence, which, if there be call for it, he will turn up. After a rather delicate preamble, touching on matters and things in Acadia, he makes distant allusion to her dear deceased husband, — so distant that the dead lion seems a hundred years away, — and then produces himself, a living — what shall we call him? He brings forward his title papers; asserts his claim to Acadia; which, if need be, he will maintain with his sword. Then he softly hints that there is a better way; he is a man bereaved; she a disconsolate widow; their respective losses

have made chasms in the being of each, which they, rushing together, can fill; and thus uniting their own dear selves, unite also forts, fishing stations, and wide tracts of land in Acadia. Will Madame consider it? Madame listens, considers, flutters a little in her weeds, and gives such answer as beseems a disconsolate widow; then she considers again, flutters, and says — yes. There is a wedding and a honeymoon; and Monsieur La Tour, after this his chef-d'œuvre, thinks that halcyon days have come at last.

And, indeed, for some three years now he seems to live quietly enough, and to have no troubles, or none that we hear of. True it is that Joshua Scottow comes from Massachusetts twice, dunning him, presenting Major Gibbons's account, which has now run up to four thousand pounds sterling * and more, including interest; but this is a small trouble, not worth mentioning, as the claimant comes unarmed.

Madame, the new wife, has been honored by the king with letters patent * confirmatory to herself, and heirs, of the original grant to her deceased husband; and La Tour himself got once more letters patent from the King of France, dated in 1651, confirming him in possession and government of Acadia; said letters setting forth that the said La Tour has used all his powers for forty-two years in the conversion of savages to the Christian religion in Acadia, and by his courage and valor driven foreign heretics from the forts of that country. With such papers, and the rival houses now united, La Tour lives very quietly there at St. John's, superintending his fisheries, trading with the natives, till another creditor comes. This one,

* See Mass. Hist. Coll., vol. vii. 3d Series.

whose name is Le Borgne, comes armed. He, a creditor of D'Aulney, comes with authority to take possession of the widow's inheritance; also with an *arrêt* against La Tour, who stands charged with the old crimes of disloyalty, of harboring heretics, &c. This Le Borgne carried things with a high hand there in Acadia; and after ousting Monsieur Denys at Chedabucto, (who still in print bewails it,) prepared to attack La Tour at St. John's. And here one may give words to a little virtuous indignation against the Company of New France, Cardinal Richelieu, his most Christian majesty himself — the supreme governor of Acadia, whoever he may have been. Such supreme governor, granting all sorts of contradictory commissions and *arrêts*, setting men together by the ears in a kind of blind-man's buff, has sins to answer for.

Le Borgne, we said, was strong, and carried matters with a high hand in Acadia; but a stronger than he was in those days looking thitherward. Oliver Protector, thinking that cession of Nova Scotia made by Charles the First without consideration, invalid, had a mind to relieve his New England colonies of troublesome Popish neighbors; and, sending a fleet of ships with New England soldiers, he, in the year 1654, swept the French away from Nova Scotia — La Tour, Le Borgne, and the rest of them.

Monsieur La Tour now disappears again for a time. Once more he emerges, and only once, far off in Old England, playing a new game, or the old one in a new place. Petitioning the government there, and setting forth his claim to Nova Scotia under the grant of Sir William Alexander; showing the French *arrêts* accusing him of harboring Huguenots, of alliance with foreign heretics; keeping out of sight that he has spent "forty-two years in converting savages to the Catholic religion" — in

all ways, skilfully concealing and revealing, he makes the most of his misfortunes and misdeeds. With some result; for we find that he, with Thomas Temple and William Crowne, got, in 1656, a grant of that wide tract of lands comprised *now* in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Thereupon La Tour, selling out all his right, title, and interest therein, to Temple, disappeared, to emerge no more.

Thus this dubious Frenchman, coming to us through dim, uncertain medium, was, for a time, troublesome to those noteworthy men, the fathers of New England; and so raised himself into clear visibility. Then fading away in the distance into dimness again, he at last altogether vanishes in the fog of London; — and our historiette is ended, if not finished.

NOTE. — The writer of the foregoing chapters would willingly cite volume and page in confirmation of his statements; but his papers of reference are in a bad state, and he has had trouble enough with them. Besides the books already mentioned, the truth-seeking reader may look into Halliburton's Hist. of Nova Scotia, Williamson's Hist. of Maine, Winthrop's Journal, Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Hubbard's New England, Hist. of the First Church, Hist. of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Prince's Annals, Snow's Hist. of Boston. He may look into these books, and read a little more than is written therein, and also a little less. Winthrop's Journal, edited by James Savage, read so, is as interesting as the last new novel, and more profitable.

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

PART I.

A BIOGRAPHER, bringing a fellow-mortal to the notice and judgment of a discerning public, gives, or ought always to give, some account of his ancestors; for thereby a public, thirsting for knowledge, learns somewhat of the kind and amount of capital the fellow-mortal had to start with, and can, therefore, after it has also learned what use he made of said capital, award praise or blame, as it surely will, with a tolerable degree of accuracy. In the present case, however, as in too many others, the account must be a meagre one; and the public, sitting in the judgment seat, will do well to let mercy temper justice.

The paternal grandfather of George Brummell "was in business in Bury Street, St. James, London, and may have been a confectioner, though I have no knowledge of such fact."* The profits of this business in many-colored sugar plums, or in other things, being insufficient for his wants, he posted on the walls of his house, or perhaps on the door of it, the words, "Apartments to Let;" and

* Life of George Brummell, commonly called Beau Brummell. By Captain Jesse. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1844.

this placard, in the beautiful handwriting of his son William, attracted the attention of Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool; and he, being in want of such apartments as these, on inspection, proved to be, took possession. Mr. Jenkinson, who had then and always work in hand, employed this boy in copying papers, and gave him afterwards a clerkship in the treasury office. Lord North, the successor of Liverpool as Lord of the Treasury, finding that William Brummell with his talent of fair-and-ready writing, had also other talents to match it, made him his private secretary. This office he held for twelve years, from 1770 to 1782; and not this office only; for North, "the god of emolument," gave him also several others — the net annual income of all amounting to twenty-five hundred pounds. After Lord North's resignation, William Brummell retired to the country at Donington, and, in 1788, was high sheriff for Berkshire. An active, industrious, social man, kind to others and not unmindful of himself, he prospered in worldly affairs, and, apparently, deserved such prosperity. His wife, daughter of a Mr. Richardson who kept a lottery office, and "one of the prettiest women of her day," gave to the world, on the 7th day of June, 1778, a remarkably well-shaped boy-babe, who was christened George Bryan Brummell, and, in course of time, came to be widely known as Beau Brummell, the man who "once ate a pea," and did other things equally remarkable. George Bryan Brummell early in life dropped the Bryan as ungenteel, and we will therefore henceforth do the same. Pity we cannot give some account of his childhood; but knowledge of it is altogether wanting; and the question, Did the little Brummell make mud pies? must remain without positive answer, though I guess he did not. He was surely a dapper little fellow

in his first jacket and trousers, if not earlier; and he climbed no trees for birds' nests, though he perhaps pointed them out to his companions, and so came in for a share of the spoils. But the curious reader, who believes "the child is father of the man," and would gladly know more, must content himself with this one anecdote: The little Brummell, on a visit to his aunt, cried bitterly because of inability to eat more apple-damson; which, though small-looking, is not insignificant.

In 1790 George went to Eton, and thence, three years later, to Oxford, and entered at Oriel College; learning, at both places, what he had inclination for. Rough, out-of-door sports he avoided, and was early noted for those peculiarities by which he afterwards became famous — peculiarities of speech, dress, and deportment. Of his school days, as of his childhood, there is only a single anecdote. Between the Eton boys and the Windsor bargemen there was at that time a bitter feud; and one day the boys, in multitude, caught one of these men alone on the bridge, and straightway set to work to throw him into the river. George, walking on the bridge at the time, came forward, and said, in quiet tones, to the excited boys: "My good fellows, don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold." Whereupon the boys, with shouts of laughter, propelled the man along the bridge, and let him run, glad to escape so. At Oxford, as afterwards, Brummell was a pleasant, amusing companion, good-humored always, if not good-natured; standing a little apart from his fellows — near, but rarely, if ever, in direct contact; not a *brother* man at all, but only a far-away cousin.

His mother, of whom we know only that she was one

of the prettiest women of her day, died in 1793, and his father in March, 1794, leaving about £65,000 for his children, three in number — William, older than George, and a daughter, younger.

Immediately after his father's death, George left Oxford; his whole term there being one year only, or even less. And now, George Brummell having finished his school education, or ended it, and being about to enter "the highest society," we will see what his outfit was: very imperfect English, a few phrases in French, some Latin, and a large stock of the gossip of the time, such as he could gather from his college companions, from newspapers, court journals, magazines, and novels; and the things he could do were these: draw tolerably, dance perfectly, dress exquisitely, sing and chat pleasantly, and write *vers de société*. Thus endowed, thus armed and equipped, he entered on high life in London, and rose rapidly to the top of it; becoming, indeed, a wonderful autocrat, the autocrat of the Kingdom of Gentility. The above-named things he could do, and also one other thing: he could look all the world in the face — a most indispensable thing to a Brummell, a Cagliostro, and to all who would get much and give little. But before going farther with our story of the man, let us look a little into the time, for that too was peculiar; and we will hope that in better times to come such a man can make less headway.

The British colonies in America had declared independence, announced democratic doctrines, and achieved their triumphs. In France the *culbute générale* was under way, and Protestant Christendom was every where in commotion. In England, which had already had its Puritan revolution, and thereby a partial renovation, was

more safety than elsewhere; but there, too, was doubt and danger, and (to come nearer to our own little business) the genteel world of London city showed symptoms alarming, at least, to itself. Fox and his party, favorers of *liberté*, *égalité*, *fraternité*, affected carelessness, even slovenliness, in personal habits. But we can hope that the case of Lord Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, as reported by Wraxall, was an extreme one. "In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree that he rarely made use of water for bodily refreshment or comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed around him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining, one day, to Dudley North, that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for relief, 'Pray, my lord,' said he, 'did you ever try a clean shirt?'" This same Wraxall, after describing the Duke of Queensbury and his infamous life, says very quietly: "During the last years of his life, having reluctantly withdrawn from Newmarket, the clubs, and St. James, he passed his time with a few select friends, of which number I was frequently one." In these days, her grace, the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, went to the hustings for Fox, and cajoled the greasy electors, buying votes even with kisses; and the Duchess of Salisbury was equally busy, though not with equal success, electioneering for his opponent; and some years later, the Duchess of Gordon was pitted against her Grace of Devonshire, on the regency question. This

Duchess of Gordon, who was sometimes whipper-in of ministers, had a sister, Lady Wallace, of great personal charms, who wrote a comedy called "The Ton, or Follies of Fashion;" which, in 1788, was performed three times at Covent Garden Theatre. "All the principal characters, male and female, were individuals of fashion easily recognized by those who knew the town." Lady Wallace's "whole life was a perpetual comedy." "I have seen her," says Wraxall, "habited as a man, attending the debates in the House of Commons, and seated in the gallery appropriated to strangers." Her comedy, "The Ton," which may still be read by the curious, is doubtless a caricature; but under a caricature of fashionable life in London by such a hand, the reality is discernible; and the features of it are not pretty. Thus high ladies came down from their place and took part in the common arena. In dress too, which is an outermost sign and symptom of much, a remarkable change took place just before Brummell's advent.

In 1783 "every fashionable female's head-dress was elevated twelve or eighteen inches high, and formed a barbarous assemblage of powder, pins, and other fantastic ornaments, piled on each other;" but ten years later all these heaps disappeared, and these same heads were rounded *à la guillotine*. At that time, in Paris, it was the fashion to be ready for the stroke of the axe, and therefore in London we were ready too, apparently, almost really; for fashion goes far, and is a wonderful thing. In 1785 Lord Surrey (just washed, I hope) proposed to lay a tax on hair-powder; and Mr. Pitt, in reply, said: "The noble lord, from his high rank and the high office he holds, (Deputy Earl-Marshal of England,) might dispense, as he did, with powder; but there were many individuals whose situations

compelled them to go powdered; indeed, few gentlemen permitted their servants to appear before them unpowdered." Nevertheless, the tax, a few years later, was laid, and the days of hair powder were numbered. "But though gradually undermined and perishing of an atrophy, dress never totally fell till the era of Jacobinism and of equality, in 1793 and 1794. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoe-strings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, together with the disuse of hair powder, characterized the men." "Perhaps, with all its encumbrances, penalties, and inconveniences, it will be found necessary, at some not very distant period, to revive, in a certain degree, the empire of dress." Certainly, Mr. Wraxall; there can be no manner of doubt of it.

At this time, towards the close of the eighteenth century, Pitt and Fox were struggling for power; George, Prince of Wales, was openly opposed to his father, the king; and Carleton House was the centre of wide-spread extravagance and debauchery: to sum up the whole in one short sentence, this George, Prince of Wales, was accounted "the first gentleman of the age" in a land that had known a Walter Raleigh, a Philip Sidney. At this time, when the upper classes, acted on by a revolutionary uprising without, were tending towards suicide within, and had begun to ask themselves the alarming question, On *what* do we stand? George Brummell appeared, and was welcome. If gentility pure and simple is our only basis, then this is the very man to make the foundation sure, and he is welcome indeed.

And now, after these faint indications of the time, we will go on with our story of the man, leaving other features of that time to come to light on the way.

George Brummell was first introduced to the notice of

the Prince of Wales while he was a school boy at Eton; probably by Fox or Sheridan, who were sometimes his father's guests at Donington, and had doubtless noted the boy's peculiarities. Subsequently, when Brummell, in 1794, after the death of his father, came to London, so noteworthy did he appear, that a party was made for the express purpose of formally introducing this boy of sixteen to the Prince, who was fond of notorieties. At once he became a favorite, was gazetted for a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars, the Prince's own regiment, at that time the most dashing one in the army, and found himself in the "first society" of London. Two years later, Brummell was raised to a captaincy, and seemed on the way to higher military honors (of this kind); but, to the astonishment of the fashionable world, he sold out his commission and resigned. The reason he gave for it, whether the true one or not, is very characteristic; the regiment, he said, is ordered to Manchester, a *manufacturing* town, where he cannot possibly exist. "Think of it, your Royal Highness — *Manchester! Manchester!*" His Royal Highness said: "Do as you please, Brummell — do as you please," and continued his favor. In 1799, a year after this resignation, Brummell came of age, and into possession of his patrimony, which, by accumulation in his minority, amounted to about thirty thousand pounds; and then, having means, he took a house, No. 4 Chesterfield Street, gave excellent little dinners to his noble friends, and gathered around himself all the appliances of fashionable life. He was a member of Brooke's Club, at that time a very exclusive one, where no man with any taint of vulgarity could get admittance; for a single blackball was fatal. Alderman Combe was blackballed; and Alderman Wood, twice Lord Mayor of London, succeeded only by persever-

ing application for twelve successive years. But this club fell somewhat from its high estate; aldermen, lord mayors, and other kinds of working men got in; and then Brummell and other exquisites founded Watier's. In this club were some literary men of the dandy type. Lord Byron says that he, Spencer, and Moore were members of it, and that it was "a superb club;" but a short-lived one, it seems, for it lived too fast, and, by high play, soon ruined both itself and friends. Brummell at this time, and for long time, had man servants and maid servants, carriages and horses, all the fit appliances; and the house No. 4 Chesterfield Street was pretty enough. The master of it had exquisite taste, not in dress for the body only, but in other kinds of upholstery; especially exquisite was his taste in snuff-boxes. The Prince had perhaps a larger collection of these, and a more costly, but not a better. The man became famous, and we will therefore look at him and at him, but not much into him. He lived and moved altogether in the element of rich idleness, seeking amusement; and his special region was the most exclusive circle of the genteel world, where the problem at all times is, to make much of nothing gracefully; and in this George Brummell was eminently successful. Let no one mistake him for a vulgar, flashy dandy; for in his best estate he was a really genteel man. Lord Byron speaks of his dress as "remarkable for a certain exquisite propriety;" and one evidently intimate with him, probably Lord Alvanley, says: "He was the best dressed man of his day, and we should all have dressed like him if we could." Not at certain times and in certain places only, but always and every where, was he well dressed; better dressed than any other; and the whole man was in perfect keeping with this perfect dress. Many men have been genteel, and little else; but he was genteel,

and nothing else, and therefore deserving attention. In London drawing rooms, no man standing solely on personal merits was better known or more welcome than he. Of medium height, beautiful proportions, composed, quiet, graceful; brown hair, small gray eyes, face longish, with forehead high and narrow; the nose rather large and bold, bearing slight marks of the kick of a horse got in the Tenth Hussars; the face on the whole good looking, but not remarkably handsome. But the figure! the best figure in London, with the best dress on it; distinguished by extreme care and neatness, without marked peculiarity in parts, but in the whole remarkable for an elegant harmony which was inimitable. The tie of his neckcloth, (always white,) which he perfected by untiring perseverance and patience, remained always the same; for the foolish love of change, which leads often from good to bad, dwelt not with him. His dress was indeed a study; and George, Prince of Wales, asked advice on this important matter of George, Prince of Beaux; and often he would spend a morning in Chesterfield Street, taking lessons at the toilet of his friend. Sometimes, after a protracted sitting, the Prince (of Wales) would send away his horses and stay dinner; and then the empty bottles were many. Thomas Moore (who will be of use to us more than once) says that his Royal Highness once shed tears ("blubbered," says Moore) when told that Brummell disapproved of the cut of a new coat which covered the royal back; which is probably an exaggeration of the real fact.

Of George Brummell it may be said, as of Talleyrand, "He was not a false man, though living in and on lies." He was a believer; in gentility he believed with his whole soul, (such as it was;) and he believed in himself: these two things, at bottom one and the same, he believed in,

and in nothing else in heaven or on earth. This firm, unchanging, exclusive faith is the secret of Brummell's success in genteel life. It concentrated all his thoughts and faculties on the narrow superficies of that life, and he saw always distinctly what was there, because his attention was not attracted to any thing beyond or beneath it. Doubt, which troubles and perplexes so many of us, making our course devious and uncertain, dwelt not with him at all; and therefore his assurance and audacity had no limits. And by that same faith, too, he got followers and believers. In a world through which the most of us pass as through a museum, where the multitude and variety of things claiming attention distract attention from each, and prevent thorough study of any, a man can pass for what he gives himself out for, and believes himself without doubt to be. Brummell, therefore, was not pretentious; he believed himself to be a gentleman; he gave himself out for a gentleman; and the first society of London took him for a gentleman, not a little to its astonishment afterwards. We must say, therefore, that Brummell was not, properly speaking, a quack. He was a genuine being — of a kind; one with real meaning in him, such as it was; he was not only distinguished, but deserving of distinction; like the devil, an ultimate of his kind. But let us come down a little, and call him, in the phrase of to-day, a representative man. Peeping into the eighteenth century through this peculiar loop-hole, the life of Brummell, I feel inclined to say that Carlyle's verdict on it is according to law and fact.

Assurance, audacity, indicating some kind of belief, if only belief in one's self, will start a man, and keep him going to some extent in all times; but in such a time as that one, they will carry their possessor far, and keep him out of range of question. Of this kind of stuff our adven-

turer into high life in London had abundant stock. But instead of talking about the man, let us glance at some of the anecdotes of him, which are not without significance.

That noted woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, with whom Brummell was on terms of intimacy, took him to task one day for his presumption, and exhorted him to bear himself more humbly. He replied: "My dear Lady Hester, if I were to do as you advise, do you think I could stand in the middle of the pit at the opera, and beckon to Lorn (Duke of Argyle) on one side, and to Villiers (Earl of Jersey) on the other, and see them come to me?"

Brummell has long passed in the world for a man full of affectations; but proofs of it are wanting; and a little study of the man shows quite the reverse of that.

Walking in St. James Street, Brummell asked his companion, Lord Blank, what he called those things on his feet? "Why, shoes." "Shoes, are they?" said Brummell, stooping and looking at them doubtfully; "I thought they were slippers."

The Duke of Bedford, with a new coat on his back, asked Brummell's opinion of it. Examining it in front, Brummell said: "Turn round." His grace, obedient, turned. Continuing the examination, and feeling the cloth with his thumb and forefinger, Brummell said, at last, very seriously: "Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?"

An acquaintance, expatiating on the beauty of the lakes, asked Brummell which of them he preferred. Turning his head with an imploring look to his valet, he said: "Robinson, which of the lakes do I admire?" "Windermere, sir." "Ah, yes, Windermere — so it is — Windermere."

These anecdotes do not indicate affectation, for they are in keeping with his whole life. Why bore me, (the man

seems to say,) why bore me with lakes and mountains? They come not into drawing rooms, and have no place in the genteel world; but coats and shoes do come, and have a place there, and they therefore are of interest to me. The man who had a silver spitting dish, and said: "It is impossible for a gentleman to spit in clay," could find little to admire in our common earth, over which any rough-shod boor can tramp at will.

"There is," says one, "a painful class of persons stationed on the confines of the Kingdom of Gentility to prevent the encroachments of Grocerdom and Grazierdom." To this class Brummell did not belong, but to a higher; not a mere sentinel he, but captain, rather, of detective police; and an honest one. In his sarcasms he spared neither high in rank nor low, and was indeed most severe on the highest; for he was no fawning sycophant, but dealt equal justice to every deviator from the strait and narrow way.

A Duchess, bringing her young daughter out at Almack's, said to her: "Do you see that gentleman near the door, speaking now to Lord Blank?" "Yes, I see him: who is he?" "A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favorable impression of you, for he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell." Yes, that is the celebrated Mr. Brummell; a remarkably well-dressed man, of quiet, rather dignified demeanor; standing near the door apart from the crowd, as is his wont. He is not yet Beau Brummell, a by-word in all lands.

Of Brummell's witty sayings, which are not of a high order, we will give two or three specimens.

In an unseasonable summer he was asked if he had ever known such a one. He replied: "Yes, last winter."

A grave minister of state explaining to him the operation of the income tax at the time it was proposed, he said: "Then I see I must retrench in rose-water for my bath."

Proposing a trip to Brighton, he said: "Come to Brighton, my dear fellow; let us be off to-morrow; we will eat currant tart and live on chintz and salt water."

The man's wit, like much else that calls itself wit, is, rather, oddity of thought or expression; not a reasonable response, but an unexpected one; approaching absurdity, but stopping short of it; not carrying forward the current train of thought, but throwing it off the track, and upsetting it; such as is used by wise men only to put an end to matters that are tending to mischief. We, who know something of Brummell, can guess what his talk was; for the most part lively nothings, as "chintz and salt water;" the light, bantering talk of saloons, where many are congregated and all must speak; but if the theme happened, at any time, to be a high or a wide one, Brummell, if he spoke at all, brought the matter home to his own little self or little life, as in "rose-water for my bath."

George Brummell being eminently genteel, it follows, almost as a matter of course, that he was not polite. The union of extreme gentility with genuine politeness is difficult, if not impossible; for the genteel man is mindful always of himself, while the polite man is mindful of others. When Dr. Johnson, his outward man not in the best trim, insisted on attending his lady visitors to their carriages, he was surely not genteel; nor was the old bear altogether wrong in saying, "Sir, I think myself a very polite man." True politeness springs from reverence — one of the noblest qualities of man; reverence for the image of God, be that image in high station or in low.

In this pugnacious world there have been many quarrels: one of the most famous is that of the two Georges. The origin of this quarrel, as of most others, is involved in obscurity. Too often we mistake the mere occasion of an event for its cause, and "history teaching by examples" makes many blunders; therefore let us be careful here. The cause of the rupture between George of Wales and George Brummell lay in the intrinsic difference of the two men. The younger George was by nature and culture cleanly, a lover of decency in all its forms; genteel in every thing, even in his vices. His one test of all men, high or low, was gentility; he was in fact a sectary, narrow, bigoted, exclusive. But the other George was a gross debauchee, governed by his appetites; his test of men this, — Can they be serviceable to a Prince of Wales? Fox could be serviceable, and Sheridan; a Colonel Hanger, and a Marquis of Hertford; and his female servants were many; tempted to serve, all of them, by the many uses to which a royal individual can be put. A hard task and a bad bargain it was to the best of them, and not good to any. This Prince, a specious, showy man, built a pavilion at Brighton, emblematic of himself, and did many foolish things, but rarely, if ever, a wise one. This George desired, among other things, distinction in genteel circles; and, as we have seen, he took lessons of the other for that purpose in Chesterfield Street. The tutor, a thorough-going man in his department, found his pupil essentially wanting, and soon grew contemptuous.

Of one of "the Prince's friends," Colonel Hanger, (not mentioned by the Reverend George Croly,) we have a word or two to say.

George Hanger, of respectable English parentage, was at school at Eton; afterwards at Gottingen; and learned

much at both places that was not in the books. His school days over, he spent two years at Hanover and Hesse Cassel; and once saw the Great Frederick review his army. He came home to England, and was an officer in the Foot-guards there. Disgusted by slowness of promotion, he resigned, and took service with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. He fought against us here in America, in our war of independence; at first, as captain in the Hessian Yager corps, and then as major in Tarleton's corps, which harried the South. He came near death's door by sickness; bones coming through the skin: but the skin grew over again, and, when the war ended, he was treated "with the most perfect respect, attention, and politeness by the leading families in Philadelphia." Thereupon, well pleased, he got across the water; staying a while at Calais, out of the way of his creditors, who were many always. He ventured across the Channel too soon; and, on the other side of it, got into the King's Bench — pretty name for a prison: but he disliked the thing, and said much in disparagement. He got out of it, and became equerry to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, advising him in affairs of the turf, and assisting him in other affairs. He was also recruiting officer for the East India Company, and a successful one, having much experience in the ways of the world. An active, shifty, audacious man, he rose often, but fell again always; being without basis of any kind except courage. He was not inclined to gambling with dice, nor to intemperance in strong drink; and there are, perhaps, other vices he was not inclined to. The only feature of his face, distinctly visible at this present time, is his long nose, with which he scented pleasure afar. He wrote a book entitled "The Life, Adventures, and Opinions of Colonel George Hanger," and published it, and says

in it of his Royal Highness: "For above sixteen years I have had the honor of his protection and acquaintance; it is hard indeed if I did not know him in so long a period of time, when I have viewed him in every stage; in health, on the bed of sickness, in convivial and in serious hours;" and, "I would select him above all mankind for a companion and friend." In the year 1800 this colonel was "a coal merchant, with an annual salary;" and he may be alive yet, for he was a tough one. Of Colonel Hanger so much; but of the Marquis of Hertford, and of the women, who were many, let us say nothing or little.

The truth is, that Brummell, a decent man, and a worshipper of gentility, could not tolerate this Prince and his friends, though he tried hard to do it; for manifest benefits result from the favor of a Royal Highness who can run in debt to the amount of near a million pounds sterling, and get it paid from the national treasury. But even such benefits could not tempt Brummell to toleration of sins against gentility. Herein lay the cause of the quarrel; and the immediate occasion of it is unimportant. The "George-ring-the-bell" story Brummell always pronounced a falsehood; and it is in itself improbable; but there were, it seems, an accumulation of offences on the part of Brummell. For one thing, he — to his honor be it said — always refused to court the favor of Mrs. Fitzherbert; and she, therefore, became his enemy. In London, at Carleton House, or elsewhere, there was a burly porter known as Big Ben; and when the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert grew fat, Brummell spoke of them as Our Ben and Benina; which, repeated again and again, would make trouble enough. Be all this as it may, Brummell's bearing after the quarrel is really noteworthy. He said of

the Prince: "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him" — which boast, referring altogether to the genteel world, had not been a vain one if he had had cash enough. On all occasions, when the two men met, Brummell was imperturbable, uncompromising. We said Brummell could look all the world in the face; and the reader shall see him look into that of his Royal Highness. On egress from the opera, Brummell, pressed backward by the crowd, came inadvertently almost into contact with his enemy. When one of the Prince's suite tapped Brummell on the shoulder he turned sharply round, and found himself face to face with the fat man. A bystander says: "I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree; nor did his head move: they looked straight into each other's eyes; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment; he receded quietly, backing step by step, till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince." This man does not fluctuate; he is full of faith, as we said; and the small gray eyes are steady always.

The best of all these stories is that of the "fat friend;" which, often told before, must be told here once again. After a successful run at hazard, Brummell, Lord Alvanley, Sir Harry Mildmay, and Henry Pierrepont gave a ball at the Argyle Rooms, in July, 1813; which Brummell, by his ready wit, made famous. The Prince Regent, who had not been invited, sent a message intimating a wish to be present; and an invitation was therefore sent in the names of all the managers. When the approach of the Prince was announced, they, each with a wax light in hand, arranged themselves to receive him; Mildmay and Pierrepont, one on each side of the door of entrance; and Alvanley, with

Brummell opposite, a little farther within the room. The terms on which Brummell stood with the Prince were well known, and there was a hush of expectation. His Royal Highness, as he came in, said civil words to Pierrepont, and then a few to Mildmay on the other side; advancing, he spoke briefly to Alvanley, and then, turning, he looked full at Brummell without the slightest sign of recognition, as though they were utter strangers. Brummell, at once accepting the proffer of strangership, said, across to the opposite manager, and loud enough for the Prince and others to hear: "Alvanley, who is your fat friend?" Methinks, "the first gentleman of the age" had to consider his ways that night.

Brummell being here perhaps at his highest point of culmination, we will give some further evidence of his standing in the first society of London. At Caen, in his last days, he destroyed all papers then in his possession, and the following only escaped by accident: —

WOBURN ABBEY, November 10.

MY DEAR BRUMMELL:

By some accident, which I am unable to account for, your letter of Wednesday did not reach me till yesterday. I make it a rule never to *lend* my box, but you have the *entrée libre* whenever you wish to go there, as I informed the box-keeper last year. I hope Beauvais and you will do great execution at Up-Park. I shall probably be there shortly after you.

Ever yours sincerely,

BEDFORD.

Up-Park was the seat of Sir Henry Featherstonhaugh; and at Belvoir and Cheveley, seats of the Duke of Rut-

land, Brummell was a frequent and welcome visitor. That he was a welcome visitor in many high places there can be no doubt. Some of the wiser sort might smile a little at his peculiarities, as Lady Hester Stanhope does in the following letter; but all courted his favor, for in matters of gentility he was the bright exemplar.

August 30.

If you are as conceited as formerly, I shall stand accused of taking your groom to give me an opportunity of writing to you for his character. All the inquiry I wish to make upon this subject is, to be informed whether you were as well satisfied with James Ell when you parted with him, as when he had Stiletto under his care. If so, I shall despatch him, at the end of next week, with my new purchases, to Walmer, where I am going very shortly. You may imagine I am not a little happy in having it in my power to scamper on British ground, although I was extremely pleased with my tour, and charmed with Italy.

I saw a good deal of your friend Capel at Naples. If he fights the battles of his country at sea as well as he fights yours by land, he certainly is one of our first commanders. But of him you must have heard so full an account from Lord Althorp, — for they were inseparable, — that I will only add, he was as yet unsuccessful in the important research after a perfect snuff-box when I left Italy. What news the last despatch may have brought upon this subject, I am ignorant of, but take it for granted you are not; as in all probability the Phœbe was, by your interest, appointed to the Mediterranean station for three years, to accomplish this grand and useful discovery. Should it prove a successful one, Capel, on his return, will of course be made Admiral of the White for

the signal service he has rendered to coxcombality. I met with a rival of yours in affectation, upon the continent — William Hill. I fear it will be long ere this country will again witness his airs, as he is now a prisoner. This, perhaps, you are glad of, as the society of statues and pictures has infinitely improved him in this wonted qualification, and therefore rendered him a still more formidable competitor.

HESTER L. STANHOPE.

The "Walmer" mentioned in this letter was the official residence of Mr. Pitt, (Lady Hester's uncle,) as Warden of the Cinque Ports. Lord Althorp was afterwards Earl Spencer. Capel, the Honorable Sir Thomas Bladen Capel, K. C. B., youngest son of the fourth Earl of Essex, was signal lieutenant of Nelson's ship, the Vanguard, at the battle of the Nile; and he was on our American coast, in the Hogue, from 1812 to the conclusion of the war. William Hill was William Noel Hill, second son of the first Lord Berwick. The end of Lady Hester's letter, and indeed the main body of it, forgets the beginning. To inquire about a groom, a few lines had been enough. The tone throughout is familiar — that of an old acquaintance; and under the good-humored banter there are traces of kindly feeling and esteem. Lady Hester was no fool, though the family peculiarities, not finding good playroom in a woman, drove her to that life in the East; and her letter is good evidence of the estimation in which he was held by the graver and wiser sort; but the greater number were not grave, still less were they wise, and Brummell was lord of a host.

To what extent he acted the part of the Good Samaritan to those who fell by the wayside, is now unknown;

but that one young lady, in exceeding great trouble, was grateful to the celebrated Mr. Brummell when he acted such part towards her, appears from the following letter: —

Wednesday Morning.

I am more obliged to you than I can express for your note. Be assured that your approbation of my conduct has given me very sincere pleasure. This is the only means I have of telling you so, for I am in such disgrace that I do not know if I shall be taken to the play. In any case I shall be watched; therefore accept my most cordial thanks, and believe that I shall remember your good nature to me on this occasion, with gratitude, to the end of my life. —— does not know how unkindly I have been treated, but is more affectionate than ever, because he sees I am unhappy. We did not arrive in town till seven, last night; therefore no play. To-morrow they go to Covent Garden; perhaps I may be allowed to be of the party. Pray do not neglect my drawing. You would make me very happy by lending me the yellow book again; the other I don't dare ask for, much as I wish for it. Adieu.

I shall be steady in my opinion of you, and always remain

Yours, very sincerely,

GEORGIANA A. F. SEYMOUR.

"Miss Seymour," says Captain Jesse, "was afterwards Lady C. B——k;" which information may be more useful to others than it is to me. On her letter there is, in Brummell's own handwriting, this indorsement: "This beautiful creature is dead." Yes, she is dead, and so are the others — all dead, or no longer beautiful. But there

is a new bevy, and will be another; they come upon the stage and dance a little, and then they go.

That famous ball, where the fat friend appeared, was, we said, given after a successful run at hazard, and Brummell was then in a bad way, though he held his head high. That £30,000, enough for many a man, was altogether insufficient for one like him. It had been going fast, and was almost, if not quite, gone. The wonder with some seems to be that Brummell, acquainted with many rich ladies, and having therefore opportunity, did not marry a fortune; but there were many difficulties in the way. The man, with his three daily toilets, each hours long, and his extremely exclusive habits, could not think a wife desirable; and if he, in want of cash, did bethink him of marriage, where could he find a woman foolish enough to take him for her lord and master. With many women he had some acquaintance, but of womanhood absolutely no knowledge; for only he who is himself possessed of manhood, can appreciate its counterpart, womanhood.

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

That women could be found to flirt with a Beau Brummell is not perhaps remarkable; but when even such women take it into their hearts, or heads rather, to marry, they do, for the most part, prefer men for that purpose. Of love, Brummell had so little, that he could not even feign it successfully. Of this, his letters to women are sufficient proof. The style of them is abominable — obscure, confused, always stilted, or high-heeled. One of them we will place here — not by any means the worst of the fifty to be found in Captain Jesse's book.

MY DEAR LADY JANE:

With the miniature, it seems, I am not to be trusted even for two pitiful hours; my own memory must be, then, my disconsolate expedient to obtain a resemblance. As I am unwilling to merit the imputation of committing myself by too flagrant a liberty in retaining your glove, which you charitably sent at my head yesterday, as you would have extended an eleemosynary sixpence to the supplicating hat of a mendicant, I restore it to you; and allow me to assure you that I have too much regard and respect for you, (whatever appearances may be against me,) to have entertained, for one treacherous instant, the impertinent intention to defraud you of it. You are very angry, perhaps irreparably incensed against me, for this petty larceny. I have no mitigation to offer but that of frenzy. But we know that you are an angel visiting these sublunary spheres, and therefore your first quality should be that of mercy. Yet you are sometimes wayward and volatile in your seraphic disposition; though you have no wings, still you have weapons, and these are, resentment and estrangement from me. With sentiments of the deepest compunction, I am always your miserable slave,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

THE LADY JANE ——, Harley Street.

Did Lady Jane ever throw a glove at that man again? I hope not.

Instead of marrying a fortune, which would have been so pleasant in his time of need, Brummell had to trust to luck — most illusive of things, which comes surely to nothing, or worse. Throw dice continually for years, the stake always the same, and the winnings and losses, very discrepant at the outset from day to day, will yet, in the

aggregate at the end, balance each other; and so the business comes to nothing; but deduct from the gains the costs of an expensive life, and then the losses cannot be met; and thus the matter comes to worse. At Brooke's and at Watier's Brummell was more and more at the hazard table, which was injurious to him in more than one way; for it damaged, among other things, his gentility, to which great excitement, bursting up the gilded and lacquered surface, is apt to be fatal. There were scenes like the following, in which some of the slang of a fashionable club comes to light.

Among the players at Brooke's one night was Alderman Combe, a great brewer, and then Lord Mayor of London; who, though blackballed at first, had at last, by perseverance, got in. At the hazard table, Brummell, who was caster, said to the great brewer: "Come, Mashtub, what do you set?" "Twenty-five guineas." "Well, then, have at the mayor's pony only, and seven's the main." Brummell (says the story-teller) drove home the mayor's ponies twelve times in succession, (which is probably a lie;) then, rising and pocketing the money, he said: "Thank you, alderman; in future I shall never drink any porter but yours." The brewer, who in a steadfast way had earned his money, and had risen to be Lord Mayor, could not be put down so, and he replied: "I wish, sir, that every other blackguard would tell me the same." The celebrated Mr. Brummell was evidently at this time in a way to lose his celebrity; for his need of cash had not only brought him into contact with mash-tubs, but had made him forgetful of what was due to himself. Sums of twenty-five guineas at this club were only ponies; for play ran high there then; and Brummell, whose patrimony had disappeared, did not bethink him of any providence, but

trusted in his day of need to luck; from which we may safely infer that the man was an infidel. Fashionable clubs were not good things then, and many better things can be found now. At Brooke's the Marquis of Hertford rattled the dice, and found a kind of profit in it; as bad men only are apt to do. Charles James Fox came in often, and staid late; losing his "last shilling," he could lay his head down on the table and sleep; waking from his nap as good as he was before he was ruined; or he could go quietly home and solace himself with a book, when friends were apprehensive of suicide. Richard Brinsley Sheridan came in sometimes; but he tarried not long; there is little ingenuity in the throwing of dice, and he loved other kinds of excitement better. The Duke of Queensberry, patriarch of the tribe, "whose business it is to instruct the people" of it, unable to move himself in his latter years, was brought in by his servants and laid on a couch; there, outstretched, his worn-out frame had still life enough in it to watch with interest the turns of the game, or to take a part in it by proxy. Many came in there hopeful, and went out hopeless; foolish men at their coming in, and at their going out; foolish, the most of them, always.

We note here, with some interest, that Brummell had a remarkable sixpence — a sixpence with a hole in it, given him long ago by a gypsy woman, or other woman or man, with a charge to be careful of it, and an assurance that thus all should go well with him. A very convenient regulator of events this, a kind of providence that can be put into the breeches pocket, and, by buttoning, kept there. Nevertheless, such sixpence is a dangerous possession. Brummell's assurance and audacity, springing, perhaps, in part from this sixpence, stood him in good stead and carried him far — in the end, too far; for he who marches by

rapid steps to his goal is apt to overmarch, and Lady Hester's counsel was good. Lorn and Villiers, beckoned to too often, would at last decline the honor, and refuse to come; which would be equivalent to a loss of the sixpence. But he did, it appears, actually lose this precious coin — paid it away to a coachman, or in some way lost it. He searched diligently, but could never find it: he advertised, offering a reward for it; but though many a sixpence with a hole in it was brought to him, never that one. Long afterwards, at Calais, he was wont to say that all his misfortunes dated from that sorrowful day. Could *we* date that loss, and other events, our task would be pleasanter and more profitable; but Captain Jesse's book, which is our main resource for material, is a confused one, almost dateless; made up, in the London part of it, of gossip and rumor. The captain, however, seeking for facts in the London pool of high life, very evidently had to fish as with naked hooks, at noon of day, for trouts that had their eyes open. To go to the market of an enlightened public in a basket marked *Brummell*, was a fate to be avoided if possible; therefore the gallant captain, as we can see, had a hard time of it, and caught only gudgeons. But Thomas Moore, who kept a journal, (published since Jesse's book,) shall testify to some facts. The scene is a party at Lady Stafford's, date not given: "Wishing to have a peep at him, (Prince of Wales,) I got into the third tier of the circle around him, and found myself placed next to Brummell. Presently the persons before us cleared away, and left me and him exposed to the Regent and his party, consisting of Lady Hertford, Duchess of R——, &c. Brummell being rather comical, I could not help laughing with him a little, which I felt at the moment was unlucky, both of us being such marked men, though in different ways,

with his Royal Highness; and, accordingly, I found afterwards that the Duchess of R—— represented us everywhere as having stood impudently together quizzing the Regent. Brummell confirmed this to me, and added in his own way: 'But she shall suffer for it; I'll drive her from society; she shall not be another fortnight in existence.'" Thus Tom Moore had his peep and got into trouble: and Brummell, I think, was already in it; for the tone of his speech is petulant, vehement, indicating a will to do without the power; and the sixpence with a hole in it was certainly not then in his pocket, but had gone travelling, like other sixpences.

In one way and another the gambling profits had gone — in splendid balls, dinners, suppers, and the like, the many costs of an expensive life; and the losses, which could not be met, remained as debts and became imperative. There were debts called "of honor," and one, as it seems, of dishonor — some division of spoils in which Brummell, in great need, took more than belonged to him by any law, even that of the gaming table. On the 16th day of May, 1816, towards evening, there was a correspondence showing some of the uses of the three per cents: —

MY DEAR SCROPE:

Lend me two hundred pounds; the banks are all shut, and all my money is in the three per cents.

Yours,

GEORGE BRUMMELL.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

'Tis very unfortunate, but all *my* money is in the three per cents.

Yours,

SCROPE DAVIES.

And then Brummell, impassive, imperturbable as ever apparently, went to the opera, chatted there with his fashionable friends, as though the world still went well with him; retired early, however, got into the chaise of a friend at the door, and drove out of town, where his own carriage waited for him. With the utmost speed — of which there was need, for bailiffs were making ready for him — he rattled away to Dover; thence he ferried over to Calais, and never set foot on English ground again.

And now, Brummell's fashionable career being ended, we might leave him, there being henceforth nothing to show but the wrong side of the same thing; but the life of this man is thoroughly consistent, of one piece from beginning to end, and we will therefore follow it to its close.

PART II.

REMOVED suddenly from the London Theatre, where were first-rate stock actors, brilliant audience, and gorgeous scenery, he, a first-rate star, though *un peu passé* perhaps, found himself plumped down at Calais, which ranks only as a roadside inn, or caravansary, where the pretenders to high life were, for the most part, only outcasts — men who had been hooted off the boards elsewhere. Here, in full costume, but to bare walls, he enacted over and over again, continually, the same part — that of Beau Brummell in genteel comedy; which, under such circumstances, with only now and then a straggler to appreciate it, was indeed a ridiculous farce tending slowly towards a tragedy. Fourteen years Brummell lived

there at Calais, his rooms being at "M. Leleux's house, originally the Hotel d'Angleterre, on the right hand side of the Rue Royal, and only a few doors from the Hotel de Ville." Here he had drawing room, dining room, sleeping room; and in them, buhl, or-molu, costly Sèvres china, bronzes, japanned screens, snuff-boxes, fancy articles of many kinds. Gathering these together from Paris and elsewhere, arranging them in his rooms, was his first work; keeping them in order, his second; and there was for some years, it would seem, a good supply of cash. His way of life was this: Three toilets daily, each hours long, as of old; and, in the interval between the first and second, dawdling over novels, brochures, English newspapers, (till he could learn to read French.) At four o'clock precisely — for the man was punctual — he went abroad with his terrier, Vick, or another, for a walk; which was always a short one, for he had to dress for dinner. This came to him from Dessaix Hotel, at six, and with it he took a *liqueur* glass of *eau de vie*, a bottle of Dorchester ale, and a bottle of Burgundy; for, though the man was not intemperate, he liked to set himself up. Evenings he passed at the theatre, where he had a small box, — or in society, when he could find any to suit him. This, day after day, all the days of his life at Calais, was all that the man did; for, indeed, what more could he do? The first great commandment of his life had always been this: Thou shalt not work; but thy man-servant and thy maid-servant shall, and thy ox and thy ass. And in obedience to this he had sacrificed much that ordinary men prize highly — as, for instance, military honors long ago. The commandment, a little irksome perhaps at first, had fastened itself on him and become imperative, and he obeyed it to the last.

There was, we said, no want of cash; and Captain Jesse thinks old friends were generous, as doubtless they were. Perhaps some of them were frightened too, which would be still more productive of cash. In the December days of 1818 there was, according to Thomas Moore, among other gossip in London, this: "By the by, there is much talk in town of Brummell's memoirs. Murray told me, a day or two ago, that the report was, he had offered £5000 for the memoirs, but that the Regent had sent £6000 to suppress them. Upon Murray's saying he really had some idea of going to Calais to treat with Brummell, I asked him (Scrope Davies was by) what he would give me for a volume, in the style of the Fudges, on his correspondence and interviews with Brummell. 'A thousand guineas,' he said, 'this instant.'" Was this hush-money really paid? This £6000, more or less, did probably come to Brummell from the prince, directly or indirectly, for the man could have told a story. Scrope Davies, who was by, is the same Scrope who said, "All my money is in the three per cents" — but didn't say how much. He was a noted man in London, and a wit. He cut his own throat so often that the doctor, called once again to sew it up, said: "There is no need of haste." And so Brummell lived at Calais, in wasteful extravagance; for his old companions (afraid or not) were too helpful at first. Englishmen high in rank, or in some way distinguished, passing to and fro between London and Paris, stopped at Calais, and gave Brummell dinners, and often, in some way, cash: the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Wellington, — dukes and lords many; among others, Lord Westmoreland, who, passing in haste one day, invited Brummell to dine with him at three o'clock. Brummell asked to be excused; he could

not possibly dine at that early hour. This, told at some dinner table in London, when the guests were warm with wine, reminding them that the once celebrated Mr. Brummell was still alive, and up to the mark, would be worth fifty guineas to him; for who, at such a time, would grudge a guinea or two to such a man? But in September, 1821, Brummell's old friend and enemy, now King George the Fourth himself arrived. On his way from England to Hanover, he stopped a while at Calais to recruit, after the fatigues of a passage across the Channel. Riding abroad one day, the bloated King, with the big neckcloth, saw a figure on the street he could not forget, and said aloud: "Good God — Brummell!" But he said nothing more, and did nothing to help; which was unpretty in a king who had taken lessons.

Of all these travellers, however, the one we see most distinctly is our chattering friend Thomas Moore, who, on the 8th day of November, 1821, "met Brummell (the exile of Calais) and had some conversation with him." We complained of a want of dates; but now we are worse off than before. Here is a date indeed, but nothing hung to it. What was that remarkable conversation? Poet Moore, who announced thus the fact, stopped short then. Did Moore sound the exile about the memoirs? Probably he thought of a book in the style of the Fudges, for which he could get a thousand guineas. But we can only guess now, for the principals, Moore and Brummell, have both escaped, broken jail, and gone beyond the limits; and there were no witnesses save one named Vick, and he too has become a shadow. One question troubles me here: What could be done in another world with a Beau Brummell? But "his faithful dog shall bear him company."

A year later, Moore was again at Calais, and made a more satisfactory entry in his journal: "Called on Brummell — saw his fine toilet (which the king gave him in his days of favor) set out in a little bedroom eight feet by nine." Moore, it appears, got into the Beau's bedroom this time, being an old acquaintance, and always inclined to peep.

But, indeed, the comedy began soon to be a farce; for the years were many and long; the whirl of London life was great; gallant soldiers were home from the wars; new men, new notorieties; and out of sight is out of mind. The fashion of *this* world passes away; and whoso writes his name in it, writes in sand over which the floods come. The remembrance of Brummell gradually faded out of the highest circles, and his heart grew sick, for his hopes of cash were often deferred. He felt the want of luxuries, which, by long use, had become necessaries; and his tone, which long kept its old assurance, began to waver. Vick, the terrier, died; Brummell shed tears, and said he had lost his only friend. He immured himself for three days from all visitors, and for weeks he would permit no one to speak of the departed. But soon, as is often the way of disconsolate man, he took another bosom friend; a somewhat different one, we remark — a poodle named Atous; indeed he got him three poodles. Mankind may go, (he said, or seemed to say) — mankind may go; I'll take to dogs.

In January, 1829, a German prince, who wrote letters and published them, came to Calais; and in one of them he gives this picture of Brummell: "I found him at his toilet in flowered chintz dressing gown, velvet cap, with golden tassels, and Turkish slippers." "The furniture of his rooms was elegant enough; part of it might even be

called rich, though faded, and I cannot deny that the whole man seemed to me to correspond with it. Though depressed by his present situation, he exhibited a considerable fund of good humor and good nature. His air was that of good society, simple and natural, and marked by more urbanity than the dandies of the present race are capable of. With a smile he showed me his Paris peruke, which he extolled at the cost of the English ones; and called himself '*le ci-devant jeune homme que passe sa vie entre Paris et Londres.*' He appeared somewhat curious about me, asked me questions concerning people and things in London, without belying his good breeding by any kind of intrusiveness; and said: '*Je suis au fait de tout, mais à quoi celà me sert-il? On me laisse mourir de faim ici. J'espere, pourtant, que mon ancien ami le Duc de W—— enverra, un beau jour, le consul d'ici à la Chine, et qu'ensuite qu'il me nommera à sa place. Alors je suis sauvé—.*' As I took my leave, and was going down stairs, he opened the door and called after me, '*J'espere que vous trouverez votre chemin: mon Suisse n'est pas là, je crains.*'"

But this old friend, the Duke of Wellington, did not make a vacancy at Calais in order to put Brummell into the consulship there; and he, in great need, had to seek other means of salvation. At London, as we remember, he courted Fortune at the hazard table, and found her fickle; and here at Calais, he in a feeble way beckoned to the blind lady through the lottery office; but she is blind indeed; for otherwise surely she had favored him, the blindest of her worshippers, who are all short-sighted. But if this lady was unkind to Brummell, another was not; as the following letter from the Duchess of York will show:—

OATLANDS, ce 20 Sept. (year wanting.)

Vous avez une manière si aimable d'annoncer les plus mauvaises nouvelles qu'elles perdent par là de leur désagrémens. Je ne puis, cependant, que m'affliger avec vous de la perte de tous nous beaux projets de fête, qui s'evanouissent avec le perte de notre billet de lotterie, dont je vous acquit la dette ci-joint," &c.

A very convenient partner she, bearing the whole loss herself, it seems.

The first great commandment of Brummell's life, we said, was this: Thou shalt not work. Nevertheless, two works he did leave behind him, extant after his own death, which must be mentioned here.

First. An album; which he commenced early in his London career, and continued to its end. Into this book, a ponderous quarto of plain vellum paper, the binding of dark-blue velvet, corners and clasps of massive embossed silver, he copied the contributions of his noble and noted friends. It was neat throughout, the handwriting beautiful, and legible as print. There were two hundred and twenty-six pieces, all in verse. The Duchess of Devonshire, Fox, Sheridan, Byron, Lord John Townsend, General Fitzpatrick, George Canning, and many others, figure in it; also Brummell himself as original, though now accused of borrowing, and even of pilfering. This book was Brummell's valued companion in exile; in fact his sacred book, or Bible, containing the words of genteel life; and in London, long ago, it was doubtless a famous thing. One young lady, Miss Georgiana, whose letter we gave some time since, evidently wished much to get the loan of it. She says: "You would make me very happy by lending me the yellow book again; the *other* I don't dare ask

for, much as I wish it." But the yellow book, what was that? a twin of the blue? Albums were all "the rage" then; but now, I am happy to say, they are not the rage.

Secondly. A screen, the work of his mornings at Calais, between the first and second toilets, intended for his most steadfast friend, the Duchess of York: five feet and a half high, twelve feet long, in six compartments, folding; the ground of green; on which he pasted drawings, engravings of all kinds, colored and uncolored, such as he could get; pictures of all kinds of beasts, or of most; pictures of men, many of them caricatures, arranged in allegorical groups, one in each compartment; illustrating the gossip of his London days. To describe this screen further transcends my ability. Captain Jesse devotes to it three pages; and I, after some study, can only understand that it cannot be understood. The duchess died in 1820, before it was finished. Brummell thereupon struck work, and the screen remained in his apartments, love's labor lost. This duchess seems to have been a very good lady, kind to the poor, kind to Brummell, kind to all her friends; especially kind to dogs, of which she kept a hundred or more; poodles, pugs, and lap-dogs; and in her dog-cemetery the lives and characters of the departed were recorded on stone: a very kind lady; perhaps also a satirical. One of the aforesaid dogs (if not more) was presented to the duchess by Brummell, as appears by her own testimony. In a letter to him she says: "*Recevez mes remerciemens les plus sincères pour ce joli petit chien; c'est l'emblême de la Fidélité; j'aime à me flatter qu'il sera celui de la continuation de notre amitié, à laquelle je vous assure que je attache le plus grand prix.*" But where is now that remarkable screen? Captain Jesse saw it, after Brummell's

death, at an upholsterer's at Boulogne. It ought to be in some museum, Barnum's, or another; I at this moment would cheerfully give the customary twenty-five cents, or even more, for a sight of it.

One little story of Brummell, here at Calais, we must not omit, it being characteristic: for we should have noted before, that he, all through his life, kept clear of fights, and managed to do it without showing the white feather. Duels he expressly disapproved of; a hard blow on the face might injure one's good looks, (as his own nose sometimes suggests;) and a pistol shot, making the blood run, discolor one's clothes, and interfere, for a time, with affairs of the toilet: such results were to be avoided if possible. But the story is this: A loose kind of man, some kind of an exile,— of whom there were many kinds there at Calais, — one whose nose had been smashed in battle, or otherwise, called on Brummell, demanding satisfaction for a calumnious report; this, namely, that he who professed to be a military officer was no officer at all, but only a London hatter, whom he, Brummell, had formerly patronized. The Beau was very gracious, and assured the man he had said no such thing; indeed, could not possibly have been guilty of such discourtesy. The man, satisfied and well pleased, took his departure. Brummell accompanied him to the door, and there renewed his assurances, adding, at last: "The report must be untrue; for now that I think of it, I never, in my life, dealt with a hatter without a nose." The man, astounded, went his way.

And so Brummell, with touches of his former self, struggled along in exile; but he was continually in a poor way, or in no way at all, and his outlook was not cheerful. His furniture lost its gloss, his rooms had a dingy look, and their chief ornament, the famous Sèvres china, disappeared.

Crockford, a London auctioneer, hearing of it, and of Brummell's wants, came over to Calais and bought it. He advertised it in London as "the finest and purest ever imported into England." The King bought a tea-set for two hundred guineas, and a pair of vases sold for three hundred pounds. Stripped of such things, the man was poor indeed. But now Brummell heard, not without interest, that his old enemy had gone: on the 26th day of June, 1830, George the Fourth, ceasing to eat and drink, gave up the ghost. He was a pretty good king, they say in England; he fed well, and kept within the enclosure of the constitution. England requires of a king only what is required of a stalled ox. A good king or a bad, his death resulted in good, or the semblance of it, to poor Brummell. Mr. Canning had declined to ask an office for him from King George, "who never forgave an injury;" but now the Duke of Wellington, at the request of Lord Alvanley and others, got of King William the consulship at Caen, or rather made one for him there — gave him, in fact, though under cover, a pension. If republics are ungrateful, constitutional monarchies are not; and England, cherishing the Anglo-Saxon stuff in her, is proud of her ultimate men — her ultimates on the ocean wave and in the battle field; and why should she be neglectful of her ultimate in the drawing room? After serious consideration of this matter, I am of opinion that England did not do altogether wrong in giving her Beau Brummell a pension. Right or wrong, she gave him one by means of the consulship at Caen, the capital of Lower Normandy; and Brummell, with commission in his pocket, dated September 10, 1830, was a happy man; for he had his eye on the salary of the office, — four hundred pounds per annum, — and was eager to get it. But there were difficulties in the way. His debts at Calais,

at this time, amounted to twenty-four thousand francs: to his banker Leveux, twelve thousand; to his valet Sèlégue, six thousand one hundred and sixty-two; Dessin's Hotel, for dinners, three thousand four hundred and eighty-eight; to others, smaller sums; and his creditors would not let him go. He had, at last, to assign of his salary three hundred and twenty pounds per annum to secure payment of these debts, leaving, therefore, as income for himself, only eighty pounds. This being arranged, he set out for Caen towards the end of September, 1830. On the way he spent a week at Paris, and dined there with the Prince of Benevento, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, Madame de Bagration. Good dinners and good wine revived the old spirit, and he gave order for a gold enamelled snuff-box, to cost twenty-five hundred francs, which, I hope, was not delivered.

On the 5th day of October, George Brummell, Esq., his Britannic majesty's consul, with a net income of eighty pounds per annum, in a hired coach and four, his valet Sèlégue in the rumble, arrived at the Hotel de la Victoire in Caen, and soon took lodgings at the house of Madame Guernon de St. Ursain. Here, in a new place, with official dignity, he flourished for a time — one of the strangest officials ever seen in this world, where there are many strange ones.

Caen, "the best built and most pleasant city in the north of France," stands in a region of limestone, which lies there in ridges. The River Orne, flowing northward to the English Channel, came long ago to one of these ridges, and, finding convenient way on both sides of it, split itself in two there; these streams, diverging for a little time, drew together again, and united at the other extremity of the ridge, forming thereby a proper place for the congregation of men; and thereon was built the ancient

city of Caen. In after years the city spread out over this whole space, and finding it insufficient, pushed itself across one of the said streams; so that it now runs through the city. With water flowing through and around it, Caen is nevertheless dirty; for which, therefore, let the citizens be blamed. The buildings are high, and, for the most part, of stone; though there are some fantastic old structures of wood. At night the streets are lighted by lamps, hung over the middle, on ropes running across from wall to wall; and here, under these lamps, pedestrians, by day and by night, go to and fro; safer there than near the walls; for liquids, not wanted within the houses, descend from the windows. In this old Norman city are objects of interest, had Brummell an eye for them. The churches, gray with age, — the builders long ago dead and forgotten, — are well worth seeing. In one of them, the Abbey of St. Etienne, is the tomb of William the Conqueror; in another, that of his queen, Matilda: and quaint old gables and curious carvings are all around. Or in the living present, if Brummell liked that better, he could see the pretty lace-makers, many thousands of them, in gay colors, plying their needles on summer days, about the doors and under trees, willing to see and be seen.

The country around Caen is bleak; and in winter the north winds come bitter and cold, laden with snow: therefore the peasant women wear abundant petticoats; often as many as seven, if you can count; at least Mr. St. John says so.* Under the chemise is a thick woollen waistcoat, with long sleeves, which turn back over the gown at the wrists, and are there of red or blue. These women are fond of bright colors; and on their heads they wear high

* A Journal of a Residence in Normandy, by J. Augustus St. John.

caps, not unbecoming. At night there is a curious sight, if you will look for it. Peeping into the cow houses, you will see, ranged on one side of the long building, the milky mothers of the herd contentedly chewing the cud; and on the other side the lace-makers, many of them young, and some of them pretty, sitting with their feet in the straw: and before each, in a little niche in the wall, is a lamp; the light of which, coming through a semi-cylindrical glass vessel filled with water, is thereby made to fall full on the lace-work; and the needles fly fast. At the feet of the young women recline their lovers; and the mothers sit watchful lest the daughters love too much; all of them wide awake, except the fathers, who, it seems, are the only sleepers; they, and perhaps the cows. The reader will take all this with some limitations; but it is pretty much according to St. John. Fuel is scarce in that old Norman country, and the aforesaid manner of congregation comes from need of warmth for the lace-work. The cows, the lovers, and the lamps combined, keep up a comfortable temperature; and the mothers tend to prevent a conflagration. "The French are an economical people, and human ingenuity is great." But of all this, and of much else, Brummell was heedless; he had no eye except for himself and his appurtenances. Picking his way along the streets, stepping from stone to stone to protect his well-polished boot; umbrella, with close-fitting silk case, always in hand, he, mainly attentive to himself and his poodles, sought out solitary places for his walks;—a man *possessed*.

In his office, as consul, there was fortunately little to do; and that little was done by his *vice*, a Mr. Hayter, whom he called his chancellor. He himself could not descend to common drudgery. He, a disabled hero, had

rightful claims. The winged courser, broken winded, is not put to the dray, but to grass; and the high spirit in him looks out still, snorting for the race course. Surely, then, a Beau Brummell, topmost of his kind, had claims on England and Englishmen. But English visitors at Caen were few, while at Calais they were many; and the change of pasture was of bad consequence to the hungry one, for helpful hands no longer brought tidbits when he whinnied. In February, 1832, however, one Englishman did come to Caen — Captain Jesse, a helpful man; helpful to me now, and I hope also to Brummell then. Jesse gives ample details of the dress and way of life, which shall be omitted here. We note, however, with some interest, that the famous *batterie de toilette*, "the gift of the King," or rather of the Prince, was at that time complete, even to the little silver spitting dish; for it is still "impossible for a gentleman to spit in clay." Sitting in Brummell's saloon, the bedroom door being open, the captain saw, reflected in the mantel glass, the faded Beau, unconscious of exposition, making himself fit to be seen, the tweezers busy about his face — but we will shut the door.

This stolen glimpse is the last that we shall get of that famous toilet service. One by one the defences of his gentility were beaten down; the outworks went one after another; at last the main battery fell, and the common world, with its pitiless realities, stormed in upon him. The man, half demented, in a fit of desperation, or in hope of removal to Havre, or, still better, to China, wrote to Lord Palmerston that there was no need of a consulate at Caen; and Palmerston, having no doubt of that, did, in April, 1832, abolish the office; and there could be no hope of another for Brummell any where in this world.

The man had been capable of filling one office only — that of Professor of Gentility; and he had now become incapable even of that. He was destitute now indeed, for the pitiful balance of his salary, eighty pounds per annum, ceased to come. He had to leave his rooms at Madame St. Ursain's house, and go to the Hotel d'Angleterre, — dining there at the *table d'hote*. Shaken to the centre, paralysis came over his outworks, and his brain ceased to do its accustomed work, whatever that had been; he became forgetful, — every way helpless. Mr. Armstrong, (well named,) grocer, tea dealer, wine dealer, packet agent, "the *factotum* of the English at Caen," had to be a kind of guardian to him. The poor Beau, without love in his best estate, became now cynical, and he said to Madame St. Ursain, "Were I to see a man and a dog drowning together in the same pond, and no one looking on, I would prefer to save the dog" — so unjust had mankind been to him!

Matters going from bad to worse, Mr. Armstrong — Brummell being then in debt to him and others — went to England to make an appeal once more to old friends; and he was successful in it. Among the contributors to a fund for the exile's relief were Lords Alvanley, Willoughby, Burlington, and many others. Among the helpful appeared again the Duke of Wellington, — a man ever ready at the call of duty, let the call be what it would — to attend a court ceremonial, to assist a decayed beau, or to meet Napoleon in battle array; and thereby he rose steadily, surely. Methinks I see him now, standing in that cornfield at Waterloo, looking on while the French cavalry troops dash against his infantry squares; but the Iron Duke plucks ears of corn continually, crushing them in his hands, till Blucher comes; for the hour was big and the man not altogether iron.

Thus, by the said contributions, the debts were paid, — but only the Caen ones, — which helped the matter little; for the creditors at Calais, the assignment of salary being no longer available, became now very urgent; and at last, Leveux, the banker, decided on a final step. Early one May morning in 1835, *gens d'armes* entered Brummell's bedroom in the Hotel d'Angleterre; and he, perhaps for the first time in his life, had to dress in haste. They lodged him in prison, in a room where there were three truckle-beds with occupants. Three days after, in a letter to Madame ——, he said: "I still breathe, though I am not of the living." Soon, however, his condition improved; his friends outside, Mr. Armstrong and others, bestirred themselves, and he was permitted to share the apartment of M. Godfroi by day, and at night he had a little cell to himself alone. In letters to Mesdames, and to Mr. Armstrong, he complained continually of many things, especially of his dinners, more especially of the want of articles for his toilet. Soon, however, he got under way again, after a fashion as near the old one as he could. M. Godfroi, the editor's editor of the "*Amie de la Vérité*," a legitimist paper published at Caen, — a man, in fact, "hired to do duty as a prisoner whenever the demands of justice require it," — reports of Brummell as follows: —

"*Il consacrait trois heures à sa toilette, dont tous les details étaient soignés avec une attention extrême. Il se rasait chaque jour; chaque jour* [says the astonished Frenchman] *il faisait une ablution complète de toutes les parties de son corps à l'aide de la vaste cuvette d'un antique lavabo qui l'avait suivi en prison; aussi une cassette rempli d'essences et de cosmetiques. Pour cette operation de propreté, inouie dans les fastes de la prison,*

douze à quinze litres d'eau, et deux litres de lait, lui étaient regulièrement apportés par son valet de chambre, son Lafleur ; c'est ainsi qu'il nommait plaisamment l'ancien tambour de ligne Paul Lépine, qui, en ce moment prisonnier civil, était à son service et à sa solde."

This is the last we hear of Brummell's ablutions, which, formerly, were many and great. Cleanliness is a right good thing; nevertheless, rather than a Brummell needing such excessive washings, I would prefer a Walker the Original, who, "even by total abstinence from soap and water, could not attain to a dirty face."

In the beginning of July of the same year, Mr. Armstrong, perhaps the best friend Brummell ever had, went again to England on his behalf, and returned with cash — one hundred pounds given by King William, two hundred pounds of the public money by Lord Palmerston, and smaller sums by others, — enough, if not to pay in full, then to compromise, not only Caen debts, but those at Calais also; and on the 21st of July, 1835, he left the prison and returned to the Hotel d'Angleterre. At evening, on the same day, he appeared at a party at General Corbet's; and when all crowded round him with congratulations, Brummell, bowing, said: "*Messieurs, je suis bien obligé pour votre bonté et charmé de me trouver encore une fois parmi vous. Je puis vous assurer que c'est aujourd'hui le plus heureux jour de ma vie ; car je suis sorti de prison et — j'ai mangé du saumon.*"

Out of prison, eating salmon, the man was doubtless happy for a day or more. Once an epicure, he had become a gormand now, and was on the way to gluttony, and the one hundred and twenty pounds per annum provided for him by his friends were altogether insufficient for his many wants. Again he bethought him of the lot-

tery office, where for a very small sum you can buy a very large one, and grow up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night; and "the *factotum* of the English at Caen" found his *totum*, with this man in it, almost too much for him, and he had at last to give public notice that he would pay no bills against Brummell except for necessaries; but who shall define?

Men began at this time to say: "Brummell is losing his mind;" of which, indeed, there could be no doubt; for the white cravat, with its inimitable tie, disappeared, and a black silk handkerchief took the place of it. But let us note here a remarkable fact — this, namely, that when his mind broke up, his letters improved. Some of the latest to Mr. Armstrong are almost good; and, as proof of it, we will read a part of one written in 1837: —

DEAR ARMSTRONG:

It is, I can assure you, with the greatest reluctance I am compelled to solicit occasional assistance from you; but I told the truth yesterday, when I represented the abject condition of my linen to you. I have not a single shirt that will hang to my back; nor are my socks and drawers in a better state. . . . After the experience I have met with in this place, I have a horror of contracting new debts; and yet, during the last two months, I have not possessed five francs for the most indispensable purposes. I am in ignorance of those who, through your mediation, have befriended me on the other side of the water; nor do I know precisely the amount of their contributions; therefore I am unable to write them my thanks for what they have done, or to make them acquainted with my continued destitute situation. The belly indeed is filled, but the hand is empty, and the back unprovided for, . . .

The mind now breaking up was, it seems, that which overlaid the original one; a crust too thick, surely, broken through too late. The hard hand of necessity had at last brought him back to nature and reality, and he could write in a simple, straightforward manner, every word to the purpose. Pity that hand had not been laid on him in his youth; then, as professional actor in genteel comedy, he might have been the means of recreation to men who had toiled through the day, and of instruction to those who needed it in that kind.

In July of this year, Thomas Moore, dining with General Corbet at Caen, (where he, the said Thomas, then was, for the purpose of placing a little Tommy, or a littler, at school,) met his old acquaintance, once the celebrated Mr. Brummell, and made this entry in his journal: "Company, Rothe, Wright, Brummell, and one or two others. The poor Beau's head gone, and his looks so changed that I never should have recognized him. Got wandering in his conversation more than once during dinner." Head gone, stomach remaining, he was still a good trencher-man; but so much wanting otherwise, that invitations to dinner were few, I think; and this dinner party was perhaps his last. But he had parties of his own, of a kind rare in the world of fashion. He arranged his apartment for the reception of visitors, tallow candles shedding a lurid light over all; and his attendant, well instructed, announced the distinguished guests—the Duke of Bedford, Duke of Rutland, Lord Alvanley, the Duchess of Devonshire, and the rest of them. After the old manner he received each and all, bowing to the vacant air, which he had peopled thus; and so he played his part with smiles, and bows, and high-flown speech, interrupted by bursts of tears, for the extant reality was at times too

strong for him. At last the closing scene came, and the carriages were announced. "Shadows come, and so depart," and the Beau gave a gracious bow to each departing one; but his best was given to her Grace of Devonshire. This dashing Duchess deserves a little bow from us too, for she was not without real worth. Living in a heartless time, and deep in the dissipations of fashionable life, she loved her sister, her mother, her children; and she had some idea of the meaning of duty. In a better time she had charmed men to better purpose. But did the reader, who has seen or heard of fancy balls, ever hear of one more fanciful than that? The man's outer world and his inner, differing more and more, were now at utter variance; and that party was one of his spasmodic attempts to unite them again. His life, a wonder to me all along, had now become incredible to himself. He broke down rapidly, becoming shabby, dirty, imbecile; and the children, as he tottered through the streets, jeered and mocked him. At an obscure *café* near the Place Royale he could still sometimes get a cup of coffee on credit; when the old woman there asked him to pay, he, looking out at the window, and up at the sky, said: "*Oui, madame, à la pleine lune, à la pleine lune;*" and the pitying woman scored down another cup. We are glad to know that afterwards, at some stage of the moon, she was paid in full, and lost nothing by her kindness.

Brummell's way of life in these his latter years altogether changed. Careless of his personal appearance, filthy in his habits, he became gluttonous, indeed ravenous; careless of the quality of his food, he was inordinate in quantity. For long years he had shut Nature out, heading her at every turn; and she, indignant at his former treatment of her, was now bent on revenge. She

is tolerant of much, but not of all; and the way of the confirmed transgressor is hard.

Instead of many disgusting details of Brummell's life, we will place here a letter written by Mr. Armstrong; to whom be praise for his kindness to this miserable man: —

CAEN, November 28, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have deferred writing for some time, hoping to be able to inform you that I had succeeded in getting Mr. Brummell into one of the public institutions; but, I am sorry to say, I have failed. I have also tried to get him into a private house; but no one will undertake the charge of him in his present state. In fact, it would be totally impossible for me to describe the dreadful situation he is in. For the last two months I have been obliged to pay a person to be with him day and night, and still we cannot keep him clean; he now lies on a straw mattress, which is changed every day. They will not keep him at the hotel, and what to do I know not. I should think some of his old friends in England would be able to get him into some hospital, where he could be taken care of for the rest of his days. I beg and entreat of you to get something done for him, for it is quite out of the question that he can remain where he is. The clergyman and physician here can bear testimony to the melancholy state of idiocy he is in.

Yours, faithfully,

C. ARMSTRONG.

To ——, Esq., —— Street, London.

Mr. Armstrong, who had done his utmost, came now almost to despair, for no one would take charge of the

idiot Brummell; and in this world, where there are many places, there seemed to be none for him. A little way off, however, on the Bayeux road, stood the *Bon Sauveur* beckoning to him and all the helpless, and saying continually, *Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* Had Brummell ever any knowledge of the good Saviour and his self-sacrificing life? Apparently not: to that, and all of its kind, he was deaf and blind; but we can see that thereby was provided a place of refuge even for him, who was unconscious of it. Six months after the date of Mr. Armstrong's letter, Brummell, though unwilling, — for he struggled and shrieked, "A prison, a prison," — was placed in the *Bon Sauveur:* situate in the suburbs of Caen, near the Bayeux road, its buildings, gardens, and enclosures occupy a space of fifteen acres. Within the walls are several separate edifices — for the sick in body, for the deaf and dumb, for the sick in mind or insane; and in this last Brummell found shelter, and was well cared for by Sisters of Charity. Here he sat, all the day long, before a large wood fire; his man servant, or one of the Sisters, constantly in attendance. To a visitor who asked him: "Do you find yourself comfortable?" he replied: "O, yes; this excellent nurse is so kind that she refuses me nothing: I have all I want to eat, and such a large fire; I never was so comfortable in all my life." No, never; nor so respectable, let us add.

Here he lingered till the spring of the next year, kind Sisters watchful and helpful always — Sisters of Charity — unlike ladies of fashion; but the difference is in some respects superficial only; for hearts beat, and the blood courses, and at last it is dust to dust.

It has been said: To study a man thoroughly is to learn to love him: and now the tinsel and lacquer of George

Brummell's gentility being altogether rubbed off, and his poor self left naked, we have come if not to love, then to pity, which is akin to it. He was not the most worthless of men; nor was he more foolish than the thousand and one in each of our large cities, whose supreme object is a place in genteel society; who live altogether in a vain show, holding the things that perish to be the sum and substance of human life. Not more worthless, nor more foolish, perhaps, but certainly more unfortunate. If the Duke of Queensberry, a shameless man, addicted to the indecencies, could pass his latter years with a few select friends, of which number Wraxhall was one, why could not George Brummell, addicted to the decencies and elegancies, have passed *his* latter years in a still more select circle, if he had had cash enough? — a question which each one may answer for himself.

Looking into the circumstances and influences under which George Brummell grew up, we find much to extenuate his extreme gentility. His father's situation as private secretary of Lord North brought the child early into view of men of high rank, and, with a quick and sure eye for externals, he noted their peculiar ways. Without intellectual endowment or insight, he became possessed with that idea of gentility which informed his whole being, and rayed out into wondrous action. An orphan, without guidance, he came, while yet a boy of sixteen, into the highest circles of London life, and was welcomed and petted there. If the boy asked himself any question, it was this: What brought me up hither? and the answer was so plain before him that he could not fail to find it. Thenceforth he devoted himself, soul and body, to the work; and on the glittering heights, scaled by his own prowess, he stood delighted, determined to keep them free

of vulgar touch or taint. And be it especially noted that he stood there twenty years, admired, envied, even feared, by all aspirants to the highest honors. "We should all have dressed like him if we could," for one thing; nor was he wanting in other things befitting that high place and noble time. Be it noted, too, that the man fell, not by want of personal merits, but by the loss of a sixpence with a hole in it; or for want of other sixpences.

We said much of Brummell's faith; how he rose thereby — and thereby, too, he fell; for by clinging to it, when out of its proper element, he became a byword in all lands. Martyrs to faith have been many; highly honored, and long remembered: let not this one be forgotten so long as there can be use in remembrance of him.

And now, having come to the end of the Beau's life, we will finish, as is proper, with a little flourish. On the 30th day of March, 1840, the good Sister, sitting watchful by the bedside, saw that another of her works of charity was about to close as many others had done: and at eventide, George Brummell, aged sixty-two, turned his face to the wall; and turned it never again. The lamp which once shone bright in the halls of fashion, gradually lost its brilliancy, and grew dim; till, oil failing, it ceased to flame, and emitted only foul smoke; at last it ceased even to smoke — and so Beau Brummell died.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE writings of Samuel Johnson, once famous in his native land, have gone out of fashion, and are no longer attractive there: and here among us, Anglo-Americans of the present generation, who are more inclined to a daring assertion of rights than to a faithful performance of duties, his books stand quietly on shelves among the British classics, and their quiet is seldom disturbed. But while the writings of the great moralist have fared thus, his Life, by James Boswell, still finds readers every where; and it shall continue to find readers, and to charm them, so long as man feels an interest in his fellows.

Johnson, it has been often said, was fortunate in his biographer; and this saying is his highest eulogy; for the men have been few indeed whose lives could bear such exposition. At all times and in all places, convivial or prayerful, in good mood or in bad, we see him as he lived, and moved, and talked. The minutest details, the most private recesses of his life, are brought before us and laid open, revealing the man to us completely; and we learn at last that what charms us so is his fulness of manhood. Correctness,—what men call correctness,—consistency in word and deed, means, for the most part, only narrowness; and that surely is not what we love and honor. On the whole,

therefore, the essential question is: Has the man real worth, fulness of manhood? Having this, we will take all that comes of it, and pardon what we cannot approve.

David, the royal sinner, was a man after God's own heart, because he was a complete man, and did not belie his Maker. He fell, indeed, but he did not lie wallowing in the depths: he confessed his sin, and rose again prayerful: unto such "thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever." Paul of Tarsus, holding himself to be the chief of sinners, and not meet to be called an apostle, is now, next to the Master, the highest name in the Protestant church. His noble words come down to us through the centuries, and his manly deeds; and we can know why Felix trembled, and also why "the elders fell on Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more." Martin Luther we honor, not because he was a saint or a theologian, but because he was first of all a man. He would play on his flute, and sit at his table and talk; and he would also do his work though "it rained Duke Georges." Even a Mirabeau, bearing along his load of sin, not overborne by it, is interesting always; and our own well-balanced Washington, a kind of lay-figure in history, redeems himself, in our estimation, when he loses his balance a little, and shows touches of our common humanity.

Good old Doctor Johnson, — he, too, was a large man, with room in him not only for many of the virtues, but also for some of the faults of humanity; and we turn to him again and again with a loving reverence, which is always humorous, and therefore healthy. A great irregular mass of life full of seeming contradictions, which do yet blend into an harmonious whole; for his essential truthfulness holds all together, and at last makes music of it. This

man had what we may call central veracity; and he was, therefore, an enigma and offence to many of his contemporaries; for his outcome had a wonderful look of contradiction and inconsistency. A strenuous supporter of church and state, an observer of all distinctions in rank, he yet knows well what orders of nobility, and other things of that kind, mean; and also what they do not mean. In his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, he is mindful throughout of what is due to "my lord," and nowise forgetful of what is due to Samuel Johnson, whose Dictionary is a work which no lord then living in England could have done so well. His letters to his negro servant, Francis Barber, begin, "Dear Francis," and end, "Yours affectionately;" and in his letters to Mr. Levett, he desires his "kind regards to Francis and Betty:" but at Brighthelmstone he turned his back abruptly on Lord Bolingbroke; and, when Mr. Thrale anxiously remonstrated, Johnson said: "I am not obliged, sir, to find reasons for respecting the rank of him who will not condescend to declare it by his dress, or some other visible mark: what are stars and other signs of superiority made for?" This lord, and all other lords, will please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly. Indeed, Johnson, a steady opponent of the modern doctrines of liberty and equality, recognized always the brotherhood of man. Some men are born to high place, and some to low, and all places must be filled. Such is the appointment of the almighty Ruler: and if there is to be any real order in this world, there must be subordination. Nevertheless, all men, from the king himself, before whom Johnson once stood face to face and talked, down to "dear Francis," the negro, are human beings; neither more nor less; and Frank must go to school after he is thirty, and learn some of the

things befitting a man to know. The doctor's friends, accordingly, are of all classes, and various enough. At the club are — Edmund Burke, the Sublime and Beautiful; Oliver Goldsmith, a small man, but genuine; not handsome, indeed rather ugly: pen in hand he can write a Vicar of Wakefield, though hearing his talk you would doubt it: he has travelled over a great part of Europe on foot, and played tunes for peasants to dance by: easily offended, he is easily pleased again, and bears no malice to any living thing. There, too, are Bennett Langton, "a tall, meagre, long-visaged man," who, taking a seat, draws himself together, twisting one leg round the other, and then places his snuff-box on the table: when any one speaks to him he takes a pinch, but not before; — Sir Joshua Reynolds, a rather short man, with roundish, blunt features; florid, with a lively look; a happily constituted, healthy man, who "is the same all the year round;" not spoiled by prosperity, but constant to old friends, who are welcome always at his table, where is good company; — David Garrick, a famous actor, whose play of features is so great that his face shows the wear and tear of it: he amuses men so much that when he departs this life it shall be said of him: "His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and diminished the stock of harmless pleasure;" — Topham Beauclerk, "with his wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and his reasoning:" "No man ever was so free, when he was going to say a good thing, from a look that expressed that it was coming; or, when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it had come." These men, and others more or less known to us, are at the Boar's Head Tavern often; among them James Boswell, a Scotchman, with blood of the Bruce in his veins, somewhat diluted. He leaves his wife at home complain-

ing of his absence, but half glad he is gone, and comes to London often, taking notes for our instruction. When the doctor begins to see-saw, he, leaning eagerly forward says: "Hush! Doctor Johnson is going to speak:"* and Boswell is right, for the speech is worth listening to always. The staple of it is good strong sense, with wit and humor enough. He seldom introduced a topic, but when one was started he would strike in, often in this way: "Why, sir, as to the good or evil of card playing;" and was then, Garrick said, considering which side he would take. His prejudices, so called, are prominent always, and have their foundation in his love of Old England: all men outside of England are foreigners; and Scotchmen, as being nearest and most intrusive, fare worst. When Boswell, eager for an introduction to Johnson, got one, he whispered to the introducer, Tom Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." He replied: "That, sir, I find is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help:" and of such half-sportive sallies against Scotland and Scotchmen there is no end. Loving Old England, he loves her church; and Scotland's great offence is Presbyterianism. Told that a steeple in St. Andrews was tottering, he said: Do not take it down, "for it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox, and no great matter." Reminded by Boswell, when they were in Scotland together, that Episcopalians were only dissenters there, and were tolerated, he said: "Sir, we are here as Christians in Turkey." He would not countenance a Presbyterian kirk by attending service in it, but said, if the minister would get up into a tree and preach, he would listen — a perilous place, however,

* The words may be a Dutchman's, but the attitude is certainly Boswell's.

for if the preacher had said a word against our church, Johnson had shaken him down. New England in rebellion against Old was the abomination of abominations to him; and if he could have placed his foot on our neck then, Yankee-doodle had ceased forever. For Frenchmen, and other outsiders, he had little respect. "One evening at Slaughter's coffee-house, where a number of them were talking loud about little matters, he said: 'Does not this confirm old Meynell's observation: *For any thing I can see, foreigners are fools*'?" When there was talk of a French invasion, he said it was all idle talk; nobody had fear; it was only affectation of fear. Frenchmen invade England! *Frenchmen!* — the thing was incredible to him.

But let us note here that any man, be he foreigner, Scotchman, or whig dog, who gets within the outer cordon of these prejudices, can then, if he have any real worth, get very near to the doctor and be welcome. Few things in any book are more amusing than the account, in Boswell's clear, truthful way, of the interview between Johnson and John Wilkes. Boswell "had conceived an irresistible wish to bring, if possible," these two men together; and knowing that the doctor was "sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction," he schemed accordingly; and, after preliminary arrangements, said to him: "Mr. Dilly, sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." Johnson: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly; I will wait on him." Boswell: "Provided, sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." Johnson: "What do you mean, sir? What do you take me for? Do you think that I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe

to a gentleman what company he is to have at his own table?" Boswell: "I beg your pardon, sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." Johnson: "Well, sir, what then? What care *I* for his *patriotic friends?* Poh!" Boswell: "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." Johnson: "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." Boswell: "Pray forgive me, sir; I meant well; but you shall meet whoever comes, for me." And so Boswell, as he thought, "secured him;" but man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and on "the much-expected Wednesday," when Boswell called in time to take the doctor along, he "found him buffeting his books, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad." "How is this, sir?" said Boswell. "Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" Johnson: "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams;" and to Boswell's expostulations he said: "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this." The persevering man forthwith hastened down stairs, and beset the blind lady with cogent arguments and entreaties; till she, gradually softening, said at last, that, "all things considered, she thought he certainly should go." Mrs. Williams's consent announced to him, the doctor roared out: "Frank, a clean shirt." So Boswell prevailed; and he says: "When I had him fairly seated in a hackney coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with

him to set out for Gretna Green." . . . "When he entered Mr. Dilly's drawing-room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly: 'Who is that gentleman, sir?' 'Mr. Arthur Lee.' Johnson: 'Too, too, too,' (under his breath,) which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot*, but an *American*. 'And who is the gentleman in lace?' 'Mr. Wilkes, sir.' This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down on a window seat and read," or seemed to read. When dinner was announced, Wilkes seated himself next to the doctor, who, for a time, was rather surly to the "dog of a whig;" but Wilkes was attentive, polite, genial; and soon the two were in full tide, flowing on together harmonious enough; and there was good talk that day at Mr. Dilly's, though we have space for little of it. "Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch, who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered they should choose it." Johnson: "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative; the Scotch would not know it to be barren." Boswell: "Come, come, he is flattering the English. You have now been in Scotland, sir; and say if you did not see meat and drink enough there." Johnson: "Why, yes, sir, meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." At another dinner party, some years later, Boswell, after the company had dropped away, was astonished to observe "Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes, Esq., literally *tête-à-tête*, reclined upon their chairs with their heads leaning almost close to each other, and talking earnestly, in a kind of con-

fidential whisper, of the personal quarrel between George the Second and the King of Prussia." *

Of Johnson's roughness and rudeness we have heard more than enough; for, on close inspection, much of it disappears. Will the reader, at a safe distance, look a little? "When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion independent of his feet. That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner, may easily be believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, drive, by a sudden start, the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burden again." This man, who is of large, robust body, is also of large, robust mind, and in talking, as in walking, gives hard knocks often unconsciously; but he shoots no poisoned arrows, nor even any barbed ones: rolling along on his way, he jostles many; and those of thin skin complain. The finer sensibilities of the human heart are very pretty to talk about, and they play a great part in novels; but in real life they are not helps, but hinderances, to every good work. Johnson's own house was a kind of hospital of incurables. Asked once how he could bear to have such people about him there, he said: "If I did not shelter them no one else would, and they would be lost." In such a household the finer sensibilities of the human heart would not find themselves at

* For an account of this quarrel, see Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Second," New York, 1858, vol. ii, chap. vi.

home; they would have to retire and seek sweet relief in tears. On the whole, we are too often unreasonable in our requirements: straightness of limb, smoothness of rind, are well, indeed pretty, in their proper place; but of the British oak we will require not such things, but other and better: and in this connection let us note his lordly indifference to much that vexes ordinary men. To the many attacks on him as a public writer he makes no reply; and he takes no notice of them except to say that they are of service to him; that they attract public attention to him; and an author needs an attentive public. "No author," he says, "was ever written down except by himself." Of his many peculiarities he offers no explanations. His whims, his prejudices, his strange contortions, are open, forthcoming at all times, and there is nowhere concealment of them. In his garret-study is an old deal table, and two chairs; one of which, wanting a leg, is difficult to sit on, and has to be leaned against the wall; but he receives visitors without a word of apology: he is Doctor Johnson; this is his room; and if you like good talk you shall have it, but not much else. In the Hebrides, "one of our married ladies, a lively little woman, sat down on Doctor Johnson's knee, and, encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck and kissed him. 'Do it again,' said he, 'and let us see who will tire first.'" In this "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" are recorded many things of Johnson, which a teacher of morality, of the common stamp, would wish expunged if recorded of him; but not so the brave old doctor. Boswell says expressly, that the whole was read to him day by day, as it was written; and at the foot of a page filled with statements of Johnson's strange ways is this note: "It is remarkable that Doctor

Johnson should have read this account of some of his peculiar habits without saying any thing on the subject; which I hoped he would have done."

Reading in Boswell's Johnson, Croker's Boswell's Johnson, and in Johnsoniana, we think of Johnson always as old, and cannot figure him otherwise; nevertheless, that he was once a boy, and did run, jump, and roll, is shown by the best of testimony — his own. At Lichfield he walked round Mr. Levett's field, searching for a rail he used to jump over when a boy. When he had found it, "I stood," he said, "gazing upon it some time with a degree of rapture, for it brought to my mind all my juvenile sports and pastimes; and at length I determined to try my skill and dexterity. I laid aside my hat and wig, pulled off my coat, and jumped over it twice." Walking in the country with Mr. Langton and others, they came to the top of a steep hill, and the doctor said he would "take a roll." "We endeavored to dissuade him; but he was resolute, saying he had 'not had a roll for a long time.'" Taking from his pockets all small articles, — keys, pencil, and knife, — he laid himself down and rolled from top to bottom. This is ludicrous enough, and the first emotion is laughter; but if the reader will look into it, he may find a meaning which will affect him quite otherwise. Certainly he will learn from these anecdotes and others, not only that Samuel Johnson was once a boy, but that he was also a genuine man, and not a starched, pasteboard figure, like many other moralists. This man, rude, rough, shockingly impolite, and altogether wanting in the finer sensibilities, was yet invariably kind and helpful to the poor and wretched; indeed, we may say that his charities were bounded only by his want of means. "He frequently gave all the silver in his pockets to the

poor who watched him between his house and the tavern where he dined" — his house, where are lodged blind Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, Miss Carmichael, Robert Levet, and another. To Mrs. Desmoulins, a widow, daughter of an old friend, Dr. Swinfen, of Lichfield, he allows half a guinea a week, which is the twelfth part of his pension. Late at night he finds in the street a miserable woman, exhausted so that she cannot walk; he takes her in his arms, and carries her to his home, where she is cared for long, and learns that in a world where there are many bad men, there is at least one good; and becomes herself, we can hope, the better for such knowledge. Finding poor, homeless children asleep on doorsteps and stalls, he slips pennies into their little hands; they wake at early morn, wondering, and think of the good God who cared for them while they slept. He helps also other needs, and writes sermons for clergymen short of brains, prefaces for authors who cannot say a reasonable word about their own works, and dedications for men who cannot make a manly literary bow for themselves. So well known is he for this kind of work, that *Bet Flint*, a woman of the town, calls on him, Life in hand, written in verse, and asks him for a preface to it; but the doctor's charities are not quite boundless, and he finds this work beyond the limits. "It is wonderful," says Boswell, "what a number and variety of writers, some of them unknown to him, prevailed on his good nature to look over their works, and suggest corrections and improvements." "Sir," said he to one, "I do not say that it may not be made a good translation" — which seems to be somewhat polite. One of these authors, unknown to fame, the reader, looking through Boswell's eyes, may see if he will. "A printed 'Ode to the Warlike Genius of

Britain' came next in review. The bard was a lank, bony figure, with short, black hair. He, writhing himself in agitation while Johnson read, and showing his teeth in a grin of earnestness, exclaimed in broken sentences and in a keen, sharp tone: 'Is that poetry, sir? Is it Pindar?' Johnson: 'Why, sir, there is a great deal of what is called poetry.' Then, turning to me, the poet cried: 'My muse has not been long upon the town, and (pointing to the Ode) it trembles under the hand of the great critic.' Johnson, in a tone of displeasure, asked him: 'Why do you praise Anson?' I did not trouble him by asking his reason for this question. He proceeded: 'Here is an error, sir; you have made Genius feminine.' 'Palpable, sir,' cried the enthusiast; 'I know it. But [in a lower tone] it was to pay a compliment to the Duchess of Devonshire, with which her grace was pleased. She is walking across Coxheath in the military uniform, and I suppose her to be the Genius of Britain.' Johnson: 'Sir, you are giving a reason for it, but that will not make it right.'" The reader, fond of pictures, may look at this: A garret-study with scanty furniture; an old writing-table; two chairs, one of them a cripple; and books scattered all about. The central figure is the Colossus of British literature, rolling like the ocean. Before him stands an author unknown to fame, — a lank, bony man, with eager look, showing his teeth; and aside sits James Boswell, "with cheeks like half-filled wine-skins," slyly taking notes. This is Johnson among the authors; now let us look at him among the ladies, where he is amusing always. Attracted and repelled, half pleased and half afraid, they hover round, and, on the whole, rather like him. In such company he always "talked his best;" and he said once: "I like a compliment, especially from a pretty woman." Talking

with the Honorable Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork, she said that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly dissented. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected *me*." "Why," said he, smiling, and rolling himself about, "that is because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she, some time afterwards, reminded him of this, he said: "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it." At Inverary Castle, "Doctor Johnson talked a great deal, and was so entertaining that Lady Betty Hamilton, after dinner, went and placed her chair close to his, leaned on the back of it, and listened eagerly." The Duchess of Argyle was very attentive to him; and when Boswell said to him: "You were quite a fine gentleman when with the duchess," he replied: "Sir, I look upon myself as a very polite man."

"Molly Aston," says the doctor, "was a beauty and a scholar, and a wit and a whig, and she talked all in praise of liberty. . . . She was the loveliest creature I ever saw." One day, a fortune-telling gypsy, looking at his hand, said: "Your heart is divided, sir, between a Betty and a Molly; Betty loves you best, but you take most delight in Molly's company. . . . When I turned about to laugh, I saw my wife was crying. Pretty charmer! she had no reason." Ladies that visit him in Bolt Court have attention enough. Always he attends them to their carriages, and, in indescribable morning undress, stands bowing till they drive away; and all passers-by stop to look, as well they may, for the doctor is a gentleman of the old school — old, perhaps, as Adam.

The wife, pretty charmer who cried, was once the widow Porter. On her first interview with Johnson, she said: "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life;" and yet, with female perversity, she, on the

way to church, tried to make a fool of him. "Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end; I therefore pushed briskly on till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges; so I was sure she could not miss it, and I contrived that she should soon come up with me: when she did, I observed her to be in tears." This bride, surely, had fair warning while it was yet time; and the life that followed the wedding was doubtless the better for it, though the husband did have occasionally to propose "a touch at the ceiling." David Garrick bore witness to the fact that Johnson had a "tumultuous fondness" for his wife; and after her death, he studied and wrote in the garret, "because," he said, "that is the only room in the house in which I never saw Mrs. Johnson." How much he cherished her memory, and how long, may be learned from his Prayers and Meditations. Indeed, this man had a good, sound, human heart in him. Moralizing much, striving always to regulate his life by the dictates of reason, his love of real fellowship, his intense human sympathies, often ran away with him; and so, in old London, there was, after midnight, such a transaction as this. Bennett Langton and Topham Beauclerk, out on a frolic, rapped loudly at the doctor's door. Aroused from sleep, he at last appeared in night-dress, poker in hand, prepared for trouble. When he learned who the intruders were, and what they wanted, he said: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you." And coming down

into the street, half dressed, the great moralist went with the wild fellows to the Mitre Tavern, where they had a bowl of *bishop*, and at early morn took a boat and rowed to Billingsgate. This Beauclerk, a gay, dissipated man, Johnson loved, and could not help loving; though he reproved him often. He said to him once: "Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue." Beauclerk seeming to dislike this, the doctor said: "Nay, sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said of him."

One of the notable things in Johnson's life is his reception of a pension. From the 18th of September, 1709, the date of his birth, to the day of his death, December 18, 1784, the years are seventy-five; and till his fifty-third year he was poor, sometimes even to destitution. Then, friends moving for him, "His Majesty, George the Third, was pleased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds per annum." There was consultation among these friends about announcing this fact to him: at last, Mr. Murphy undertook the perilous adventure, and came off safe, as men often do from seeming perils. The announcement made, Johnson remained long silent, and then asked: "Is it seriously meant?" Assured that it was even so, he fell silent again. His thoughts are not disclosed to any considerable extent, but we can guess at them. Through many obstructions, outward and inward, he has fought his way onward and upward. He is incurably diseased, and since his twentieth year has passed hardly a day without pain. He inherited from his father "a vile melancholy," which made him "mad all his days, at least not sober," and he says that the great business of his life has been to escape from himself. In days of extreme destitution, he has hurled away a pair of shoes which some

well-meaning friend placed at his door. With Richard Savage he has walked the streets of London all night, for want of means to pay for a lodging; but they had "high talk," and "resolved to stand by their country." He has done much literary job-work for Edmund Cave, proprietor of the Gentleman's Magazine, and has had the honor of seeing, through a cloud of tobacco smoke, Mr. Browne, one of the contributors to that famous periodical: in Cave's own house he, once at least, "had a plate of victuals" sent to him behind a screen. The man has lived on fourpence halfpenny per day, and has suffered much that we know, and more that we do not know; for he hated "a complainer," and said always, "Men get in this world what they deserve;" though reading one day a description of the life of a poor scholar, he burst into tears. He has written London, a poem; Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; the Rambler; the Idler; and much else: among other things he has made a Dictionary of the English Language. He has no doubt of his need, and can have none of his deserts; but he calls to mind his own definitions of the words *Pension* and *Pensioner*; and his declaration of independence in his letter to Chesterfield; nor can he fail to think of his attachment to the house of Stuart, and of what may be expected of a pensioner of the house of Brunswick. These, or such as these, were his thoughts; and his conclusion, after due inquiry about the conditions of the grant, was altogether right. Told afterwards that there was much talk of his acceptance of a pension, he said: "I wish it could be doubled in amount, so that twice as much noise could be made about it." From this time forth to the end, Johnson lived in comparative comfort, and could "fold his legs and have his talk out," as he loved to do; but, eminent talker as he was, he knew well

that words are not final. Questioned about liberty of opinion and expression, he said: "Sir, I have got no farther than this — that every man has a right to utter what he holds to be truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it;" which seems, indeed, to be granting the largest liberty all round. When Osborne, the bookseller, became abusive, Johnson put that scholarly weapon, a folio, to an uncommon use; and when he learned that Foote proposed to represent him on the stage, and show off his personal peculiarities for public amusement, he got a large oak stick, and said: "If the scoundrel dares attempt it, I will go on the stage and break every bone in his body;" and Foote prudently took other means to amuse the public. Learning that Ossian Macpherson threatened to close their controversy by personal chastisement, Johnson, that same oak stick, or another, in hand, declared himself ready to try conclusions so; and in this way, and other ways, he was ready always to face the enemy.

The man was, indeed, a kind of leviathan, and he had appetite accordingly. Days long he could fast, and, years through, abstain from wine; but when he ate, he did it with a will, and when he drank, it was in no stinted measure. A man of large desire, but with strong hold of it: in his times of total abstinence he would sit at the convivial board as late as the latest, and say, with truth, "Sir, I no more think of drinking wine than does the dog Carlo under the table." But let the fastidious reader note, furthermore, the doctor's appetite for knowledge, which also was enormous. Of scholarship he had, we suppose, as much as was needful; and he knew how to use it; but he was not specially eminent in that; for his deepest interest was in the practical world — in the ways

and doings of men. Of all professions and handicrafts, down to the lowest, he had knowledge, and could say a reasonable word. Here, indeed, his insight was of the deepest; for he looked at the practical thing, not as he looks who seeks in it only pecuniary profit, but with that pure love of the thing itself which leads to real knowledge of it. It is very true that "the proper study of mankind is man;" but we must study him not as an abstract corpse, laid out in the metaphysical dissecting room, but as living, acting, brother man, who can reveal himself to us so, but not otherwise; and herein lies the excellence of Johnson's spoken words compared with his written. In these last, though the lesson inculcated is good, it is too often lifeless, barren; for he writes to the world at large, and treats of man in the abstract, and of the morality that befits him in that state; but, talking, he stood in contact with actual, living men, and the word he spoke then had vitality in it. He was himself not without perception of this: when Boswell read to him the record of his oral speech, he listened without disapprobation; but when a Rambler was read aloud in his presence, he turned away with a gesture of discontent, and said: "I thought it had been better." His writings, indeed, were task-work, imposed on him by necessity; by the need of daily bread, or by some other urgent need, as when he wrote Rasselas at one sitting to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral: at one sitting; "but then, sir, I sat all night." Always, when he wrote, he got on at a great rate; but he was unwilling to begin, for writing, on many accounts, was painful to him. *Viva voce* utterance, on the contrary, was delightful, and in that the whole man came into play; all his faculties joining in sport — the sport of an earnest man, which is humor.

When there are many contradictions in a man's lot, as there were in Johnson's, there is often no way of escape from utter misery but through the medium of humor; the subtilest quality of man, pervading, when genuine, his whole being, and springing from a deep conviction that "things are not what they seem;" though we are, to a great extent, obliged to deal with them according to their seeming. Johnson's humor, being of this essential kind, we shall find it not so much in his speech as in his life itself.

This poor, diseased scholar, uncouth, ungainly, who had to make his way in the world unaided, was a steady supporter of all high things — the state with its monarchy and aristocracy, the church with its bishops and archbishops; and he was perhaps the most aristocratic man in the British dominions. "High people," he says, "are the best;" they will not cheat, or, if they do cheat, are ashamed of it. Trades-people retired from business he specially disliked: "they have lost the civility of tradesmen without acquiring the manners of gentlemen." There are often such sayings as these: "If I were a man of great estate, I would drive all the rascals, whom I did not like, out of the county at an election." "If I were minister of state, no man should dare lift his finger in opposition;" and, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." In his whole life there is no trace of the thing called trading, making a good bargain; and he has found "the booksellers generous, liberal-minded men" always. To all people that he employed he was very constant, if they served him well. His servant for more than thirty years was Francis Barber, to whom he left the greater part of his small estate. The man indeed was essentially lordly, above meanness of every kind, scorning

concealments. Asked by a lady how he could give this definition in his Dictionary, — Pastern, the knee of a horse, — he replied: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." He and David Garrick, both natives of Lichfield, came together from that town to London to try what fortune might yield. Many years afterwards, when Johnson had become doctor, and Garrick rich, they were dining in a large company. Some chronological question coming up, Johnson said: "That was the year I came to London with two pence halfpenny in my pocket." Garrick, overhearing him, exclaimed: "Eh? What do you say? With two pence halfpenny in your pocket?" Johnson: "Why, yes: when I came with two pence halfpenny in *my* pocket, and thou, Davy, with three halfpence in *thine*." The connection between these two men was very amusing to all their companions; for the doctor seemed to claim a right of property in his old friend, and would allow no man either to blame or to praise Garrick without contradiction. Toiling years long at his Dictionary, he, with grim humor, could write down in it to be published to the world: "*Grub Street*, the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, *dictionaries*, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called *Grub Street*." — "Lexicographer, a writer of dictionaries, *a harmless drudge*."

Loving England, he loves best of all London, the great throbbing heart of it, where he has his home. Its multitudinous hum is the best of music to him, and there is no picture like the moving diorama of its streets. The exquisite humor of it is, that the man has no material stake in it all, no pecuniary interest; once he had not where to lay his head; but his pure and perfect love makes it all his own. There were, at that time, millionnaires in

England, but Johnson was a billionnaire. True it is that his estate was encumbered with patriots and whig dogs, who would not support his government; with dissenters, who were opposed to his church; and around it lay a world of foreigners, mostly fools: but all men of large estate have their troubles; why should he be exempt?

Johnson's dread of death, often expressed, and the confessions of sin and supplications for mercy in his Prayers and Meditations, have led men to infer, too hastily, that the part of his life of which little is known, the earlier part, must have been sinful; but there is no good ground for such inference. By the light of the known we must read the unknown; and one little event makes, in this case, all clear to us. To Henry White, a young clergyman, with whom Johnson was intimate, he said that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. "Once, indeed," he said, "I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago, I desired to atone for this fault: I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood, for a considerable time, bareheaded, in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." This man, standing bareheaded in the thronged market-place on a rainy day, was then three score and ten years old. Half a century of busy London life had not trampled out of mind that one act of filial disobedience, and "the remembrance of it was painful" still. Surely we need inquire no further about his unknown sins.

His advice to Boswell and others, often in some form repeated, was this: Clear your mind of cant — advice

good in all times; especially good in that time when Voltaire and his brood, the French philosophers, had sapped the foundations of faith in church and state. Devotion to the highest constituted authority — in a word, loyalty — had almost, if not altogether, ceased; and men were busy rocking the cradle of liberty: Liberty, pretty enough till it got out of the cradle and grew to Licentiousness. In religion, the old forms remained, but were no longer instinct with life. Men, for the most part, did not then believe; they assented merely; and in place of the old, earnest speech, there was cant, which, at its best, is hollow speech; and till the mind be cleared of the rubbish which produces *that*, no good thing can take root and grow there. That time, and Johnson's conservative work in it, are well worth attention; but the present writer feels no call to wade in deep waters, and has found it safer to keep near shore, where he flounders less.

We spoke, at the outset, of Johnson's essential truthfulness: closely allied to this trait is another, not less remarkable, his perfect fearlessness. A man full of truth, and without fear, finds himself strangely placed in a timid, time-serving, canting world; and the doctor was fortunate to escape from it with no worse epithet than *Old Bear* sticking to him. Of his religion, his worship in the old church of St. Clement Danes, his muttered prayers and pious ejaculations, we will not speak. Men who commune with the Highest may do it in their own way; and we will say only that any real communion of that kind is better than none.

The Man in the Iron Mask has long been interesting to mankind, simply because he wore a mask; and the interest has been increased fourfold by the fact, that the mask was not of pasteboard, but of iron, without a crack in it.

Could that mask be raised, all interest in the thing hidden under it would soon cease, and the foolish would turn, with idle curiosity, to some other mask, eager to know what might be hidden there too. But the desire of the wise is other than this; and in Samuel Johnson, who wore no mask, they find matter of abiding interest. Simple James Boswell, with never-ceasing wonder, jotted down faithfully the many phases of this revelation of genuine manhood; and we, born into another century, find the revelation a blessing; awakening in us pity, and love, and reverence; and so we rise to a higher life — to a higher life, and also to a healthier; for the humor of which we spoke is a uniting element, wedding joy to sorrow, and high to low, and pervading the whole with its cheerful sunlight. This Samuel Johnson, who once stood before King George and talked, was himself virtually a king among men. If he had been born to an actual throne, he had gone down to posterity as Samuel the Conqueror, or, perhaps, as the Tyrant. Born into the middle ranks of life, he is known the world over as a real John Bull, England's completest, of whom she, with good right, is proud.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE book of earliest date treating specially and directly of the Great Marquis, is that one entitled Memoirs of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose; written originally in Latin, by his chaplain, the Reverend George Wishart; published before the death of the subject of it, and known to us through a translation, issued at Edinburgh in 1819. After this publication, nearly two centuries passed away before any literary man busied himself with the life of Montrose; and groundless calumnies found their way into standard histories, and became accredited, and repeated again and again. At last, however, Mr. Mark Napier — roused, probably, to wonder by the fact that his own ancestor, Archibald Lord Napier, a wise and stainless man, was the steadfast friend and counsellor of this historically sinful Montrose — felt himself called on to look into the matter, and see how it really was. Hence his first book, Montrose and the Covenanters, two volumes, Edinburgh, 1838; which is, properly, a plea for Montrose, against the Covenanters; the statements of it substantiated by original papers before un-

known to the public. This book exciting an interest in the subject of it, other facts, relating thereto, came to light; and Mr. Napier, in 1840, published his Life and Times of Montrose; whereupon, many men being put on the scent, old charter chests, family records, city records, were searched and examined — with good results; for so much appertaining to this matter came forth, that two volumes folio, entitled Memorials of Montrose, edited by Mr. Napier, were published by the Maitland Club in 1851. Finally, we have Mr. Napier's fourth book, Memoirs of Montrose, two volumes, Edinburgh, 1856; which is the completest and best of all. There is, moreover, another book, Memoirs of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, London, 1858, by Charles Grant, "author of the Romance of War," who is, apparently, too much inclined to that kind of authorship.

Of all these books, that one entitled Memorials of Montrose, published by the Maitland Club, is, however, by far the most satisfactory to one who desires to see with his own eyes; for there he finds original papers, public and private, relating to the man himself, and to the troublous times in which he lived — papers written then, by the actors themselves. Studying these papers, we have before us, indeed, the errors and falsehoods of these writers, but not also the partialities and prejudices of readers and reporters who have come between us and them; and so the matter becomes simpler. These original errors and falsehoods are, indeed, an important part of the history of that time; and some knowledge of them is indispensable to a right judgment of the man whose unhappy lot it was to live and work in the midst of them.

From the books above named, and from others, a little story of the life of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose,

has been gathered and got into shape; the story, interesting to the writer of it, he can therefore hope will be interesting also to the reader.

The Scottish name, *Græme*, *Grahame*, or *Graham*, is an old one. It was, some say, originally *Grim*, or *Gram*, and meant *soldier*, or even *savage;* and if so, it is old enough. The matter of real interest, however, is not how the name originated, but how the men who bore it comported themselves through many generations: knowing something of this, we shall know something of the stuff that called itself Graham; and it will be well for us to know something of this — well for us always to recognize the existence of such original stuff; for in it are laid the foundations of character, and out of it spring those inborn peculiarities, which the individual man can never root out of himself, but which he is called to govern and guide.

There are legends, traditions, traces of the Graham from the earliest times; serving to show, that men bearing that name were notable to their contemporaries long before the historian appeared to record notable deeds. In the early part of the twelfth century, however, there is authentic record of them: then William de Graham got, of King David the First, a grant of the lands of Abercorn, and Dalkeith, in the Lothians; and in 1128 he witnessed the charter given by that king to the monks of Holyrood House. John, the second son of this William, appears in several charters of King William the Lion: and to Sir David de Græme, or Graham, son of this John, the same king, towards the end of his long reign, granted the lands of Charleton and Barrowfield, near Old Montrose, in Forfarshire. This Sir David is the first undoubted ancestor of the Great Marquis; and from lands which he acquired

came, in after years, the title Montrose. Another David, son of that one, added to the family estates the "lands of Dundaff and Strathcarron, of Mugdok and Strathblane," and was a man of note in public affairs. His son, bearing the same name, got to wife "Annabella, sister to Malise Earl of Strathearn," and with her came the lands of Kincardine, in Perthshire. From this David and Annabella came Sir Patrick Graham and Sir John, who were compatriots with Sir William Wallace, famous in Scottish story. Sir Patrick fell at the battle of Dunbar: and Sir John, the Graham of Dundaff, who was called the "Richt Hand" of Wallace, stood and fought on many battle fields, and fell and died on that of Falkirk; near which his tomb is still to be seen, bearing an inscription, which, many times renewed by pious hands, is legible to this present day:—

> "Here lyes Sir John the Grame baith wight and wise;
> Ane of the Chiefs who rescewit Scotland thrise;
> Ane better Knight not to the World was lent
> Nor was good Grame of truth and hardiment."

The House of Montrose dates from the year 1504, when William, third Lord Graham of Kincardine, was created Earl of Montrose: he came to death with James the Fourth at Flodden; and his grandson, Robert Lord Graham, fell at the battle of Pinkney, in 1547. Earl John, son of this Robert, and grandfather of the Great Marquis, stood high among Scottish nobles: in 1581 he was Lieutenant of the Borders; afterwards Lord High Treasurer and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland; and, in 1604, Royal Commissioner to Parliament. Now, at last, we have come down to John, fourth Earl of Montrose; who, in 1595, before he attained to the earldom, fought a single combat, in the High Street of Edinburgh, with Sir John Sandilands to avenge the death

of a kinsman. On the accession of Charles the First this earl was appointed President of the Scottish Privy Council. His Countess was a Ruthven, a name well known in Scottish history; Margaret, daughter of William Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, who was a prominent actor in the Raid of Ruthven, whereby a party of Presbyterian nobles got possession of the person of James the Sixth of Scotland, and held him for a time: but, the king escaping, this Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, came to the scaffold and was beheaded. His son, the next earl of that name, brother to Margaret Ruthven, died also by violence. This young nobleman, high in favor with the Presbyterians, who looked to him as their future leader, lost his life in that transaction known as the Gowrie Conspiracy: the story of it, resting on the word of King James, found little credence at the time, and has gained none since.

Of this marriage, the Graham to the Ruthven, came six children, — Lilias, Margaret, Dorothea, James, Katharine, Beatrix, — born in the order here named. This only son, James, became, in course of time, fifth Earl of Montrose, and first Marquis; the Great Marquis, of whom runs our story.

CHAPTER II.

A YOUNG LORD.

Record of the birth of James Graham was never made; or, if made, it has disappeared, and cannot now be found: not only the precise time of his birth is unknown, but the place of it also. Tradition, however, whispers through

the centuries that he was born at the family mansion in the city of Montrose, one of the oldest burghs in Scotland; its earliest charter granted by King David the First. Born there or not, it is certain that a part of his childhood was passed in that old city, or near it, and we will therefore look at the place a little. In Forfarshire, on the east coast of Scotland, twenty-five miles or so north of the Frith of Tay, lies the harbor of Montrose. Narrow at its entrance, it expands inward to a broad basin some seven miles in circumference, but shallow, save where the River South Esk, coming down from the Highlands and running into the basin on its south-west side, ploughs a channel through it straight to the sea; the mouth of the river being the harbor's entrance. On the north side of this entrance is a long, low peninsula, which, flanked eastward by the German Ocean, and westward by the waters of the basin, extends northward to the main; and on it stands the old city of Montrose. Three little hills in it, higher once than now, got for it, probably, its original French name of *Mons-trois*. From the point at the entrance of the harbor, where is deep water for ships, the city stretches itself northerly along the inner side of the peninsula, the houses, mostly of stone, presenting their gable ends to the street; one of the oldest seaport towns in Scotland, and, at the time of which we treat, noted for its fisheries. In it the Montroses had their family mansion, or town residence; a large building with wings at right angles with the front, forming, altogether, three sides of a square — in the form of a square or in some other form, for we cannot be positive; indeed, after some collating of accounts, it remains uncertain whether the house was in the town or on the lands of Old Montrose. These lands, an ancient estate of the family, lie on the south-west side of the basin, just

where the South Esk flows into it, and are bounded northerly by that river, and easterly by the waters of the basin. They are low and level, save at their southern extremity, where rises a hillocky ridge, three hundred feet or more above the sea level; and on it stands "a bulky artificial eminence called Mariton Law, intended, probably, as a beacon-post or feudal seat of justice." From this eminence, looking eastward over the intervening land, you see the German Ocean; northerly, the basin, and, across it, the town of Montrose; westward, the valley of the South Esk; and north-westward, looking aloft, you see the jagged sky-line of the Grampians.

Here, at the family estate, the boy James saw what we have seen, or tried to see; and at the town of Montrose, looking out with young eyes, he saw ships sailing to and fro on the German Ocean; some of them making port at Montrose, or departing from it; for there was trade to England, France, Holland, and the Baltic. When storms threatened, he saw fisher-boats scudding before wind and sea, fleet after fleet of them, through the narrow entrance into the sheltered basin, till the landing places along the shores of it were alive and astir; and when the storm ceased, and the sun shone, he saw them spread their canvas to the winds again, and move seaward on their perilous quest. This shallow basin, exposing at low water large flats of mud and sand, was a favorite place of resort for the feathered sea tribes: from long-necked swans and solan geese down to the tiniest shore birds, the kinds were many. In their migrations to and from the north, they, like the fisher-boats, sought shelter here from adverse storms; and, like them too, in fair weather they departed: rising in innumerable flocks, with wings wide-spread, and necks outstretched, they went on their way rejoicing in their

power of flight. All this, doubtless, and much else, the boy looked at, not without interest and profit; while he himself attracted attention enough from simple fishermen and fisherwomen, dwellers by the sea and on it; and the young Lord James, heir of Montrose, heard words of praise oftener than was good for him.

The most stately residence of the family, however, was not this one at Old Montrose, but the Castle of Kincardine, which stood in Strathearn, Perthshire. This strath, or valley, of the River Earn, is one of the most fertile tracts of country in Scotland. Having its head in the Highlands at Loch Earn, it slopes down easterly, widening towards the Frith of Tay, and is, in fact, the commencement of that great valley called Strathmore, which stretches away north-easterly towards the sea in Forfarshire; on one side of it the Ochil and Sidlaw Hills, and on the other the Grampians. On the southerly side of Strathearn, where the Ochils slope down to it, stood this Castle of Kincardine, fifteen miles south of the city of Perth. Along by the walls of it runs a little stream, called the Ruthven, which, rising in the Ochils, runs northward into the Earn. Westward of Kincardine, an hour's ride or so, dwelt two of the young Lord's kinsmen, Sir William Graham of Braco, and John Graham of Ochil. Farther north, in Strathearn, the Grahams of Balgowen, of Morphie, and of Inchbrakie, had their houses: to these and other of that kin, widely scattered in the Lowlands, but always near the hilly country, the active boy made many visits; riding, not as boys now do, in easy carriage over smooth roads, but on horseback over ground where horse and rider had to be wide awake. The accounts of expenditures at Kincardine show this "Item, for twa gang schoone to Lord James' twa naigs 23 shs." This is under date September, 1620, when

the Lord James was eight years of age; and from that time onward these nags and other horses were shod often, and had, doubtless, exercise enough. Four years after that shoeing of the "naigs," there is this "Item, for dressing of Lord James' fensing swords 6 sh. 8 d.;" and all along in these accounts there are indications of an active life. The boy, it appears, had his "gilded sword," his "brazen hagbut," his "crossbow set with mother-of-pearl," his "silk-and-silver scarff;" and we can guess a little how it was with him. The household books show in cellar white wine and red, March ale and other ale, in plenty, but, as I note with some satisfaction, none of the more potent drinks. For tobacco and pipes, too, the entries are many; and the old Earl's consumption in that kind was great. The widowed father drank his wine and ale, and sat and smoked for comfort, and could not stint this only son in means of enjoyment; the sisters, some older, some younger, than he, petted him, the only brother, and made much of him. In course of time this young heir of Montrose would be chief of the Grahams, and none of that kin could be neglectful of him, even in his childhood; and so this boy, with high natural gifts, placed in such circumstances, would feel himself called, not to skulk in corners, or to sit in sackcloth and ashes, but to stand forth and show himself always to a world willing to see.

The Montrose household, like other households in other times, had its events sorrowful and joyful. In April, 1618, the mother died; and within a twelvemonth of her death there was a wedding — sister Margaret to Archibald Lord Napier, son of that Baron Napier of Murchiston, famous as the inventor of logarithms: a wedding this of happy consequence, but followed, in another twelvemonth, by

one not so happy — that of the eldest sister, Lilias, to Sir John Colquhoun of Luss. The mother dead and gone, the elder sisters married and gone, the other sisters, lacking womanly guidance at home, went, one of them, Dorothea, among the Napiers, under care of sister Margaret, and another, Katharine, among the Colquhouns, under care of sister Lilias. The boy James and the youngest girl, "the bairn Beatrix," remained, it seems, a while with the father, moving to and fro among the family estates, which were many. Two months after the marriage of Lilias, the Earl, as the family account books show, "rode to Rossdo;" and there are also indications that the young Lord rode with him. Rossdhu, the seat then of Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, stands on a point of land jutting into Loch Lomond on its western side; and the Lord James, I suppose, was rather pleased with the scenery there. All around him the lake was dotted with islands. Looking down the lake, southward, where it widens, he saw it extending into the Lowlands, gently swelling hills covered with trees, along its shores. Northward, where hills pile themselves on hills, till the topmost are rugged, and jagged, and bare, he saw the lake, narrowing in the distance, run into the wildest of the Highlands. Very likely, too, the boy, here at Rossdhu, heard a Highland story — how the MacGregors, who had their huts aloft there near the head of the lake, came down seventeen years before, in 1603, and met the Colquhouns in Glen Fruin, where the clans, with wild yells, fell to and fought like tigers, till *our* clan was almost annihilated. The boy heard this story if the Colquhouns were inclined to tell it.

I said at the outset that the time and place of James Graham's birth are unknown; and of his life itself, till he took part in public affairs, we have little knowledge.

This chapter second contains, therefore, as the reader will perceive, many guesses at truth. But, if our materials here are scanty, they are authentic and genuine so far as they go. Accounts of stewards and factors of the family estates, of tutors at school and university — these, published in the Memorials of Montrose, are hard, meagre, and bald; but they are, we can believe, truthful. Things bought, things paid for in cash, are, in this world, for the most part, actually got; and with such foundation for guesses a Yankee writer can account himself happy. In these papers, which we refer to often, the indications of active out-of-door life are abundant; but of schools, or of reading in books, there is, up to the boy's twelfth year, no sign or trace. Some such reading there was, doubtless, but probably not much; much of it, at such age, does not profit. Learning from books is learning at second hand, or, indeed, oftener at third or fourth; and to get knowledge so requires maturer judgment. At last, however, the school days appear; and the Lord James is established "in the great lodging of Sir George Elphinstone" in Glasgow, "near the town head" thereof, where he had a tutor, or "pedagog," as they spelt it then, by name Master William Forrett. He had also two pages, William and Mungo Graham, and a "domestic servitor," whose name, like his master's, was James Graham. There were horses too — for his Lordship, a "quhyt hors," which means a white one; and for his servitor, "a naig." I could give an "Inventour of his Lordships geire in Sir George's lodgings, Glasgow," of his curtains, his countercloths, his cushions, his silver ware, if that could be of any interest; but the reader, having little regard for gear of that kind, and knowing there must have been enough of it, will prefer rather to learn what books a young Lord, in the

beginning of the seventeenth century, had in hand. Master Forrett, giving an account of articles in his keeping when his pupil left Glasgow, adds to it this rather interesting bit of information: "As for the Historye wrettin by Sir Walter Ralye, my Lord himself conveyed it to St. Androes at his Lordship's first thither going; and as for these buikes, whilk I had in borrowing of his Lordship in this toune, I have delyvered the same to the laird of Inshbraikie." The list of books which this tutor had in borrowing is as follows, namely: "Two volumes of Labellicus Universal Historye in latin; Camerarius his Living Librarye; Ane treatise of the Orders of Knighthoode; The lyfe and death of Queen Mary; Godfrye de Bulloigne his historye; The Historye of Zenophon in latin; The workes of Seneca with Lipsius Commentar." The History of Sir Walter Raleigh — his History of the World probably — his Lordship, it seems, had a special regard for, himself conveying it to St. Andrew's. These books the young Lord had, and some others too, doubtless; but he did *not* have quarterly reviews, monthly magazines, morning and evening newspapers, novels of human life, fashionable or unfashionable; which fact we will take into account in estimating his chance of attaining to accomplished manhood.

While my Lord was at school in Glasgow, the Earl, his father, spent some time in the vicinity at his castle or "strong tower" of Mugdok, standing near a small lake of that name, and only an hour's ride or so northerly from that city. He writes, under date Mugdok, 28th June, 1625, to Laurence Grahame, his factor of Kincardine: "I doubt not but ye have been cairfull in causing haist the making of my doghter Beatrix hir goune, as I directit you. I have sent this bearer, Harie Blacwod, to bring hir

to me, as he will schaw you;" and then he ordered the tapestry in his upper chamber at Kincardine taken down, and packed well, and sent to him at Mugdok, which indicates that he and his little daughter Beatrix intended to remain there a while. A while he remained there in his strong tower, but not long any where in this world. The Earl had been inactive for some years, and probably ailing; and after his return from Mugdok he grew worse. In the beginning of November, 1626, the Lord James was summoned home to a death-bed; and on the 14th day of that month the Earl, his father, died. Thereupon the Grahams, and those connected with them, gathered themselves to the funeral; and for many days, according to the fashion of that time on such occasions, there was feasting in the halls of Kincardine. "The Dyet, and ordinary expenses, of Lord James's householding in Kincardine" on this occasion show enormous consumption of viands, running on till the 3d of January; for not till that date, fifty days after the death, was the funeral "accomplishit." From among the guests then present the young heir chose his curators or guardians; namely, his brothers-in-law, Lord Napier and Sir John Colquhoun; his cousin, the Earl of Wigton; his uncle, William Graham of Braco; Robert Graham of Morphie; William Graham of Claverhouse; David Graham of Fintrie; John Graham of Ochil; Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie; and John Graham of Balgowan; kinsmen all of them.

My Lord, who had now, surely, guardians enough to guide him, "rode to St. Andrews" on the 23d of January, 1627, and, as appears by the records of the University, entered himself as student there on the 26th. His private tutor in college was Master John Lambye — his tutor probably, but certainly his pursebearer and accountant;

for he jotted down faithfully items of expenditure there, which, under title "Maister Johne Lambyes Compts," have now got publishment in the Memorials of Montrose,. filling forty pages of it. We give here a few of these items in sequence, as they occur in the "Compts."

"Item the first of July to ane boy of Balgowans for carrying ane doge from my Lord to Balgowan 8 sh.

Item the secund day to ane auld man called James Gellerd, and his wyfe, begging from my Lord at his chamber 12 sh.

Item to the drummer of St. Andrews proclaiming the silver arrow to be shott for 12 sh.

Item to the poor that week at the brod 6 sh.

Item at the college gat 4 sh.

Item to some uther poor 2 sh.

Item the fift of July given to ane servant of my Lord Wigtouns cumming with ane letter to my Lord 3 sh.

Item the nynth day, my Lord being to produce the silver arrow, for ane shoulder of mutton to his breakfast 6 sh. 8 d.

Item at supper that nicht with the rest of the archers, depursed, besyde that wich every archer gave, 5 lib 8 sh.

Item to the ammer [marker] that day 12 sh.

Item the tenth day, efter the winning of the silver arrow my Lord having dyned in the fields and supped in William Geddes with the archers, his Lordships losse 3 lib 4 sh."

So these accounts run on, showing us much of college life out of doors; showing us, in the last item quoted above, that my Lord, in the year 1629, won, at the Archery Club, the annual prize, a silver arrow, of which there is also other evidence. That item on the ninth day,

"my Lord being to produce the silver arrow," indicates that he had won it at the annual trial in the preceding year, and held it. Besides this shooting with the archers, there was playing at golf, a favorite sport in that time, flying of hawks, and hunting. In all these the young Lord seems to have been among the foremost. We note, too, with some satisfaction, that he was open-handed always to the poor. At the "onlouping," or leaping into the saddle; "at the college gate," and at other gates; "at the kirk door" — every where he gives to the needy; and Master Lambye jots down his items of cash paid, to make all square to the young man's curators; always, too, my Lord gives to "the Broad at the Kirk." *Broad* means *board*, and the Broad was, I suppose, a place of deposit for contributions. At kirk my Lord, as I am pleased to see, was very constant in attendance; therefore that he sometimes entered it bunch of flowers in hand or in button-hole, attracting attention, shall be small blame to him. Of flowers, indeed, the young Lord seems to have been fond: some were paid for by cash, as Master Lambye testifies; and many probably paid for by thanks, of which Master Lambye made no account.

St. Andrew's, a famous old city, its University the oldest in Scotland, was in its prime a hundred years before this young chief of the Grahams saw it. Its history, including the history of notable things done in it, would be, for one thing, the history of ecclesiastical rule in Scotland. Its cathedral and other church buildings towered aloft for ages, till they and their inmates ceased to serve the living God; and then the stern reformer came and laid strong hands on them, and they fell. The young Lord, with his ancient name and ancestral estates, found these ruins of long-established things suggestive certainly, if not un-

pleasant. But he was not of moody, brooding nature; and the old city, standing on its rocky ridge, jutting into the sea, looked out northward over low, level, sandy grounds, the best golf grounds in Scotland; and the young Lord, often among the players there, could strike his ball into its holes with fewer strokes than the most of them, and so was often a winner. Winner or not, he was always ready for the trial; and in these sports of his boyhood he fostered that daring spirit to which he afterwards gave expression in verse: —

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who fears to put it to the touch,
> To gain or lose it all."

In these accounts — accounts of Master William Forrett at Glasgow and Master John Lambye at St. Andrew's — there is nowhere any sign or symptom of the thing called sowing wild oats, which is a waste of vital energies; but, instead thereof, we see the exuberance of youth safely invested for future use. The reader, who begins to feel an interest in this boy, will be willing to know something of his journeys to and fro among his kinsfolks; for always in his vacations he goes to them. His entry at college, as we have seen, was in the last of January, 1627; and in the following month of March we find him in Edinburgh, where he was "served heir" to his father, and invested with the family estates. After a week or two with sister Margaret and her husband, Lord Napier, in Edinburgh, or at their Castle of Murchiston hard by it, he returned to college studies and college sports till the vacation of the next July, when he came again into this Napier household, one of the best households in Scotland. Sister Margaret was a handsome woman — handsome, at least, in the eyes

of her husband. The good old Lord, many years her senior, was very happy with her: "a woman religious, chaste, and beautiful," he says. Sister Dorothea, well placed in this household, was, probably, at this time already engaged to wed.

In the latter days of August, the young Lord, leaving these sisters, went across the country westward to the banks of Loch Lomond, to see his other sisters. Katharine and Beatrix, living there at Rossdhu, under the same roof with Sir John Colquhoun, were not out of harm's way; but they were at this time, 1627, mere children, Katharine, elder of the two, only thirteen, as I reckon. The Lord James, though among friends at Rossdhu, was apparently in a destitute condition — destitute in one respect at least. His "domestic servitor," James Graham, writes to James Duncan, factor of Mugdok, under date "Rossdo 2nd September 1627 at nicht:" "I have taken occasione to wreit these few lynes to you desyring you maist earnestlie to send my Lords buits and schone with the bearer if possible they can be redie; and if ye cannot gett bothe the buitts and schoone redie to send with the bearer, I will desyre you to send any of them that are redie so farr. As I wreit to you before, my Lord has naither buits nor schone that he can put on for the present." I guess my Lord had had a tramp in the Highlands which look down on Rossdhu; else why such extreme need of boots and shoes? We are rather pleased to learn that the factor at Mugdok did soon — to wit, on the 16th of the same month — send to my Lord at Garscube "ane pair boitts, and twa pair schoone; also ane pair ryding gluiffs, and twa pair scheverons;" scheverons being, I think, what young bucks now call kids, or something of that kind. Garscube was one of the family estates, distant a half-day's ride southerly from Rossdhu —

a half-day's ride, or more, if my Lord made his pace to suit that of the sisters, who probably rode with him.

Let us note here that the factors of the family estates, the pages and servants, were, for the most part, Grahams; showing that Scotland, even in the Lowlands, was clannish then; showing, too, that subordination, servitude, was not degradation, and that the relations between man and man were, in some respects, better in that time than they are in this present one. Men did not then, as now, sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, even when the birthright was only a right to serve a superior. Democracy was then, indeed, beginning to assert its rights, but it had not become rampant with falsehoods. As a feature of that time, too, we will note, further, that my Lord had at St. Andrew's a runner, by name John Mewros, whose wages were paid regularly. There are entries also for his expenses "running one week to the west countrie," and for running other weeks elsewhere; showing, what, indeed, we know otherwise, that postal arrangements were then very imperfect.

John Lambye's accounts for the year 1627 are missing, or, as merchants say, mislaid; and we know, therefore, only that in October the Sophomore was with the Earl of Wigton at Cumbernauld, and in December with the Napiers in Edinburgh. Cumbernauld is in the easternmost part of Dumbartonshire, fifteen miles from Glasgow; and the Earl of Wigton, one of the boy's curators, was the son of Lady Lilias Graham, sister of the late Earl of Montrose, a lady much interested in the Kirk of Scotland, and very active in its cause. In April of the next year the young Lord was among the Napiers again, to attend a wedding in which he felt some interest — the wedding of Dorothea to Sir James Rollo of Duncruib. After the marriage festiv-

ities, held in Edinburgh, or at the Napiers' Castle of Murchiston, near the south-west gate of the city, there was a wedding party going first to Carnok, the seat of George Bruce, Esq., in the west of Fifeshire; thence to Stirling and to the Castle of Kincardine. After a call on his kinsman, Graham of Ochil, my Lord, before the middle of May, was at his college again in "Sainct Androis," as they spell it; ailing a little I think, having feasted too much on this joyous occasion perhaps; for the 24th of that month is noted as "the beginning of my Lord's sickness." On the 28th, Master John Lambye, becoming alarmed, went to Dundee for Doctor Maull, who came and remained watching the case some days, till he, too, became alarmed, and called in a Doctor Arnott for consultation. The sickness was certainly a serious one, apparently a high fever; for a barber came in, and was paid twelve shillings sixpence "for taking off my Lords heire," which seems a high charge till we recollect that a shilling Scot is only the twelfth part of a shilling sterling. Yet the man was well paid, for a shilling sterling could buy more then than it can now; it could buy, for instance, a whole leg of mutton.

But my Lord, who never wasted the substance of him in riotous living, had always good recuperative powers, and he was soon convalescent. On the 21st of June there was "paid to James Pet's dochtor for my Lord's brakfasts in bred and milk that week 28 sh.;" and a week later my Lord, in need of some in-door amusement, was "playing at cards," a kind of play to which he was little inclined when in health, though he did sometimes take a hand with some of the old fogie Grahams, to whom, perhaps, such play had become one of the necessaries of life. On the 4th of July he was out of doors, and probably quite well; for he was then among the archers again with strength to

bend the bow. While my Lord fasted in this sickness, others in his household feasted, it seems; for James Pet's daughter, who provided at the time, brought in an abundance. There were many visitors, I suppose, who, according to the hospitable fashion of that old time, came in to bed and board.

The long vacation began in July; and my Lord, after a day on the race-course at Cupar, near to St. Andrews, was off again to his kinsmen, the Grahams of Ochil, of Claverhouse, and of Morphie. On the 16th of August he gave "to the poor at the gate of Kinnaird;" and he gave also, as I believe, a pretty word or two to the daughters of the house; and Magdalene, the youngest of them, probably said to herself: This young man is very comely. This vacation extended from July to November; and the young Lord, all through it, rode from house to house among his kin, having with him, at one time, all his sisters — all except, perhaps, Margaret, who probably died before this time. She was, as the Scripture saith, a crown to her husband; "a woman religious, chaste, beautiful, and my chief joy in this world" — a beautiful eulogy, occurring, as it does incidentally, in a letter written by Lord Napier after her death, treating of quite other matters. By the accounts of James Graham, the domestic servitor, rendered to Lawrence Graham, factor of Kincardine, it appears that my Lord "came fra Braco to Drumfad on Tysday, at evin, the 28th of October 1628 years, accumpaneit with the Laird and Lady Luss and the rest of his Lordship's sisters;" and the next day there were at dinner the "saids personnes," with Lord Wigton and others; in all, eighteen, besides "sex boyis." The same day, after dinner, the party rode to Kincardine Castle, and remained there till "Fryday the last of October," when the "foresaids per-

sonnes, with Glenegles and his servands," came "fra Kincardine to Drumfad" again. Gleneagles, Haldane of Gleneagles, had his house in a little glen among the Ochil Hills, where eagles looked down on it from their eyries, and where the little River Ruthven starts on its way to the Earn, running, as it goes, close by the walls of Kincardine. "Some gentlewomen that resortit to my Lady Luss" made the dinner party at Drumfad, on Saturday, a large one; and the six boys had again their dinner and supper. On this day, at even, the pleasure party left Drumfad, and went, probably, to the Castle of Kincardine. Drumfad, evidently near the castle, Mr. Napier guesses to be a farm-house; but the accounts of payments there indicate, rather, a place of more public resort; something like what we now call "a watering place;" but whatever it may have been, public or private, my Lord, spending his holidays with his cousin Wigton, his neighbor Gleneagles, his sisters, some other gentlewomen, and "sex boyis," was recreating himself as well in the seventeenth century, as most young men do, or attempt to do, that kind of thing in the nineteenth.

Early in November, his vacation being over, Montrose returned to St. Andrews; where he studied, I suppose, as much as was needful; and where he certainly played at golf, and shot with the archers often, and was sometimes abroad with hawk and hound. But the reader will bear in mind always, that only by means of cash payments do we know any thing of the life at college; when Master Lambye pays, then he jots down what he paid for, but at all other times, and of all other things, he is silent to us. So, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, John Spottiswood, living at Darsie, in the neighborhood of the city, we know that my Lord made acquaintance with him by this "Item

22d, (June, 1629,) my Lord being invited to Dairsie by the Archbishop of St. Andrews given for thre hired horses 24 sh." So, too, we learn that he made acquaintance with the minister of St. Andrews, by this item which occurs in July when the vacation comes again, "Item, the furniture of my Lord's chamber being transported to Mr. George Wishart's house, given to the servants there 24 sh." This Wishart was the same who wrote the biography of Montrose, which we mentioned at the outset; and it is rather remarkable that he does not even allude in it to the college days at St. Andrews.

During the next four months the young Lord was very busy. The old homestead at Montrose was put in order: an account of the factor there shows, that certain slaters "mendit all the sklait work of ald Montrose, except the towr, the baik-house, the brew-house, and the kitching; which they refusit" to do till the wood-work of the roofs should have been first put in order. "So they mendit the greit house, the chalmers on the south syde of the cloas," (or yard,) "the porter-ludge, the gardin chalmer, and the girnal hous;" and the slaters having done their work were paid for it. My Lord, while this work was going on, rode about among his kinsmen, and was often with his curators, and some interesting affair was getting under way apparently. On the 21st of August we find in the accounts this "Item, in Kinnaird given to the servants 13 lib. 16 sh. 8 d.;" rather liberal, indicating some extraordinary occasion; and at Claverhouse, Ochil, Braco, Inchbrakie, Duncruib, Cumbernauld, wherever the young Lord went, servants had reason to be thankful; and nurses, who, like that typical one in Romeo and Juliet, were ready with their word, got hands full to stop their tongues. On Sunday, 18th October, he was at the

Kirk of Kinnaird; and the next day and the next, at the Castle of Kinnaird, where the servants got 33 lib.; on the 28th letters were sent off in all directions, especially to the "west countrie," and to Strathearn. Finally we come to this very interesting "Item, the said day (Novr 10th, 1629), given to the broad in the Kirk of Kinnaird at my Lord's marriage 29 sh.;" and Mistress Magdalene Carnigie, youngest daughter of Sir David Carnigie of Kinnaird, had then a husband who, as fair readers may know, if they will count on their fingers, was just seventeen; and she, the bride, we will hope, was at least sixteen; though we have no means of knowing her age.

A few days before the wedding, my Lord was in Aberdeen, and gave money to the "porter of the college ther for ringing the bells;" and also to the town officers, "my Lord having been made burgess." What my Lord's special business was there at that time, appears from another item on the 2d of December, given to "ane who brocht my Lord's portrait from Aberdeen." This portrait, painted by George Jamieson, "the Scottish Vandyke," still hangs in the halls of Kinnaird; and Mr. Mark Napier, to whom we are indebted for much else, gives us an engraving of it: a boyish face, the features of it just pushing towards manhood; the nose alone having arrived: the hair, parted at top of the head, falls in waves over the ears, and the large gray eyes look out full and clear. A boy of delicate organization, we should say; delicate, but healthy; and indeed, with all the strength and endurance of his maturer years, there are indications throughout of such organization; in his aversion to tobacco; in his inclination to be in open air; and in his sicknesses, with rapid and complete recovery. The painter inscribed on this portrait *Anno* 1629, *Ætatis* 17: and this inscription, confirmed by

other facts, shows that Montrose was born in the year 1612; probably on some day early in the autumn of it.

The history of James Graham, Earl of Montrose, for the next seven years after his marriage, is to us almost a blank; for books of expenditures, and other documents relating to these years, are altogether wanting. The marriage contract, still to be seen, shows that Sir David Carnigie agreed, on his part, "to entertain and sustain in house with himself the said noble Earl and Mistress Magdalene Carnigie, his promised spouse, during the space of three years next after their marriage:" and there is no ground to suppose that he failed to perform his agreement, though the marriage brought boys into the house faster than he had any reason to expect. This husband was too young, it seems, to commence housekeeping on his own account and risk; but he was, as we have seen, of active disposition, and these years, of which we know little, or nothing, were certainly not years of idleness. Dogberry's assertion, that reading and writing come by nature, has found little favor among men of experience in that kind of business; and there being evidence enough that Montrose came to be "well-learned," the most accomplished Scottish nobleman of his time, we need not doubt that he came to scholarship, as he came to horsemanship, by putting himself down to the work. Indeed, our interest in this young man lies mainly in this; that he, born to an honored name, and to an Earldom, would not be a falsehood, but would respond manfully to the call of his name and place.

Imagination, let loose, could picture the life of the young couple there at Kinnaird, Old Montrose with its farm-yards, close at hand; but imagination, without any finger-posts of fact to point the way for it, is apt to go astray. Instead of going astray in an attempt to portray

that particular life, let us rather look at life in general, and see a little how it was at that time in Scotland. Clanship, in the middle and southern Lowlands, was giving way before a nationality forming itself by the intercourse which internal commerce introduced and quickened: forming itself by commerce, but still more by the Presbyterianism of John Knox; for the Kirk with its Sessions, its Presbyteries, its Synods, and its General Assemblies, had knit the people there into the closest union. Still, however, the country people, even in these Lowlands, were to some extent clannish, looking for guidance to their hereditary lords; while in some of the northern shires, and throughout the Highlands, the chiefs of clans were a kind of patriarchal tyrants, governing themselves, and their clansmen, by a few simple traditional laws. Justice then and there did not drag its slow length along; it had no cumbrous apparatus; there were no flaws in its indictments; and its judgments, pronounced and executed by the chiefs, were swift and sure. In the central Lowlands, on the contrary, especially in the larger cities, the relations of man to man had already become complicated, involved, what we may call artificial; and lawyers like Archibald Johnston could find work enough in tangling and untangling human affairs. Scottish noblemen, in that time, lived, for the most part, on their own estates, among their own people, to whom they were bound by many ties. Some of these noblemen, living in parts of Scotland remote from the central Lowlands, held themselves, by long habit of governing, almost as sovereign: so, a Marquis of Huntly, Chief of the Gordons, when at court in the reign of James the Sixth, stood with covered head; and, when reminded by an officer of the uncourtly fact, he excused himself by saying: "I have just come from a place where all men take off their bonnets

to me." Still, powerful as these nobles were, high as they held themselves, the relation between them and their subordinates was in most respects a cheerful one; a relation founded on duty, faithfulness on both sides — service in return for service. Servants were born into the family, and grew old in it, and died in it; and the highest head in the family bowed itself, often with tears, at the death-bed. Willing, faithful service fosters a humorous, beautiful freedom; and these old Scottish servants had prescriptive rights, which they sometimes asserted in a way that would astonish heads of families in our own land of theoretical liberty and equality. This kind of relation between high and low continued long in Scotland, and in some nooks of it it still lingers, loath to depart.* But our business is more specially with the Grahams, who, though clannish, were a scattered race, having their dwelling places in Forfarshire, Perthshire, Stirlingshire, Dumbartonshire, and elsewhere; the minor chiefs having their houses, some of them, on the slopes where high lands come down to low; but the greater part of the clan, the rank and file of it, lived, intermingled with Robertsons and Stewarts, in the southern parts of the Perthshire Highlands. The young chief of them, the Graham of Montrose, had, through his kinsmen, and the marriage of his sister Lilias to a Colquhoun, early opportunities of acquaintance with life in the Highlands. Born and bred, as he was, in the low country, the young Lord had still, I think, some touch of the mountaineer in him; and, though training himself in all ways to grace his Lowland Earldom, he had always an innate liking, a love of simple elemental forces — forces on which a genuine man will

* See that amusing and instructive book, Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character, by Dean Ramsay. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

stand when his hour of trial comes: shake him then who can.

But let us return to the young couple at Kinnaird; of whom, however, we know little — indeed only this, that little Grahams were born of them: two, both boys, came to light within two years after the marriage, and got for names John and James — the same names that father and paternal grandfather bore; and, that not long after the birth of the second, the father went abroad to travel on the Continent. In the latter days of October, 1632, he was in Edinburgh, where he then signed papers; one of them for four hundred merks to be given by him "for the help of the building and library of the College of Glasgow," and another for settlement of some matters with the Earl of Perth. On the 22d day of that October, the young Earl — not then of age, for he signs by consent of his curators — was certainly in Edinburgh; but he was not there at the coronation of Charles the First, in June, 1633 — a splendid pageant, in which almost all the nobles of Scotland took part. Our young Lord, however, even if at home, would hardly have been willing to show himself in public at that time, for there was then sorrow and shame among the Grahams. In the autumn of 1631, Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, leaving his wife and many children, disappeared from Rossdhu, taking with him Katharine Graham, his wife's sister. In October, 1632, the same month that Montrose was in Edinburgh, public process of law was commenced against Sir John and his valet Carlippis, "a necromancer," in which they were charged with sorcery and necromancy, according to the belief of that time; having, by means of "certain philtra of poisons of love, or poisonable and enchanted tokens of love, especially a jewell of gold, set with divers pretious

diamonds, or rubies, which was poisoned and intoxicat by the said necromancer," and given by Sir John "to the said Lady Katharine Graham, his sister-in-law," whereby she "was so bewitched and transported" that she fell — a victim to these and other "devilish arts." That devilish arts, necromantic or not, were used, is very probable; and poor Katharine, traced to London, could be traced no farther, and was seen no more among her kindred. How she lived; where, and when, and how miserably she died, is all unknown. Sir John was declared an outlaw by the courts, was excommunicated by the church, and did not appear in Scotland again for many years. Mr. Napier thinks that the Earl's errand abroad was to search for sister Katharine. It may have been so, or not; but his departure from Scotland was probably hastened by her flight from it; and he went, it seems, soon after the commencement of that public process. Of his travels or doings on the Continent little is known. Thomas Saint-serf, a writer of that time, and a follower and eulogist of Montrose, says (as quoted by Mr. Napier): "he travelled France and Italy, where he made it his work to pick up the best of their qualities necessary for a person of honor;" and "he spent three years in France and Italy, and would have surveyed the rarities of the East, if his domestic affairs had not obliged his return home, which chanced at the time the late rebellion began to peep out." That this traveller was in Italy is shown, conclusively, by the Records of the English College at Rome, which contain this statement: "On the 27th March, 1635, two Scottish Earls, Angus and Montrose, in company with four other noble gentlemen of that nation, were entertained in our refectory with all the honors due to their rank." These little scraps of information are all that have been found relating to that time of travel.

Returning from the Continent some time in the year 1636, Montrose stopped in London a while, and was presented at court by his countryman, the Marquis of Hamilton, who seems to have done him no good office on that occasion; misinforming him in regard to the King's feeling towards Scotland and Scotchmen, and, on the other hand, influencing the King against Montrose by misrepresentation of him. That Hamilton, a double dealer often, was double at this time, is not unlikely. Himself a favorite with the King, he would not be unwilling to keep this young Earl, just coming on the stage, in the background. His Majesty, influenced by Hamilton or not, received the Earl coldly, gave him his hand to kiss in silence, and turned away. That this young nobleman, whose chief virtue was not humility, went homeward not altogether pleased with a sovereign who had been so ungracious, we need not doubt; nevertheless, he went quietly among his friends and kinsfolk, and remained with them a twelvemonth or more, taking no part in public affairs.

When the subject of a biography is living quietly, he is then, often, in the happiest time for himself, but not for his biographer, who finds such time a barren one; and here, in want of other matter, I will place a little event which cannot be dated otherwise than as prior to 1640. In that year William Lithgow published a poem, which he dedicated to the Earl of Montrose, and said in his dedication: "This present work, in its secret infancy, was both seen and perused by your Lordship." It was, probably, in the year 1636, when my Lord had just returned from his travels, that the poet did him the honor to submit to his judgment a poem, in manuscript, entitled, "The Gushing Tears of Godly Sorrow; containing

the Causes, Conditions, and Remedies of Sin; depending mainly upon Contrition and Confession; and seconded with Sacred and Comfortable Passages under the Mourning Canopy of Tears and Repentance." His Lordship, doubtless, saw this manuscript in its secret infancy; but that he read it too, as the author asserts, is not so certain; for authors often mistake in regard to perusal in such cases.

And now, being tempted, I will indulge in a philosophical reflection. The men, of whom some knowledge remains among mankind long after they themselves have passed away, may be divided into two classes. The first class, small in number, consists of men, who, by force of their own merits, have come down from remote times to this present day, and remain a precious possession to us. The second class, a much larger one, is composed of men, who, by accident or otherwise, hooked themselves on to their betters; and so have been brought down to us, often to our great wonder: in this class belongs William Lithgow with his gushing tears.

CHAPTER III.

A COVENANTER HEART AND HAND.

THE Earl of Montrose, coming home from his travels in the year 1636, found there a distracted country. The long struggle between the Kings of Scotland, James the Sixth and Charles the First, and its Kirk, had at last come to the verge of open quarrel. These Kings, desiring to be masters of Scotland, saw, in a dim way, that they must,

first of all, find means to govern its church, which, holding Christ to be its only head, claimed to be independent of all human potentates; hence their long-continued efforts to introduce Episcopacy, whose head is the King. But Episcopacy, with its forms and ceremonies, was, in its best estate, obnoxious to the people of Scotland; and now when its Liturgy, altered by Archbishop Laud, had been announced for service in all the churches, indignant Scotland was all astir; for the alterations of Laud, making the Liturgy still more formal and ceremonious, tended, as the ministers of the Kirk asserted and believed, towards the hated Romish church, mother of abominations. The Reverend Robert Baillie, writing under date January 29, 1637, says: "These which are averse from the ceremonies, whereof there are great numbers, yea, almost all our nobilitie and gentrie of both sexes, count that Booke little better than the Masse; and are farr on a way to seperate from all who will embrace it." Six months later, on the 23d of July, when, by order of the King, "the Black Service Book" was being read in the old church of St. Giles at Edinburgh, loud cries arose among the women there: "Wolf," "Crafty fox," "Beastly-bellied god," "Ill-hanged thief;" and Jenny Geddes, vehement fugle-woman of feminine Scotland, hurled her cutty-stool; which, unfortunately, did not hit; leaving it uncertain to this present day whether she aimed at the Bishop or the Dean. Other stools flew about; the church dignitaries fled before the storm; and St. Giles emptied itself into the street quicker than ever before. In Glasgow, "at the out-going of the church, about thirty or forty of our honestest women, in one voice, before the bishops and magistrates, did fall in railing, cursing, scolding, with clamours, on Mr. William Annan," who, in his sermon, had spoken in defence of the

Liturgy. In the evening of the same day this minister, imprudently going abroad, "is no sooner on the causey [or street] at nine o'clock in a mirk night, with three or four ministers with him, but some hundreds of enraged women of all qualities are about him with neaves, and staves, and peats, but no stones: they beat him sore; his cloake, ruffe, hatt, were rent; however, upon his cryes, and candles set out from many windows, he escaped all bloody wounds; yet he was in great danger of killing. This tumult was so great that it was not thought meet to search either in plotters or actors of it; for numbers of the best qualitie would have been found guiltie." * One minister, however, according to the same authority, did succeed in reading the Service Book, though only to a small congregation. "Mr. D. Whitefurd, on Sunday, [in Edinburgh], went to the pulpit with his pistoles, his servants, and, as report goes, his wife with weapons. He entered earlie when there were few people; he closed the doors and read his service; but when he had done he could scarce gett to his house; all flocked about him, and, had he not fled, he might have been killed: since, he durst not try that play over again." Thus the women, listening to their beloved minister's denunciations of the Black Service Book, became excited, and broke out into open tumult of violence; but men and women of other ranks up to the highest, though less vehement and more decorous than Jenny Geddes and her class, were equally decided in opposition to Episcopacy.

This temper of the Scottish people, in regard to their religion, is very old and very remarkable. Four centuries before the time of which we treat, King Alexander the

* The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, A. M., Principal of the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh, 1841.

Second, when the Pope of Rome proposed to send a legate into Scotland, wrote to him, "that he did not remember a legate being sent into Scotland, and thanked God there was no need of one at present: and that as neither his father, nor any of his ancestors, had suffered any to enter Scotland, he would likewise take care to prevent the same: and advised him not to venture, for he," Alexander, "had an ungovernable people whose violence would not be restrained." * Alexander was evidently a king, and had some knowledge of the people he was called to govern and guide. Scotland, indeed the whole of Great Britain, never needed a real king more than in 1637: in Ireland there was Roman Catholicism; in England Puritanism; and in Scotland Presbyterianism; all active, while over all Episcopalianism was dominant, and striving to keep itself so. To complicate matters, Queen Henrietta, a lively and unwise Frenchwoman, was a Roman Catholic, and had her chapel; and, unfortunately, there was no real king in this Israel. But our business is specially with Scotland and matters and things there; and with them, indeed, only in so far as they relate to James Graham, Earl of Montrose. He, surrounded by Presbyterian friends and relatives, looked into all this with much interest, doubtful perhaps of the part he should take in it; but placed as he was in the foremost ranks, of active disposition, a born leader of men, he could not long be doubtful. Ministers and Elders of the Kirk, appointed by the Presbyteries for that purpose, were at work making converts to the cause, and we may be sure that the young chief of the Grahams was not neglected; we have indeed direct evidence to that effect. It was, says Robert Baillie, "the canniness of

* Maitland's History of Scotland.

Rothes brought in Montrose;" and he himself said, years afterwards, to Mr. Robert Murrey, minister of Methven: "You were an instrument in bringing me to this cause." These and other instruments were at work; and at a convention of nobles, gentry, and ministers, held on the 15th November, 1637, "among other nobles, who had not formerly been there, came at that diet the Earl of Montrose, which was most taken notice of: yea, when the Bishops heard that he was come there to join, they were somewhat affrighted, having that esteem of his parts, that they thought it time to prepare for a storm when he engaged." Well might these bishops think it time to prepare for a storm; not merely because Montrose engaged, but for other and older reasons. To understand Scottish affairs at this time one must study the history of these bishops; it will throw light on much, but serves, especially, to show how it was that the nobles became so generally zealous leaders in the cause of the Covenant.*

The Reformation of John Knox was incomplete, at least, in this: that it left bishops in the church, or, rather, on it. Shorn of their spiritual powers and privileges, they retained, to a great extent, their temporal — their revenues and seats in Parliament. King James the Sixth, seeing in these bishops the readiest means of controlling the Church of Scotland, upheld them in the State, and strove continually to reinstate them in the Church. The Presbyterians, on the contrary, claiming Christ as the only head of their church, strove, not merely to lessen the power of these prelates, but to cast them off altogether as an encumbrance, and dangerous anomaly. Bishops of this kind became inevitably creatures of the court, and the

* See the Life and Times of Alexander Henderson, by Rev. John Alton. Edinburgh, 1836.

King could count always on their votes in Parliament. In 1572, death having been busy among the prelates, the court became alarmed at its loss of power, and Parliament appointed a new batch of them to the vacant sees. These new bishops were made subject to the General Assembly of the Church in spiritual matters, and to the King in temporal; and they were to confirm, secretly, a considerable portion of the revenues of their sees to nobles who already held them. Hence the name *Tulchan bishops* — one of the wittiest nicknames ever given; for *tulchan* means, not a real calf, but a calf-*skin* stuffed with straw into semblance of that interesting animal; which semblance, placed under a cow, induces the bewildered creature to yield her milk to a milker who is not flesh of her flesh, as she supposes, but an alien. So by means of these bishops Scotland was made to yield; but she, smelling out the real fact, soon began to kick. In 1580, therefore, the General Assembly held at Dundee declared "the pretended office of bishop," as then used, unlawful in itself and without warrant from the word of God. The people being almost unanimous in favor of pure Presbyterianism, King, bishops, and courtiers conceded much, or seemed to concede; and a national Covenant was formed and signed by people, ministers of the Kirk, nobles, and by King James himself. Nevertheless, the struggle between King and Church soon recommenced, and the nobles began to take more decided part in it; for the elevation of bishops to high offices in the State was an offence to them, and an encroachment on their own domain. Hence the daring Raid of Ruthven, by which a party of nobles made the King their prisoner, and prescribed measures of state to him; but when he escaped, these bold nobles, denounced as traitors, fled, and the

Court was again triumphant. In the Parliament of 1584 Acts against the Church passed, known as the *Black Acts*, and many ministers of the Kirk, in danger of their lives, fled. These exiled nobles and ministers, raising an army, marched against the King and compelled him to grant pardons and a restitution of estates to the confederated nobles; but the Church gained little by this movement. Soon after, at a conference between Court and Kirk, it was agreed that the prelates should retain their titles on condition that they submitted themselves to the Presbytery; and in 1587, in consequence of their lands being annexed to the Crown, they were virtually expelled from Parliament. Still, however, there were men who bore the title of bishop by reason of their holding castles belonging to the sees; and the contest between Kirk and State in relation to them, and to other matters, continued long with alternating success; but King James, coming down in person into the common arena of wordy argument, lost the vantage ground of a king on his throne. The ministers of the Kirk battling so, with blast and counter-blast, ceased to reverence his Majesty; and in 1596, Andrew Melville, grasping the royal sleeve, called the wearer of it "God's silly vassal," and said to him: "There are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland; there is King James, the head of this Commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus, the King of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member." At another time, when this King, listening to the daring denunications of the preacher, Robert Bruce, grew indignant, and commanded him to speak sense or come down from the pulpit, Bruce, too ready to rebel, declared aloud that he would do neither. In this way, and in other

ways, James lost the vantage ground of a king; but after his accession to the throne of England he felt stronger, and in 1606, at the Parliament of St. Johnstone's (Perth), he restored to bishops the lands which had been annexed to the Crown, and also their former privileges and prerogatives; though the Assembly of the Kirk withheld its assent to the restitution. The King, however, in the struggle which ensued, prevailed so far that bishops got, to a great extent, the government of the Church; but the Episcopal forms and ceremonies introduced by them were very odious to the people. And so the struggle went on, till "God's silly vassal" died, leaving his kingdom of Scotland, and battle with its Kirk, as inheritance to his son. On the accession of this son, Charles the First, to the throne, in 1625, he, under lead of Archbishop Laud, a man of "mean, square-shaped forehead, sallow countenance, pinched features, and peering eyes," endeavored to effect an entire uniformity in religion, or, in other words, to establish Episcopacy. The General Assembly, doing what it could, continued to assert its jurisdiction over bishops; but the King, counselled by Laud, raised them to the highest civil offices. In 1634 he removed all the noblemen who were Lords of the Exchequer, and put in their place the Bishops of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Ross, Edinburgh, and some Lords of Sessions. The prelates then, acting in unison, controlled the proceedings of Parliament, favoring always the measures of the King; but the nobles of Scotland, on the other hand, began thereupon to take more decided part in opposition to him and his measures. So long ago as 1606, at the "Red Parliament" of St. Johnstone's (Perth), the prelates gave offence to the nobles by riding to it "in great pomp of silk and velvet, betwixt the Earls and Lords; and the next

day they went on foot, because they were not allowed to take precedence of the Earls. In 1626 King Charles sought to settle the point of precedency in favor of the prelates; and, at his coronation in Edinburgh, in 1633, he sent a message to the Lord Chancellor Hay, Earl of Kinnoul, "to show that it was his will and pleasure, but only for that day, that he should cede and give place to the Archbishop;" but the stout old Earl returned for answer, that he would lay down his office at the King's command; but, while he held it, "never a stoled priest in Scotland should set foot before him so long as his blood was hot." Nor did any stoled priest set foot before him that day.

Other well-known acts of King Charles had given offence to these nobles: in the matter of tithes, by which they got a part of their revenues, the King appointed a commission to value them, and gave proprietors of land liberty to compound the tithes at nine years' purchase; and in regard to church lands, which the nobles got soon after the Reformation, an Act of Revocation was passed to transfer these lands to the Crown: and in these measures the prelates concurred. So, through long years, the feeling against bishops grew, till the spirit that dictated the answer of the Earl of Kinnoul was strong in all the nobles of Scotland. Even the most worldly of them found the cause of the Kirk to be their own; and the facetious, pleasure-seeking Earl of Rothes, the same whose "canniness brought in Montrose," was the reputed Father of the Covenant. But these opponents of Episcopal rule were not therefore unfriendly to the King, nor was there at this time any whisper of disloyalty to him. Archibald, Lord Napier, the brother-in-law of Montrose, the chosen guardian of his youth, the friend and counsellor on whom

he at this time and always relied, — a man sixty years old, calm, considerate, wise, and loyal throughout to the King, — was, nevertheless, among the most determined opponents of Episcopacy and its bishops. The young Chief of the Grahams, therefore, coming forward at this time into public life, was altogether right in taking active part for Scotland's Kirk. When he appeared at that convention on the 15th of November, 1637, the bishops, as we remember, "thought it time to prepare for a storm" — a storm which, as we have seen, had been long a-brewing.

At this convention that committee was appointed known as the Committee of Estates, composed of nobles of the first rank, lesser nobles and gentry, ministers and burgesses; who, placed, when in session, at different tables according to rank, were designated, often, as the Tables. Montrose, gladly welcomed at this convention, got into office at once; and he, with the Earls of Rothes, Loudon, and Lindsay, composed the first Table. This Committee of Estates, knowing, like other things of the kind, little, at first, of its own scope and purpose, became soon the Revolutionary Committee of Scotland. Its first work was the formation of the famous Covenant; adopting that confession of faith, or covenant, made in the time of James the Sixth and signed by him, they modified it a little, and added to it a clause whereby the signers were bound to defend each other, in carrying out the purposes of the Covenant against the King himself, if need should be. Among the signatures to it, the most prominent is that of Montrose. On the original Covenant, and on *facsimiles* of it, the name stands in large, bold characters, legible at a distance which makes all other names there appear only as idle tracings. On that instrument, and

wherever found elsewhere, the signature seems to say that the writer will avow not only it, but "every jot" that is writ over it, whatever peril may be in such avowal. The immediate work following the formation of this Covenant was the getting of subscribers to it; and in this, as in all other matters in which he took part at all, Montrose was among the foremost. Baillie tells us how the work went on. Writing under date April 5, 1638, he says: "Of noblemen, who are not Councillors [of King's Council] or papists, unto whom it was not offered, I think they be within four or five who have not subscribed" the Covenant; "and the parishes throughout the whole country, where the ministers could be persuaded, on a Sabbath day all have publickly, with ane uplifted hand, man and woman, sworn it."

Not Lord Napier only, but many other friends of Montrose too, were the determined opponents of Episcopal rule; and the young Earl himself, born of Presbyterian parents, and reared in that faith, went forward undoubting in aid of "Religion and just liberties." Now and then, however, he, believing that men did really mean what they professed, got a lesson; as, for instance, in regard to the King's Commissioner, James, Marquis of Hamilton. When the King's Declaration about the affairs of Scotland was published, and met by a Remonstrance and Protestation of the leading Covenanters, there was, in July of this year 1638, a conference between Hamilton and the Lords of Council on the one part, and Earls Rothes, Loudon, and Montrose, and the ministers Henderson, Dickson, and Cant, on the other. At the close of this conference, Hamilton drew the Covenanters aside, and said: "My Lords and gentlemen, I spoke to you before those Lords of Council as King's Commissioner: now, there being none present but yourselves, I speak to

you as a kindly Scotsman. If you go on with courage and resolution, you will carry what you please; but if you faint, or give ground in the least, you are undone. A word is enough to wise men." Montrose, speaking of this afterwards, said: "It wrought an impression that my Lord Hamilton might intend by this business to advance his design; but that he [Montrose] would suspend his judgment until he saw farther; and, in the mean time, look more narrow to his walking." The design referred to here is one of which Hamilton had been some time before accused — that, namely, of making himself King of Scotland; and Montrose, astonished at this instance of double-dealing in the King's Commissioner, would look more closely to his walking.

Soon after this conference with the King's Commissioner, Montrose went to Aberdeen, as the head of a committee appointed by the Estates, to get subscribers to the Covenant there. Among the members of this committee were three prominent ministers of the Kirk, — Alexander Henderson, Andrew Cant, and David Dickson, — called "the three Apostles of the Covenant." These ministers preached, each of them in turn, on Sunday, and again on Monday, from the window of a large wooden gallery overlooking the "close," or yard, of the Earl Mareschal's mansion in the market-place of Aberdeen. The assembled people, standing below, listened with upturned faces, but not many were persuaded, it seems; for only about five hundred of them put their names to the Covenant, though Montrose on this occasion, as on others of the same kind, was not strict in his requirements. To meet the scruples of the loyal Doctors of the north, he drew up, and himself signed, a declaration of this tenor: "Like as we, undersubscribing, do declare that we neither had, or have, any

intention but of loyalty to his Majesty, as the Covenant bears."

Returning to Edinburgh in August, Montrose met again the Marquis of Hamilton, who, at this time, changed his tone a little. When he was here before, he did, says Baillie, "encourage us to proceed with our supplication;" but now, on his return from the King, he "kept himself more reserved than before," and "after some days parleying no man could get his mind;" for, indeed, the man had no decided mind. Wittingly and unwittingly, he was, as Montrose afterwards said, "the prime fomenter of these misunderstandings betwixt the King and his subjects." Hamilton, however, did at this time offer various concessions on the part of the King, which were publicly proclaimed, but were met by a protestation from the leading Covenanters; and "the Earl of Montrose appeared, upon this occasion, in the name of the discontented nobility." Baillie says, Hamilton's instructions seemed to be of many parts — to claim much, but, if he met opposition, to concede much. Baillie thinks and says: "It had been better to grant at the first frankly;" and Baillie, a canny Scot, points here to the fatal error in all Charles Stuart's negotiations with his people.

On the 15th day of the next November the General Assembly of the Kirk met at Glasgow, and had a stormy session there. Among the representatives of the Presbytery of Auchterarder in Strathearn appeared "James, Earl of Montrose, *Elder*" — a rather remarkable Elder of the church certainly, but as honest, I think, as the most of them. In convening this Assembly, the Covenanters had a determined purpose, and the members of it were chosen accordingly; many of them being, in fact, nominated by the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh. The Presbytery

of Brechin, near Old Montrose, elected, first, Erskine of Dunn, but by only a small number of votes; and at a subsequent meeting, in much larger numbers, chose Lord Carnigie, the brother-in-law of Montrose, as representative. The commissions of both men having been sent to the Committee of Estates, Carnigie's election was there declared illegal, while that of Erskine was approved; and a certificate to that effect was written on the back of it, and signed by Montrose and others. In the Assembly, when these two commissions came in question, the Earl of Southesk, of whom we heard some time ago as Sir David Carnigie, "disputed for his son," and Montrose for Erskine of Dunn; and the contest between Southesk and Montrose "grew so hot that it terrified the whole Assembly." The King's Commissioner, Hamilton, "taking the moderator's place, commanded peace." In the course of this contest, "the clerk, as I think unadvisably," says Baillie, "read in public, not only the commission, but also the Tables' subscribed approbation on the back;" and "when Mr. David Dickson spake of this back-writ as having some negligence in it, Montrose took him hotly and professed their resolution to avow every jot that was writ." Hamilton, finding this Assembly disposed to extreme measures, dissolved it, or attempted to dissolve it, and departed; but the Assembly, nevertheless, continued in session, excommunicated bishops, abolished Episcopacy, and, with unsparing hand, swept away all that threatened to control the church.

In the beginning of February of the next year, 1639, Montrose, with the Earl of Kinghorn and others, was in Forfar, head burgh of the shire of that name, where, under direction of the Tables, or Committee of Estates, he "stented," or assessed, the landholders to raise funds for

the good cause. Here, again, he came in contact with his father-in-law, Southesk, who questioned his authority to assess the King's subjects for such purpose; for Southesk was a loyal Earl, till loyalty to the King came to be perilous, and then he became neutral; continuing throughout, however, loyal to his own estates.

Our tale, as it runs through these years, 1637 and 1638, is a meagre one; for materials are wanting. Mr. Napier has in his books one or two bits of stories which may have some basis of truth — how Montrose cheered on the mob when pulling down the organ in the chapel of Holyrood House; how he, mounted on a barrel head, harangued the people in the streets of Edinburgh, the Earl of Rothes standing by at the time, ready with his joke. And the King's Commissioner, Hamilton, in a letter to his Majesty treating of Scottish affairs, says, when speaking of prominent Covenanters, that there are none "more vainly foolish than Montrose." Making due allowance for Hamilton's ill will, these words only serve to show that the "vainly foolish" man did not work by crooked ways under cover, but openly and aboveboard, willing always to be seen and known. The truth is, that the young Earl, just taking part in public affairs, and prone to be among the foremost, was active in "pulling down bishops," and in preventing the establishment of Episcopal forms. The Kirk, dear to the people, was at this time in danger of overthrow; and he, a leader of the people, himself reared in its faith, was, as became a Scottish Earl, strenuous in maintenance of Scotland's Kirk. But he was not therefore disloyal to its King; for, though History books speak of Covenanters as a party opposed to Royalists, the fact at this time was not, strictly speaking, so. The people of Scotland, the rank and file of them, were loyal then to their King, and had no thought

of deposing him; but, loyal also to their Kirk, they would willingly have reconciled these two loyalties. What designs some of their leaders, Argyle and other lords, had, whether loyal or not, must remain doubtful. Montrose came soon to the belief that they had "far designs" — designs of which they themselves, at this time, probably did not know the scope and end. But, whatever may have been the aim and purpose of these leaders of the popular movement, it is very plain that Montrose did not find himself at home among them; for their ways were not as his ways; and he was well pleased, I think, to get out of their committee rooms into open field of action; where, as military leader, he could see what he was doing, and bring something into order.

The Covenanters, as we have seen, at the beginning of their organization as a party, turned their attention to the north, where the Marquis of Huntly was the leader of a strong party hostile to their proceedings. Himself a Roman Catholic, he had long been obnoxious to the Kirk; and Montrose, soon after that stenting of the landholders in Forfarshire, notified the northern Covenanters, the Forbeses, Frazars, Keiths, and Crichtons, to meet him at Turreff near Huntly's Castle of Strathbogie; the purpose being to suppress the Gordons and their allies. Huntly, hearing of this movement, summoned his clan to overawe and check the gathering, and if possible prevent it; but Montrose, says an old writer, "was ready at a call." Summoning the gentry of Angus (Forfarshire) and the Mearns (Kincardineshire), he led them, and their followers, across the Northern Grampians to Turreff, the place of rendezvous. Posting his troops, about eight hundred strong, in the kirkyard there, he awaited the arrival of Huntly, who soon appeared with his Gordon cavalry, two

thousand of them, or more. Huntly, whose purpose it had been to get possession of the place first, and prevent the meeting of Covenanters, finding himself foiled, retired and dismissed his followers without an offer of battle; for which the time had not yet arrived, though it was near. Montrose, having thus accomplished his purpose of conference with the northern Covenanters, withdrew southward to his own district, and had there, we will hope, some quiet days with his wife and boys; though of his life at home, in his own household, we can nowhere get any glimpse or hint. We know only that he was soon called again to be a leader of men in open field — a business for which he had a natural aptitude and inclination.

Huntly, who had been appointed King's Lieutenant in the north, had also been promised aid from England to maintain the King's cause there. In expectation of such aid, he, soon after that meeting at Turreff, gathered force again, mustering at Inverary, in the latter part of March, 1639, about three thousand horse and foot. On the other hand, Montrose, having been commissioned "General Commanding in Chief for the Covenanters," raised in the Mearns, Angus, and northern part of Perthshire, horse and foot, in all about twenty-five hundred; and, summoning the Covenanters of the more northern shires to arm, he marched to join them. By his side in this expedition marched a rather remarkable man, by name Alexander Leslie; but the old historian Spalding can best introduce him. "Now about this time (January, 1639), or a little before, there came out of Germany from the wars, home to Scotland, ane gentleman of base birth, born in Balveny," or near it, who had "served long and fortunately in the German wars, and called to his name Felt Marshall Leslie, his Excellence. His name indeed was

Leslie; but by his valour and good luck he attained to this title his Excellence, inferior to none but the King of Sweden, under whom he served amongst all his cavallirie. Well, this Felt Marshall Leslie, having conquest, frae nought, honour and wealth in great abundance, resolved to come home to his native country of Scotland, and settle beside his Chief, the Earl of Rothes; as he indeed did, and coft fair lands in Fife. But this Earl, foreseeing the troubles whereof himself was one of the principal beginners, took hold of this Leslie, who was both wise and stout, acquaints him with this plot, and had his advice for furthering thereof to his power." A man peculiarly fitted to lead these Lord-Covenanters, and who did them good service as leader. Greater contrast in military leaders than these two presented, it would be difficult to find. The reader has formed for himself some picture of Montrose: the man by his side was "a little, old, crooked soldier;" illiterate enough, who could write his own name, but little else: who gave his orders always in the form of advice: but the youthful General had, nevertheless, an able and prudent counsellor, to whom he probably listened a little.

Montrose, with his small army, entered Aberdeen on the 30th of March, and was joined by the Forbeses, Frazers, and other Covenanters; but Huntly, disappointed of the promised aid from England, and paralyzed, it is said, by the instructions of Hamilton, retired again to his castle of Strathbogie; and Montrose, now at the head of six thousand men, finding none to oppose him, indulged in a little whimsey. "At this time the Covenanters began to take and wear for their colours blue ribbons," scarfwise about their necks, or in bunches on their caps or bonnets. "This was Montrose's whimsie;" and a very good one too, denoting a leader of men; for in all popular move-

ments some sign or symbol, some visible token that all are of one mind, is needed; thereby each man makes proclamation of himself in a simple, comprehensive way, which is intelligible to all men: and this blue ribbon became the sign of the Covenant in arms. Montrose, according to the records of the Town Council of Aberdeen, "charged us," the citizens, "to cast in and fill up our trenches in all possible diligence, and to enter to work for that effect on Monday next, and to continue thereat till all the trenches were filled up again, under the pain of plundering and razing our town; which was accordingly obeyed;" and being obeyed, he did not harm the town. Investing the Earl of Kinghorn with the title of Governor of Aberdeen, and leaving with him fifteen hundred of his troops for garrison, Montrose, with the remainder of his army, marched out of the city, and encamped at Inverary, ten miles north of it. Here, Gordon of Straloch, commissioned by Huntly, came to Montrose, and arranged for a conference between the Chief of the Gordons and the Chief of the Grahams. Accompanied, each of them, by eleven friends, they met in the vicinity of Inverary; and, after some formalities, the two chiefs stepped aside from the others and held a long private conference, the particulars of which are unknown; but the result was, that Huntly and his friends rode forward with Montrose to the Covenanters' camp, and were courteously received. But Huntly, finding there many of his personal enemies, became apprehensive of danger, and sent Gordon of Straloch to the General of the Covenanters when he was alone in his tent. Montrose, listening to suggestions of Gordon, replied, that he knew there were men in his camp who bore no good will to Huntly; but that he himself "would do for him all the good offices he could, and would

fail in no promise;" "only," added he, "there is this difficulty, that business here is all transacted by a vote and a committee; nor can I get any thing done of myself;" and when Gordon urged him further to deal fairly by his Chief, and not to yield to others who were not of like mind with himself, Montrose said: "I shall do my utmost for Huntly's satisfaction." Finally, an arrangement was made by which Huntly agreed "to restrain none who were willing to take the oath of the Covenant;" and, on the other hand, it was agreed that Huntly's followers should not be harmed, provided they carried themselves peaceably. In regard "to such as were Papists," like Huntly himself, the following Declaration was drawn up and signed by Huntly, by Montrose, and by three other Lord-Covenanters, Kinghorn, Erskine, and Couper: "For as meikle as those who by profession are of a contrary religion, and therefore cannot condescend to the subscribing of the Covenant, yet are willing to concur with us in the common cause of maintaining the laws and liberties of the Kingdom, these are, therefore, requiring that none of those who, being Papists by profession, and willing to subscribe the bond of maintenance of the laws and liberties foresaid, shall be in any ways molested in their goods or means, nor sustain any prejudice more than those who have subscribed the Covenant." Thereupon Montrose fulfilled his promise, and Huntly was allowed to depart in peace; but "not without the great miscontent of those who would have had him detained."

Montrose, soon after this, returned with his army to Aberdeen; and some other Covenanting Lords having come in, a grand conclave was held for some days: after much discussion of the state of the north, and the position of Huntly, the arrangement just concluded was found to

be unsatisfactory. Huntly, therefore, was requested to meet the Covenanters again; and he, though unwilling, came in on the assurance of Montrose and others, that he should not be detained prisoner — an assurance given in good faith, doubtless. But now, new terms and obligations were urged upon Huntly; and he, indignant, demanded that the bond he had signed at Inverary should be returned to him. On the delivery of it he asked: "Will ye take me South with you as a captive, or shall I go voluntarily?" Montrose replied: "Make your choice." "Then," said the other, "I will not go as a captive, but as a volunteer;" and so he made his Hobson's choice. Montrose appears to have opposed this act, but it does not appear that he was strenuous enough in opposition; and though the accounts of this transaction are imperfect, it leaves something like a permanent blot on his fair fame.

On the 19th of April Montrose arrived at Edinburgh; and the Marquis of Huntly, with his eldest son, George, Lord Gordon, who, at his own request, accompanied his father, were lodged in the castle.

The ensuing month of May was a stirring time. The Marquis of Hamilton, with nineteen ships and five thousand men from England, with which he had promised the King to subjugate Scotland, was in the Frith of Forth. The Gordons, and other northern Royalists, aroused by the treacherous capture of their leader, Huntly, were all in commotion. Viscount Aboyne, second son of Huntly, was away to the King, at Newcastle, asking aid. Montrose, his attempt at quieting the north undone, was again levying troops in Angus and the Mearns, where he was at home and well known. Alexander Leslie, little, old, and crooked, now commander-in-chief for the Covenanters, was marching south, with a host of men, all armed for the pur-

pose of persuading the King to grant "Religion and just liberties" to Scotland. As one of that host marched our friend the Reverend Robert Baillie, who gives this account of himself: "I furnished to half a dozen good fellows muskets and pikes, and to my boy a broad-sword. I carried myself, as the fashion was, a sword, and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle; but, I promise you, for the offence of no man, except a robber in the way."

Aboyne, on the 13th of this month, got a letter from the King, and embarking at Newcastle, he, with two ships of sixteen guns each, and military stores, sailed to the Frith of Forth, where he handed his letter to Hamilton, who read this in it: "What assistance you can spare him [Aboyne] out of the forces that are with you, I leave you to judge." Thereupon Hamilton feasted the young Viscount on board his flag-ship, "with playing of the ordnance at every health:" but the ordnance played at nothing else. On the sands at Leith were armed men to oppose the landing; and, also, one armed woman, the old Marchioness of Hamilton. Riding to and fro there, with pistols at her saddle bow, she said, that if her son dared to land with hostile intent, she herself, the stout old she-Covenanter, would shoot him dead. The Marchioness, well acquainted with her son, thought some show of opposition would not be useless. Baillie says: "It was evident he eschewed all occasion of beginning the war; he did not trouble a man on shore with a shot." Nor did he judge it best to give Aboyne any aid in maintenance of a war for the King in the north: but he did recommend to him one Colonel Gun as military adviser. The associated barons of the north, in expectation of aid from the King, were at this time all in arms; and Montrose, having completed his levies, marched across the Grampians to quell them, at the

head of four thousand men. On the 25th of May he entered Aberdeen, which was already in possession of an army of Covenanters, under Earls Mareschal, Athole, and Kinghorn. That city, loyal at this time, was fined by Montrose ten thousand merks; "but, by the General's orders, neither goods nor geir were plundered." On the last day of this month the General, with forces amounting to near ten thousand men, marched to disarm the Gordons; but finding little opposition, his followers began to disband for want of work; and also for want of plunder, in which it appears that the General restrained them. Learning that Aboyne was on his way to Aberdeen, and apprehensive that he would come powerfully supported by Hamilton, Montrose fell back and entered that city on the 3d of June; and the next day continued his march homeward. Aboyne, arriving at Aberdeen by sea, two days after the Covenanters left it, was joined there by his brother, Lord Lewis Gordon, a wild boy of thirteen; followed, however, by a thousand armed men. With these, and other royalists, who enrolled themselves under his standard, this Viscount Aboyne, a youthful commander, aged nineteen, marched southward along the coast, having under his lead four thousand men; and found an opponent sooner than he expected; for Montrose, turning about in Angus, had come northward again with eight hundred men or thereabout, and intrenched them on the sea-coast, before Dunnotter Castle, the stronghold of his friend, the Earl Mareschal. Getting field-pieces from the castle to strengthen his position, Montrose, with a place of refuge behind him in case of need, awaited the arrival of the Royalists. Aboyne, approaching, took advice of Colonel Gun; and, on the 15th of June, drew his army up on a little hill near to the intrenched Covenanters, and exposed to the fire of

their artillery: when it opened on them, the Highlanders among the Royalists, unused to such implements of war, fled in confusion. Thereupon the Aberdeen infantry, in a mutinous state before, marched off homeward; and Aboyne, with few beside his Gordon cavalry faithful to him, was constrained to follow. Montrose, unexpected victor in almost bloodless fight, marched northward to the River Dee; but was staid there a while; for the river, swollen by rains, was unfordable; and the bridge near Aberdeen was held by Aboyne, who had posted his foot soldiers on it behind barricades, and ranked his Gordon horse at its farther end, on the opposite banks. The Covenanters placed their cannon to cover assault, and a contest for the bridge began at morn on the 18th of June, and continued through the day; but when night came the Royalists still held it. Under cover of the dark, Montrose prepared for the morrow; and when it dawned, his field-pieces, nearer the barricades than before, opened a passage for him; his cavalry at the same time galloping along the river's banks, as though about to cross by the ford; and Aboyne, acting by advice of Colonel Gun, sent off his horse along the other bank to meet them. The Covenanters, prompt at the right moment, rushed forward, and the defenders of the bridge gave it up. Aboyne, his brief military expedition now at its end, went to his home; and his military adviser, recommended by Hamilton, got among the Gordons the name of *Traitor Gun.*

When the Covenanters entered Aberdeen, many of them, angry because of the aid given to Aboyne by its citizens, were urgent with Montrose to burn it; but he opposed them, giving good reasons for mercy, and finally prevailed to spare it; exacting, however, a fine of four thousand pounds Scotch.

At this time the negotiations between the Covenanters and the King at Berwick came to a conclusion; and on the 18th of July they signed that futile arrangement called the Pacification of Berwick. News of this pacification coming to Aberdeen on the 20th, Montrose disbanded his army, and went himself, probably, to Old Montrose, or to his Castle of Kincardine, — to his own home, wherever that then was, — and passed a few of the summer days with his wife and the boys, of whom, at this time, there were four — John, James, Robert, and David; John, the eldest, nine years old, or near that; and the youngest, little David, named for grandfather Southesk, about eighteen months. But the father of these boys was soon abroad again; for towards the end of July in this year 1639, the King having invited the Scottish nobles to a conference, Earls Rothes, Loudon, and Montrose went to Berwick to meet him; but the King, discontented that no more came, ordered them to send for the Earls of Argyle, Cassilis, and others of that party. These nobles, by contrivance of their own or otherwise, were prevented; multitudes of people convening at the water gate of Edinburgh to stop them. Thereupon the King, who had proposed to come to Scotland and hold the Parliament in person, changed his mind, and departed on the 29th of that month for London; because, as he said afterwards in his Declaration, he would not trust his person with those who mistrusted him.

Joining in a popular movement is like embarking on a swift-flowing river: one goes onward even while he sleeps; and, waking, he is carried forward beyond his own will or perception. Such movement, too, like a river, narrow at first, widens as it goes, till landmarks are no longer visible. By such movement was Montrose carried forward towards

results which startled him when they loomed in the distance. The Covenanters, finding the young Earl now less ardent in their cause, said, "the King had turned him at his being with his Majesty at Berwick." That he was influenced by that conference is not unlikely. Charles, well pleased that some Scottish nobles had not mistrusted him, was doubtless gracious in reception of them. Montrose, of quick, decisive nature, had strong personal affinities and repulsions; and the grave, melancholy, not ill-meaning King, in urgent need of help, too, made an appeal to this strong, fearless man, which was powerful in its silence. But the justification of Montrose must be found, if found at all, in the story of his life.

CHAPTER IV.

A COVENANTER STILL, BUT CONSERVATIVE.

THE General Assembly of the Kirk, which met in August of this year 1639, declared "Episcopacy unlawful and contrary to the word of God," and passed an ordinance for imposing the Covenant on all the people of Scotland; and in the Parliament which met on the last day of that month the acts of that Assembly were ratified, and the prerogatives of the King were attacked. Bishop Guthrie says: "The leaders of the cause had further projects; and, instead of rising, proposed a number of new motions concerning the constitution of Parliaments and other things not treated on before; whereanent the Commissioner told them he had no instructions. Montrose argued somewhat against these motions; for which the zealots became sus-

picious of him, that the King had turned him at his being with his Majesty at Berwick" — "and men whispered in the streets to his prejudice." Other men, too, were of opinion that the Covenanters were going too far, but they dared not speak out their opinion; one of them, the Reverend Robert Baillie, said, in a safe way: "Whatever the Prince [King] grants, I fear we press more than he can grant; and when we are fully satisfied it is likely England will begin where we have left off."

Montrose, who, in this Parliament, argued somewhat against the motions touching the King's prerogatives, had become somewhat discontent with the cause in which he had engaged himself; but he was still more discontent with some of the actors in it and their proceedings; while they, on their part, were not altogether pleased with him and his doings. Baillie says: "When the canniness of Rothes had brought in Montrose to our party, his more than ordinary and evil pride made him very hard to be guided" — a man, we should say, scorning concealments and subterfuges; disposed to avow every "jot" of the truth, as Mr. David Dickson and others have had occasion to know. In his expeditions to the north, too, he had been altogether too lenient, sparing Aberdeen and the country of the Gordons. Our friend Baillie, speaking in a complaining tone of Montrose, says: "The discretion of that too generous and noble youth was but too great; a great sum was named as a fine to that unnatural city, but all was forgiven;" and also: "A little time did try that we had been too great fools not to disarm that country altogether, and use some severity for example among them: at that time they had no reason for complaining, but greatly to commend, as they did in words, our leader's courtesy." Nor was his manner of imposing the Cov-

enant quite satisfactory to the zealous. When some of the Loyalists of Aberdeen were scrupulous, he added a saving clause to the bond, as we remember; and the arrangement he made with "such as were Papists" amounted to toleration of them. And so, on many accounts, not dishonorable to Montrose, the leading Covenanters had become dissatisfied with him, and were not disposed to admit him to their secret counsels.

Montrose, on his part, began at this time, as we said, to be doubtful of the cause itself. So long as Presbyterian Scotland claimed only, or mainly, the right of going to church in her own way, with none to molest or make her afraid, he held the claim to be a just one — one to be enforced at all hazards; but when the Kirk grew intolerant and aggressive, he became doubtful of her right. But he liked the cause of the Covenant always better than he liked the chief actors in it and their mode of procedure. He said to Huntly's friend, Gordon of Straloch, who came to him when he was in his tent alone: "There is this difficulty, that business here is all transacted by a vote and a committee, nor can I get any thing done of myself," — which proved then to be a very serious difficulty, implicating him in that dishonorable transaction by which Huntly was made prisoner. Nor was this the only experience he had had of this way of doing business; for in the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh he had seen much of it, and had learned that the chief actor in it is rarely the best man, but oftener the worst, who plays his underhand game, and gets done by means of votes in committee what he would be ashamed or afraid to do of himself alone. Such a man was Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle; and of him, because of his influence on the course of Montrose, we must give some account here. There was, some have said,

an old feud between these men — a family or clan feud. That may be true; but their feud had deeper foundation than that, for it was one of nature's feuds — not inherited, but ingrained. This Archibald Campbell, eighth Earl and first Marquis of Argyle, was "a timorous man, with a sinister expression of face," which did not belie him. He was called, in the Highlands, Gillespie Grumach, *Grumach* being Gaelic for *ill-favored*. His own father, speaking of him to Charles the First, said: "Sir, I must know this young man better than you can do. You may raise him, which I doubt not you will live to repent; for he is a man of craft, subtility, and falsehood, and can love no man; and, if he ever finds it in his power to do you wrong, he will bs sure to do it." Hard sayings these, by a father about his son; but the old Earl was angry then, and spoke out the truth without qualification. Clarendon, on the contrary, gives the man a kind of praise — such praise as this: he, Argyle, "wanted nothing but courage and honesty to be a very extraordinary man." The fact that this extraordinary man had now become the head of the movement in Scotland was to Montrose a very significant one. The cause itself, originally a good one, could now hardly come to a good end; and under such leader he could no longer continue to act with heart and hand. But still he would if possible act with and for his countrymen; not against them; and do his utmost to circumvent "the indirect practisings of a few" of the leaders of the movement — a rather hopeless attempt, but an honest one.

During the session of that Parliament in which Montrose argued somewhat against certain motions touching the King's prerogatives, his kinsman, William Graham, Earl of Monteith, Strathearn, and Airth, writing to King Charles, under date September 20, 1639, says, among

other things, this: "I find that my cousin Montrose hath both carried himself faithfully, and is more willing to contribute to his uttermost in any thing for your Majesty's service than any of these Lords-Covenanters; and I am confident that he will keep what I promised to your Majesty in his name; wherefore I do humbly entreat your Majesty, that, by a letter to him, you will take notice, and give him thanks, and desire a continuance: I wish the letter to be enclosed within your Majesty's letter to me; and as I find the effects of his service to your Majesty at this Parliament, I shall either deliver, or keep up the letter." The King, in his reply to Airth, makes no allusion to Montrose; but that he soon after made some overture to the young Earl appears from the following letter: —

MOST SACRED SOVEREIGN:

According to your Majesty's commandments, which you were graciously pleased to honour me withal, and my own bounden duty, and inclination to your Majesty's service, I was straight hasting — although your Majesty's pleasure was not so pressing — to have found your Majesty as you had commanded; which, coming to be here known, did so put aloft the minds of most part — being still filled with their usual and wonted jealousies — that I could expect nothing but more peremptory resolutions than is fit to trouble your Majesty withal, or me, in thinking to do your Majesty service, to have occasioned. And, — knowing your Majesty's intention did still tend towards the best settlement and accommodation of all these difficulties, in this your Majesty's kingdom, according to your Majesty's gracious goodness and accustomed justice, — I chose rather, before matters should have been made worse, and the gap enlarged by my means, to crave your Majesty's humble

pardon for my stay, and make you acquainted with the necessities for it; hoping your Majesty will do me the honour to think that this is no shift — for all of that kind is too much contrary to my humor, chiefly in what your Majesty, or your service, is concerned — but that, as I have ever been bold to avow, there are no things your Majesty shall be pleased to command me in — persuading myself they will be still such as befits, and do suit with all most incumbent duties — that I shall not think myself born to perform, as

Your Majesty's most loyal and
Faithful subject and servant,
MONTROSE.

EDINBURGH, 26 December, 1639.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

In confirmation of parts of this letter we have the testimony of Archibald Johnston of Warriston, a lawyer well known, and very active in these troublous times. In a letter of his, date January 2, 1640, to a kinsman, Lord Johnston, urging him not to go to Court, but to join heart and hand in the good cause, there is this passage: "Rather do nobly, as my noble Lord of Montrose has done; who, having received a letter from the King himself, to go up with diligence to his Court, convened some of the nobility, showed unto them, both his particular affairs, and the King's command, and then, according to his Covenant of following the common resolution, and eschewing all appearance of divisive motion, nobly has resolved to follow their counsel, and has gone home to his own house, and will not go to Court at all."

That letter from Montrose to the King is addressed "Most Sacred Sovereign:" and at the close of it he says, with a condition however, that he was *born* to per-

form the King's commands. This phrase and the address are not without meaning. Charles Stuart held the Kingdom of Scotland by the same right as he, James Graham, held an Earldom there; the right, namely, of inheritance, which is a very strong right. The Graham, undoubting of his own right, could not doubt the Stuart's. The humblest man will defend to the utmost the wee bit of land which he inherits; it is his, and not another's; and he will defend, not only it, but all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging; and a King, surely, should do no less. Pity only that any man, high or low, should forget, or fail to fulfil, the *conditions* on which he holds his inheritance. Montrose, think what *we* may of hereditary Kingship, was right in being loyal to it; and we will bear in mind always, that much that we now know of King Charles was hidden from *him*.

But we must not pass over that letter from Montrose to the King without a word more of comment. Its involved sentences, its reservations and conditions, give us a glimpse of the state of mind of its writer; a man perplexed, I should say, by inclinations and duties which he could not reconcile and bring into harmony: therefore he convened some of the nobility, showed them the King's letter inviting him to Court, and then, in the last days of the year 1639, he went, says Archibald Johnston, "to his own home." In his own home, and elsewhere, among his own friends and kinsmen, he remained very quiet far into the new year, and we hear of no word or act of his till June, when the Parliament met. The Earl of Traquair, King's Commissioner, having failed to appear, and open and preside in it, Lord Burleigh was elected President. At the outset the question arose about the legality of this Parliament, held without the sanction of the King. On this

question there was debate; and, according to Archibald Johnston's report of it, "Montrose did dispute against Argyle, Rothes, Balmerino, and myself." "Some urged," he especially, "that as long as we had a King we could not sit without him" in person, or by his representative; and others, above named, said "that to do the less was more lawful than to do the greater:" or, in other words, it is safer to proceed without the King, in this instance, than to depose him at once and entirely. This Parliament, before its adjournment on the 11th of June, appointed a large Committee of Estates, some forty in all, six of them Earls, of whom Montrose was one. Of this Committee, one half was to attend the army, and the other to sit in Edinburgh. The Covenanters were now again called to arm; and Montrose levied his regiments in the districts where his influence was greatest; but he found work nearer home than he expected. There were loyalists in these districts — the Atholmen of Perthshire, whose chief was the Earl of Athole, and the Ogilvies of Angus. The Chief of these, the old Earl of Airlie, had fortified his castle, "the bonnie House of Airlie," on the Isla; and, leaving it in charge of his eldest son, Lord Ogilvy, had gone himself to the King. Argyle had been appointed by the Committee of Estates to suppress these loyalists; and the men of these districts, even the Covenanters there, dreading the advent of Argyle and his Campbell Highlanders, urged the Chief of the Grahams to remain with them a while, and do this work on the loyalists himself. In his own words, when called to account for delay in bringing forward his regiments, the threatened visitation of Argyle with his Highlanders "did so affright and terrify the people there, who feared for their homes, that they were most unwilling to suffer the regiments [his own] to remove till

they had escaped that occasion: likeas, the Committee of Perth directed a letter to the Committee of Estates, desiring that those regiments might be kept in the country until the Highlanders were past." Therefore he, Montrose, by advice and consent of his special committee, the Earl of Kinghorn, Lord Couper, and his own brother-in-law, Lord Carnigie, proceeded to disarm the Ogilvies. Summoning Airlie Castle, it was at once surrendered, and a garrison was placed in it under the command of Colonel Sibbald; and then, having notified Argyle that there was no work for him to do in Angus, Montrose marched, towards the end of June, to join General Sir Alexander Leslie, who, with his army, was near the borders; the purpose being again to persuade the King.

The Earl of Argyle, coming, with his Highlanders, soon after into that same country, was by no means content with the doings of his predecessor, but disarmed the Ogilvies anew, after a fashion of his own. Expelling the garrison under Colonel Sibbald from Airlie Castle, he spoiled the house, or as the phrase then was, *slighted* it; and, setting fire, he burned it to the ground; the first act of that kind in these civil wars. Other houses of the Ogilvies he plundered and defaced; driving the inmates, women, — ladies some of them, and one of them of "Good Hope," — into the fields. He harried others too, especially the men of Athole; and having invited their chief, the Earl of that name, to a conference at the Ford of Lyon, he treacherously made him prisoner and sent him to Edinburgh. When Argyle, his work of destruction done, came to the army, he, or some one for him, made charges against Montrose of delay in bringing up his regiments, and also of collusion with the Ogilvies; and there was a trial, or examination, before the military committee. The defence of Montrose,

made, as he himself said, "before the General [Leslie], in hearing of the committee," was, it appears, sufficient; for he got an "Exoneration" from blame; of tenor, however, very different from that Act of Exoneration which Argyle asked for himself, and got, from the next Parliament — an act exonerating him because "of destruction of property;" "putting any person, or persons, to torture or question;" "putting any person, or persons, to death." This act of exoneration Argyle got from the Scottish Parliament; but he got none from the Ogilvies; who remembered long, and when the time for it came, repaid.

Here at Dunse, or soon after at Newcastle, Montrose moved, in the Military Committee, that all nobles and gentlemen, not members of it, should be excluded from its tables or sessions — a motion aimed especially at Argyle, who was not a member, but who, by means of this, and other committees, got his work done without danger to himself. Whether this motion prevailed or not, we do not learn; probably it did not; and by these attempts to prevent "the indirect practisings of a few," Montrose got only enemies for himself. About this time, too, a bond was presented to him for signature, which he at once declared he would sooner die than sign. The object of this bond was to make Argyle Dictator benorth the Forth; or such appeared to be its purpose to Montrose, who, roused to action, left the army and hastened to Edinburgh, where, in conversation with an old acquaintance, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, he learned that some such project was indeed in agitation. Thereupon Montrose framed another bond, which, signed by himself and others, at Cumbernauld, the seat of the Earl of Wigton, became known as the Cumbernauld bond: dated August, 1640, it had signatures in all nineteen; Mareschal, Montrose, Wigton, Kinghorn,

Home, Athole, Mar, Perth, Boyd, Galloway, Stormont, Seaforth, Erskine, Kircubrycht, Amond, Drummond, Johnston, Lour, D Carnegy, Master of Lour.

"A damnable bond," says Baillie, "by which he [Montrose] thought to have sold us to the enemy:" but to us, nevertheless, a very innocent bond, running thus: "Whereas we under-subscribers, out of our duty to Religion, King, and Country, were forced to join ourselves in a Covenant for the maintenance of eithers, and every one of other, in that behalf: now finding how that, by the particular and indirect practisings of a few, the country and cause now depending, does so much suffer, do heartily hereby bind and oblige ourselves, out of our duty to all these respects abovementioned, but chiefly and namely that Covenant already signed, to wed and study all public ends which may tend to the safety both of Religion, Laws, and Liberties of this poor Kingdom; and, as we are to make an account before that Great Judge at the last day, that we shall contribute one with another in a unanimous and just way, in whatsomever may concern the public or this cause, to the hazard of our lives, fortunes, and estates; neither of us doing, consulting, nor condescending, in any point without the consent and approbation of the whole, in so far as they can conveniently be had, and time may allow. And likeas, we swear and protest by the same oath, that in so far as may consist with the good and weal of the public, every one of us shall join and adhere to others and their interests, against all persons and causes whatsoever; so what shall be done to one, with reservation aforesaid, shall be equally resented, and taken, as done to the whole number."

The purpose of this bond evidently was, to stay the onward movement; but the one "damnable" thing in it is

indicated by the phrase, "the particular and indirect practisings of a few;" and we must say that, in regard to these few, Montrose was altogether right: the country and cause did suffer much in consequence of their doings.

Before the army crossed the Tweed, on the 21st August, Montrose was again at his post in it, and saw blue ribbons enough: his *whimsie*, which we remember at Aberdeen, found favor, and the whole army of Covenanters, about to cross the borders, was blue with ribbons; hence the song "Blue Bonnets over the Border." To cross the Tweed first on this occasion might prove to be a dangerous distinction, and dice were cast for it among the Colonels; the lot, fairly or not, fell to Montrose; and he, nothing loath, "went himself first through, and returned to encourage his men:" or, in words of his own, "I was of all myself the first that put foot in the water, and led over a regiment in view of the whole army." The whole army, looking out over the water that day, saw a man worth seeing and willing to be seen. Of middle stature, or a little above it; the body stout and compact, with "exquisitely proportioned limbs;" a strong man, yet active and graceful. The long hair, falling down beneath the cap or bonnet, curled a little where it touched the broad shoulders. Coming up from the river, on his return, he was wet to the waist; showing the depth of the stream; a matter of some interest to many of the blue-ribboned host ranged along the banks of it. Having thus encouraged his men, Montrose led his regiment into the water; all got across safely save one man, a land-lubber I suppose, who was drowned. The whole army followed; the horse standing in the stream as breakwater for the foot; and Tweed, on that August day, was all alive. Marching forward, the

Covenanters, somewhat to their astonishment, met little opposition; and, on the last day of that month, they entered and took possession of Newcastle on Tyne.

Baillie, writing of this time while the Scots were at Newcastle, says: "What aillit our officers is not yet weel known; only Montrose, whose pride was long ago intolerable, and meaning very doubtsome, was found to have intercourse of letters with the King, for which he was accused publickly by the General in the face of the Committee. His bedfellow, Drummond, his cousin, Flemming, his ally, Boyd, and too many others, were thought too much to be of his humour. The coldness of the good old General and diligence of the preachers did shortly cast water on this spunk, beginning most untimely to reek." By other accounts of the matter it appears that Montrose did at this time write a letter to the King. Dr. Wishart, his first biographer, says: "This being stolen away in the night, and copied out by the King's own bed-chamber men, — men most endeared to the King of all the world, — was sent back by them to the Covenanters at Newcastle," — sent, says another, by William Murray. He, "little Will Murray, was the man who, in October, 1640, sent to Newcastle the copies of his letters which he had written to the King, then at York." But there was no evidence of more than one letter; which, probably, was a very innocent one, as the Covenanters did not then, or afterwards, make its contents public. Indeed, Montrose himself, when accused before the Committee, at once avowed the act, asserted his right to correspond with the King, and challenged any one to say it was treason. Soon after this, on rumor of the Cumbernauld bond, Argyle got from one of the parties to it, Lord Amond, Lieutenant General of the Army, such information in re-

gard to it as he wanted. Summoned, with other signers, before the Committee at Edinburgh, Montrose promptly appeared, avowed and justified the act, and produced the bond itself. "Some of the ministers and other fiery spirits pressed that their lives might go for it;" but the more politic thought it better not to go to extremity with such men.

The Covenanters at Newcastle sent messengers to the King with assurances of loyalty, and of submission to his gracious will, provided he would grant their desires. Commissioners were appointed, and negotiations commenced at Rippon; but soon, unfortunately for the King, the commissioners removed to London. The trial of the Earl of Strafford, going on there at the time, became very interesting to the Scotchmen who were quite as desirous of the Earl's condemnation as of concluding a treaty with the King. The army of Covenanters, this treaty pending, remained long inactive at Newcastle; and Montrose, and other of its officers, having little to do, were often away. The young and discontented Earl, now as at other times, was rather wanting in that safest of virtues, prudence. Early in the year 1641, riding one day from Chester to Newcastle, with the General Alexander Leslie and Colonel John Cochrane by his side, he said to the Colonel: "that he could prove there were some of the prime leaders of the business in the country guilty of high treason," "and that they had entered into motions for deposing the King." He said something, too, of the scheme for cantoning the country, and of Argyle's "bonds of manrent." The Colonel answered: "that these were discourses whereof he desired not to hear, and entreated his Lordship not to enter any further on that purpose, but to leave it, and speak of some other subjects; which he did." The old

General said not a word, or none that we hear of; he could not only hold his tongue, but could close his ears to much; which faculty had been of use to him before, but never, in his long life, of so great use as now. Baillie says: "We were feared that emulation among our nobles might have done harm when they should be mett in the fields; bot such was the wisdom and authority of that old, little, crooked soldier, that all, with one incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him." He gave "his directions in a very homely and simple form, as if they had been but the advices of their neighbor and companion;" and this General Alexander Leslie was, evidently, an invaluable man to the Covenanters. Montrose, however, had no such prudent ways; and soon after, in his lodgings at Newcastle, he said to the same Colonel: "Think you not but I can prove what I said to you the other day?" and was again requested not to speak of such things.

Of another matter, which made great talk and commotion at that time, we have authentic account in the answer of the accused parties to a libel framed by Archibald Johnston: "The Earl of Montrose, Lord Napier, Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall, Knights, having occasion to meet often, did then deplore the hard estate the country was in: our Religion not secured, and with it our Liberties being in danger; Laws silenced; Justice, and the course of Judicatories, obstructed;" in fact, the whole economy of the country deranged; "and besides these present evils, fearing worse to follow: the King's authority being much shaken by the late troubles; knowing well that the necessary consequences and effects of a weak sovereign power are anarchy and confusion, the tyranny of subjects, the

most insatiable and insupportable tyranny of the world, without hope of redress from the Prince, curbed and restrained from the lawful use of his power; factions and distractions within; opportunity to enemies abroad, and to ill-affected subjects at home, to kindle a fire in the State which can hardly be quenched — unless the Almighty of his great mercy prevent it — without the ruin of King, People, and State." Therefore, after much consideration of the matter, "they thought if his Majesty would be pleased to come in person to Scotland and give his people satisfaction in point of Religion and just Liberties, he should thereby settle his own authority, and cure all the distempers and distractions among his subjects." And Lieutenant Colonel Walter Stewart going at this time to court about his own business, they employed him to deal with the Duke of Lennox to persuade his Majesty to a "journey to Scotland for the effect aforesaid." But this Colonel Stewart proved, unfortunately, to be a very unfit person for this purpose, and he served only to make bad worse.

These men, called afterwards "the Plotters," were a family party. Lord Napier we knew long ago as guardian of Montrose, and husband of his sister Margaret; Sir George Stirling of Keir was married to that sister's daughter; and the wife of Sir Archibald Stewart was the sister of Keir. That these men, meeting often at their family parties, did discuss matters of public import, with a very earnest desire to put an end to intolerable evils, we need not doubt. Their project of getting the King in person to come to Scotland would have been in every respect a good one, if Charles the First had really been the king they supposed him to be. But Montrose, it appears, had yet another project; one full of danger to himself, but

honest and honorable. At the next Parliament, in presence of the King, if the King would come, he intended to denounce the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earl of Argyle, and perhaps other nobles, as traitors to King and country; nor did he conceal his purpose. Early in February of that year 1641, when on a visit to Lord Stormont at Scone, he, by his own appointment, had a meeting with three ministers of the Kirk, — ministers of congregations well known to the Earl, and with whom he, naturally enough, would like to stand well, — Robert Murray of Methven in Perthshire; John Graham of Auchterarder, near his own castle of Kincardine; and John Robertson of Perth. To these ministers Montrose gave explanations in regard to the Cumbernauld Bond: that there were schemes for cantoning the country; creating a dictator benorth the Forth; in short, that the said bond was for the purpose of counteracting "the indirect practisings of a few" dangerous men. When Mr. Murray "entreated his Lordship to unity," his Lordship answered: "he loved unity, and would clear himself before the Parliament and General Assembly;" and when Mr. Murray said that "would hinder the settling of the common cause," he answered: "he should do it in such a way as could not wrong the public; because he would not make the challenge till the public business was settled, and then he would put it off himself and lay it on those who had calumniated him." Here, the Earl being called to dinner, the conversation terminated abruptly, without any injunction of secrecy; indeed, he, in his large, careless way, had rarely any thought of concealment. These conferences were, first, with Mr. Murray, in Margaret Donaldson's house, where the Earl had his lodgings when in Perth; and, the next day, with the three ministers, at Scone Abbey near that

city; and they, having interesting news to tell, told it soon to their brethren of the neighborhood, and they, again, told it to others, as is the way of men and women in all times. Leading Covenanters, startled by the news, were soon astir, determined, if possible, to prevent the coming of the King to Scotland. In order to understand the position of Montrose at this time, and his purpose, we must read some parts of his letter to the King; a letter written in the spring of this year 1641, in which he advised and urged his Majesty to come into Scotland. Speaking of the Scottish people, he says: "They have no other end but to preserve their religion in purity and their liberties entire; that they intend the overthrow of monarchical government, is a calumny;" and he counsels the King: "Satisfy them in point of Religion and Liberties, when ye come here, in a loving and free manner," "for religious subjects, and such as enjoy their lawful Liberties, obey better and love more than the godless and servile, who do all out of base fear, which begets hate." — "Suffer them not to meddle or dispute of your power; it is an instrument subjects never yet handled well." — "On the other side, aim not at absoluteness; it endangers your estate and stirs up troubles. The people of the western parts of the world could never endure it any long time, and they of Scotland less than any." — "Practise, sir, the temperate government; it fitteth the humor and disposition of the nation best; it is most strong, most powerful, and most durable of any." Better counsel this King never heard; and we can see pretty plainly how, and to what extent, Montrose was guilty. He was guilty of rebellion against some of the leaders of the popular movement — Argyle, Rothes, Loudon, and others; especially guilty towards Argyle. "Montrose," says Clarendon, "had always a

great contempt of the Earl of Argyle, as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love." A truer version would be, that he could not pretend to love the men he contemned.

Montrose believed that the people of Scotland were loyal to their King, and required of him only their just rights, but that they were deceived and misled by Argyle and other designing men, and were going forward under such guidance to no good end. He counsels his Majesty therefore to come forward himself; to thrust aside all bad nobles who stand between him and his people; and, in short, to be a real King, with a touch of the father in him, who can satisfy his subjects "in a loving and free manner." Good counsel certainly; but what good can come of advising the weak to be strong? Montrose, however, did what he could to help the poor King to enter on the right way; with characteristic boldness he denounced as traitors to King and country, not only Argyle and his faction, but he denounced also his Majesty's Commissioner and favorite Hamilton, who professed to be leader for the King in Scotland: and thereby he took too much in hand, for Argyle alone had been, at this time, enough for him. Argyle, with his clan Campbell, large possessions, and sway in the Highlands, was the most powerful subject in Scotland; powerful too because *He rides on the riggin' o' the Kirk;* aloft there seen of all men in that time; and battle with him was in effect battle with the Kirk.

At the requisition of this man, Graham, the minister of Auchterarder, was, on the 19th of May, 1641, summoned before a select Committee of the Estates, to give an account and explanation of his speech to his Presbytery, in which he had attempted some justification of the signers of the Cumbernauld Bond; and, in doing so, had alluded

to the conferences with Montrose at Perth and Scone. Thereupon Mr. Robert Murray, the minister of Methven, and the Earl of Montrose, were summoned before the same Committee; and on the 27th of the same month they appeared. We remember the figure of the man crossing Tweed; and now, that we have him within doors, we will look in his face a little. The complexion is fair, "betwixt pale and red;" healthy blood showing itself through clear skin. The features, unlike those in the portrait at Kinnaird, have all arrived at manhood now; but the nose is still prominent, "like the ancient sign of magnanimity in the Kings of Persia:" the lips have good play in them, but when not in motion they come together firmly: the forehead is not high over the central line of it, and elsewhere it is hidden by the down-falling hair, which is of dark auburn, or chestnut color. The face is all calm, composed; save the large, dark-gray eyes, which are quick and can flash. The man is in danger now; but two little things, "honesty and courage," companions often, have saved him before, and shall help him again.

The minister of Methven, called on to testify before this Committee, hesitated, delayed, and was unwilling, requesting Montrose to speak first, till he, impatient, said: "Come, come, Mr. Robert, emit your declaration without more ado: you know very well that you can soon put it off your hands;" but Mr. Robert, not willing yet, answered: "Then it is your Lordship must take it off my hands; therefore, my Lord, tell your part, and I will tell mine." Urged again to speak, Mr. Murray gave his account of the Earl's statements at Perth and Scone, the substance of which we know. Thereupon Montrose not only admitted the correctness of the account, but recapitulated his reasons for the Cumbernauld bond. When he

had concluded his speech, and the question was put to him: Whether he had named the Earl of Argyle? he replied: "I did name the Earl of Argyle; I named Argyle as the man who was to have the rule benorth Forth, and as the man who discoursed of deposing the King. But I am not the author, or inventor, of these things; I will lay it down at the right door: what I told Mr. Robert Murray was that some of the particulars of my statement were consistent with my own knowledge; that there were ten or twelve others would bear me witness; and that, with regard to all I had asserted, there would be some one to prove, or take it off my hands." Required then to produce his author, Montrose said: "Since I am desired to do so, and having named the Earl of Argyle, which I was forced to do, I desire that he now express his own knowledge of this business." Then Argyle, called on to speak, said: "That he thought it incumbent to clear himself, and would do it if the Committee would appoint him. The Earl of Argyle, by his oath unrequired, declared that [he had never] heard of such a matter, and would make it good that [the person] who would say that he was the man who spoke of deposing the King, or of his knowledge of these bonds, was a liar and a base . . . ." The last word of Argyle's speech is in the manuscript illegible, as are also some others which have been guessed at in the places indicated. Argyle having thus given his denial, Montrose named Lord Lindsay as his informant as to one part of the matter, and John Stewart, of Ladywell, as to the other — that, namely, of deposing the King. He said, also, that Stewart's statements had been made in the presence of gentlemen whom he named; and he referred to the Earls of Mar and Cassilis as having knowledge in regard to the Dictatorship proposed for Argyle. The proceedings against Montrose and the other "plotters," Napier, Stirling of

Keir, and Stewart of Blackhall, are given in full in Mr. Mark Napier's Memoirs of Montrose: but we must curtail and be brief here.

John Stewart of Ladywell, called by Montrose to testify, appeared on the last day of May, and subscribed a paper containing all that Montrose had affirmed in his name: whereupon Argyle broke out into a passion, "and, with great oaths, denied the whole and every point thereof; whereat many wondered." "My Lord," said Stewart, "I heard you speak these words in Athole, in presence of a great many people, whereof you are in good memory." John Stewart, after this testimony, was imprisoned; and of the dealings with him then, the minister of Stirling, Reverend Henry Guthrie, who attended him on the scaffold, has given an account. The result of these dealings in prison was, that Stewart wrote a letter to Argyle, and made a formal statement, recanting in part. He said now, that he had been desired by the Earls of Montrose and Athole to inquire into certain matters relating to Argyle; the imposing of bonds; deposing of the King; setting up of a Dictator. He said, also, that his instructions were given him with a "caveat by Montrose that I should rather keep me within bounds than exceed." Argyle's speech at the Ford of Lyon, he now said, "was general of all Kings," and that he, Stewart, applied it to the "present" one; and that he had forged other speeches "out of malice to his Lordship." Though Stewart now denied having named the Earl of Argyle as the person who had been proposed for Dictator, yet his admissions, qualified as they were, substantially confirmed the statements of Montrose in other respects. Stewart also confessed, or asserted, that he, "by advice, or counsel, of Montrose, and the other plotters," had "sent a copy of those speeches" [Argyle's at the Ford of Lyon] "to the King by one Captain Walter

Stewart." Whereupon the Committee "set watches to attend that Captain's return:" not in vain it appears; for "Walter was happily rancontered upon Friday betwixt Cokburn's Path and Haddington by one was sent expressly to meet him, and conveyed to Balmerino's lodgings at nine o'clock at night, where I" [if not a Mr. Hope, then a Mr. Anonymous] "was the first man came in after him, about some other business with my Lord. After he [Walter] denied he had any more papers than were in his cloth bag, there was a leather bag found in the pannel of his saddle; wherein was a letter from the King to Montrose:" and also certain wonderful papers, which we will call the A B C papers. The Committee, Lord Balmerino at the head of it, "had many strange businesses in hand here this last week," which was the first week in June, 1641. "The Plot," to minds full of fear and suspicion, began to be very horrible: but we must give entire that letter from the King: —

MONTROSE:

I conceive that nothing can conduce more to a firm and solid peace, and to giving full contentment and satisfaction to my people, than that I should be present at the ensuing session of Parliament. This being the reason of my journey, and having a perfect intention to satisfy my people in their religion and just liberties, I do expect from them that retribution of thankfulness, as becomes grateful and devoteful subjects: which being a business wherein, not only my service, but likewise the good of the whole Kingdom, is so much concerned, I cannot but expect that your particular endeavours will be herein concurring. In confidence of which I rest your assured friend,

CHARLES R.

WHITEHALL, 22d May, 1641.

Of this letter, written apparently in reply to that one sent by Montrose of which we have given extracts, the Committee could make little treason; but the A B C papers were fruitful enough. These contained enigmatical letters and names, of which Walter Stewart gave, or attempted to give, explanations. A B C meant Montrose, Napier, Stirling of Keir, and Stewart of Blackhall; the Serpent meant Hamilton; Genero, specially Montrose; Dromedary, Argyle; L, the King; and so on, with many more. These papers, Walter Stewart said, contained the instructions given him by Montrose and his fellow-plotters; but they and all others implicated denied all knowledge of them. Walter Stewart, according to his cousin, the Earl of Traquair, "a fool or half-witted body," probably made them to assist his own memory, and did not himself know their meaning, giving at different times different accounts of them; but they served as groundwork of horrible suspicions to the unwise, and the enemies of Montrose found them useful. On the 11th of June, "the Plotters" — Montrose, Lord Napier, Sir George Stirling of Keir, and Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall — were sent prisoners to the Castle of Edinburgh; and on the 21st of the month Montrose was examined in the castle "by a few;" and the next day he was summoned before the Committee of Estates. But the Earl of Sutherland, the Committee's messenger to him, returned with only a letter, in which the prisoner respectfully declined to appear; giving for reason, that, as the charge against him "seemed to be that of conspiring against the public weal," "I did conceive, in my humble opinion with all respect, the more public my trial were, the further should it tend to the satisfaction and contentment thereof; that, as the scandal was notorious and national, so likewise should the expiation be, one way or another."

But on the morrow the constable of the castle received orders to deliver Montrose to the city authorities; and he was brought down to the committee-room under guard of four hundred men; but when there he refused to answer the questions put to him, referring always to his letter of the preceding day, in which he had demanded a public trial. The Committee therefore declared him "disobedient and contumacious," and sent him back to the castle. Stirling of Keir, summoned to answer, also refused, and was pronounced "contumacious;" but the old Lord Napier, a man of much experience in public life, was more prudent and politic. His own account of the matter, found in the charter chest of the Napiers, is in all respects trustworthy; and, instead of other accounts less trustworthy, we will give parts of that in evidence. On the 23d of June he appeared, and gave, he says, "negative answers" to much, "without discourse," and so "avoided contumacy." "Then I was desired to look on Walter Stewart's notes in a long small piece of paper, and was demanded if I had seen them? I said, no. Then they were read, and I was posed what was meant by *&c.*, *&c.*, and the *Elephant*, and *Dromedary*, and the *Serpent in the bosom*? I said I knew nothing of these hieroglyphics; that they were Walter's own notes. But then I was demanded if I knew the purpose was expressed under these notes? I said I knew not what they meant. They told me then that the *Elephant* was my Lord Hamilton, who was [also] the *Serpent in the bosom*, and that he had strange ambitious designs. I answered that there was never any such purpose among us; for I was resolved to answer to all that was demanded, and not as in my depositions, with a no; as indeed I knew not what they meant. Then I was asked if we three did not take an oath of secrecy before we went to the castle?

I answered we never took one oath or other. Then they read in the paper of one *Signior Puritano*. I demanded who that was: they told me it was my Lord Seaforth: whereupon I fell a laughing and said he was slandered; and they fell in a great laughter." And so they went on, asking about the Earl of Wigton, the Earl of Traquair, and the dissolving of the army: to all the wise and innocent old Lord gave answer, till they concluded. "Then I was removed, and a long consultation was had concerning me. At length I was called in, and there in great pomp of words, and with large commendations of me in the course of my life, this sentence was pronounced; that the Committee had ordained me to have free liberty and to repair to my own house to do my lawful business; and an act read whereby I was obliged to answer them when they should call for me. To which I replied that I knew that sentence proceeded from their favour to me; but truly in very deed it was no favour, but the doubling of a disgrace, first to send me to the castle as a traitor to God and my country, in the view of all the people; and then, by way of favour, to let me go; which, if I did accept, was a certain, though a tacit, confession of guiltiness. It was answered that it was not only out of favour, but out of consideration that I was less guilty than the rest. To which I said that I knew that I was as guilty as any of the rest; and they knew nothing which they did not impart to me, and had not my approbation. At which they all cried out that I was much deceived. Then I was earnestly desired not to contemn the Committee's sentence, but to accept of it. To which I said that the Commitee might command me to hazard my life, and means, to do them service; but this was my honour, which I esteemed dearer than either of the other two: for if my releasement were

not got by means of my innocency, after trial, and not by favour, I could not avoid imputation: all the world would think I had taken a way apart from Montrose and Keir, and deponed something to their prejudice, which procured this special favour to myself; and therefore entreated them not to put a double indignity on me, whom they esteemed less guilty, when as yet they had put only a single on them. Whereupon I was removed, and there followed me my Lord Yester, Old Durie, and Archibald Campbell; who for two hours I think, plied me with arguments to accept and obey the Committee's pleasure. Not being able to persuade me, the Committee gave warrant to receive me in again to the Castle, to be advised for a night. So I retired: and two or three of them followed me to the door, and by the cloak stayed me there; but all in vain." The enemies of Montrose had got in this brave old man, well known in Scotland, one prisoner of whom they would willingly have relieved themselves; but, as he could not be tempted to desert his friends, he was included in the libel then issued against them. This libel, bearing date June 24, 1641, drawn up by Archibald Johnston of Warriston, fills thirty-three folio pages in the Memorials of Montrose, and is one of the curiosities of legal literature. In reading it, however, or in attempting to read it, cheerful thoughts arise: two hundred years have certainly brought to us some improvement in this kind; and we can therefore hope that in two hundred years more mankind, long suffering, may arrive within hailing distance of satisfaction. Montrose made written answer to this libel, giving a complete vindication of himself in all respects save one, for he still alluded to "the particular and indirect practisings of a few," and these few were therefore determined to crush him if possible. At the close of this answer he says that

certain parties had long had designs against him, and, that two or three years before these proceedings they had said, "that my sword should be taken from my side before two months passed."

Soon after this libel was framed, John Stewart of Ladywell, convicted of "false speeches by him against the Earl of Argyle" was beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh: he, who, while in prison, recanted his first assertions, in hope thereby to save his head, now at last, when such hope was lost, canted back and reaffirmed them.

The Parliament of this year 1641 met on the 15th of July, Lord Burleigh being President of it; and, on the 27th, Montrose was admitted to a hearing. Being now before a tribunal which he acknowledged to be competent, the Earl with quiet dignity awaited the commands of his peers. "At first entry, after low *curtacie*, the President demanded my Lord what he had to say." My Lord answered: "I have no further than what I have already humbly represented by my supplication; and am in all humility to expect your Lordship's pleasure in what I shall be commanded." Removed and recalled three several times, he made each time substantially the same reply as at first. At last, however, being urged, he spoke more at large, but to the same effect; concluding thus: "My resolution is to carry along with me fidelity and honor to the grave; and therefore heartily wish that I may be put to all that is possible to question me upon; and either shall I give your Lordships all full and humble content, or otherwise not only not deprecate, but petition all the most condign censure that your Lordships shall think suitable to so much demerit." According to the parliamentary record: "He offered himself ready to answer and desired no continuance: and desired extracts of the depositions and papers whereupon his summons was founded."

At some time in this summer of 1641, the Committee sent Lord Sinclair, with a troop of horse, to search in the private repositories of Montrose for evidence of misdeeds and misintents: his lodgings in the Canongate, Edinburgh, his house of Old Montrose, his Castles of Kincardine and Mugdok, were all searched. According to the Scotch historian Spalding, Lord Sinclair and his troop broke down gates and doors, and "demolished his stately house of Mugdok." But Sinclair "found nothing therein relating to public affairs;" only, instead thereof, he found some "letters from ladies to him in his younger years flowered with Arcadian compliments." Sinful enough, said some members of the Kirk. Besides these letters, the searchers "took to Edinburgh with them the Earl's secretary, called *Lamby*, to try what he knew;" which, as we hear nothing of his disclosures, was certainly not any thing treasonable. They took also, it appears, one other paper; according to Baillie, "a paper written by Montrose's own hand, after the burning of the Band, full of vain humanities, magnifying to the skies his own courses, and debasing to hell his opposites;" probably not quite so bad as that, however. Montrose's own account of it, given on his examination on the 5th of August, is, that the paper was "written by James Graham, his Lordship's servant;" that "it was corrected with his Lordship's hand;" "but it was his Lordship's own private thoughts, not to come without the bounds of his own charter chest" — a paper relating to the Cumbernauld Bond, contents now unknown; but his Lordship told the Committee "he did avow the paper." More interesting to us than these papers, is the fact that his Lordship continued constant to old servants. *Lamby*, his secretary, carried by Lord Sinclair to Edinburgh, was, years before, his tutor at college — Master John Lambye, who

kept good cash accounts, and had no inkling of their final uses. James Graham, his servant at this time, was long ago his "domestic servitor;" and we may expect to meet Master William Forrett again when we meet the Earl's boys.

At this same examination in August, Montrose, "being interrogated whether his Lordship had written any letters to his Majesty the time he was in Berwick, declares, to his memory, he did write none; but that in the time of the Parliament, or Assembly, his Lordship did write one or two; and after that time, to his Lordship's memory, did write none till the army was at Newcastle; at which time his Lordship did write one letter; neither does his Lordship remember particularly the tenor of any of those letters."

On Saturday, August 14th, King Charles arrived at Holyrood House; and, on the 17th, held the Parliament in person; Hamilton bearing the crown, and Argyle the sceptre. On the 21st, Montrose petitioned for consideration of his case; and, soon after, the prisoners petitioned jointly "to be released on caution;" but by a plurality of voices it was decided to give "no answer untill all public business was ended." On the 28th, however, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall, were called before the Parliament: and of this hearing we have Napier's own account; too long, however, for insertion here. "How soon we came in at the outer door, his Majesty took off his hat and we approached. The President bade us go up on the stage appointed for delinquents." But instead of a hearing, the delinquents were informed that none could be had before the 8th of September. Napier desired leave to speak; his request, denied at first, was granted at last. At the conclusion of the speech "His Majesty," he says,

"nodded to me, and seemed to be well pleased. So we took our leave."

Sir Patrick Weems, at this time attendant on the King, writes, under date September 25th, 1641: "His Majesty has engaged his royal promise to Montrose not to leave the Kingdom till he come to his trial: for, if he leave him, all the world will not save his life." Sir Patrick is probably right in this; and the real fact is, that the leading Covenanters were bargaining with the King, and would consent to no trial or release of the prisoners till the negotiation came to a conclusion satisfactory to them. The poor King, with few to aid him, had little chance of a conclusion satisfactory to himself; and an enigmatical occurrence of the time, — a horrible plot, or rumor of a plot, — called in Scottish history the *Incident*, made his case still more hopeless. This Incident, founded, as now appears, almost, if not altogether, on fear and suspicion, found ready believers at the time of it, and became, in after times, the occasion of a groundless calumny against Montrose. We will therefore give some account of it; such account as we can.

King Charles, then in Edinburgh, was very unwelcome to some, at least, of the leading Covenanters, who knew that Montrose had urged his coming; while they, for that reason and other reasons, had done their utmost to prevent it. The Plotters, as they were called, — friends of the King and opponents of Argyle, — were in the castle, held prisoners by the Covenanters; and Montrose, the chief of them, had, as was well known, intended to bring charges in the Parliament, then sitting, against Hamilton and Argyle — charges which were not without foundation. Argyle, "a timorous man," was guilty towards the King; Hamilton was guilty at least of double-dealing with him;

and these men, intimate friends at this time, were guilty too towards Montrose, who, as they well knew, had been calumniated. This man, of high spirit, would be likely to avenge his own wrongs, and the King's, and they stood in fear of him even while he lay shut close in his prison-house.

But we must not omit to speak of William Murray, one of the strangest figures of that time. "Little Will Murray," son of the Minister of Dysart in Fife, nephew of the Reverend Robert Murray of Methven, was a gentleman of the King's bedchamber. "Being much in the King's confidence, he was employed by him in many secret negotiations;" "a creature of Hamilton's," too, it is said, and intimate with the leaders of the Covenanters. According to Bishop Burnet, "this man had one particular quality, that when he was drunk, which was pretty often, he was upon a most exact reserve, though he was pretty open at all other times." Will Murray, "deep in all the plots," was, I think, false to all parties; and in this time, at Edinburgh, he was very busy. Through him there was some correspondence by letters between the King and Montrose, probably by connivance of leading Covenanters; for after the fact was disclosed to them by Murray, they got him appointed Agent of the Kirk at London.

At this time fears and suspicions were rife in Edinburgh, and suddenly, one day in October, Earl Argyle, Marquis Hamilton, and his brother Earl Lanerick, fled in haste to Kinneil, a house of Hamilton's not far from Edinburgh; and rumors ran through the city of a plot to assassinate these noblemen. Baillie says: "These horrible designs breaking out, all the city was in a flought; Hamilton, Argyle, and Lanerick fled to Kinneil; and many noblemen caused watch their houses." "The King

complained much of the vile slanders which Hamilton's needless flight and fear had brought on him," and "he urged a present trial in the face of Parliament for the more clearing of his innocence." But this was rejected "as very unmeet," and "a committee was appointed for a more accurate trial in private than could be had in public." There were inquiries by committees, and otherwise, in relation to this affair; but Montrose was in no way implicated; and the Earl of Lanerick, who wrote an account of "the Incident," does not even mention Montrose in it. All that appears in history connecting him with this plot for assassination, if any such plot there was, is, as Mr. Mark Napier shows, without foundation in fact or probability.

This visit of the King to his Scottish people was full of trouble; for there came, in the latter days of this October, news of that horrible massacre of Protestants in Ireland by Roman Catholics, and the King had to announce it in Parliament on the 28th of that month. The people, hearing the frightful story, called to mind that Queen Henrietta, herself a Romanist, had much influence over her husband; and the poor King, who had real sins and short-comings enough of his own to answer for, was suspected of worse than his own. He had therefore great difficulties in his way. Timid and suspicious men are always cunning too; and Argyle, and others of his kind, made the incident and massacre subservient to their own purposes. Baillie, who could look behind the scenes, says that at this time "a committee was appointed which, in two or three nights, did agree all things privately with the King, mostly according to Argyle's mind;" and soon the result appeared in public. The "Plotters," Montrose and his three friends, were liberated without the trial

they had so long demanded, "but on caution that henceforth they carry themselves soberly and discreetly." They were, also, to hold themselves in readiness to appear, when cited, before a committee; but the time of action for the committee was limited to the 1st of the next March. An act, passed in the King's name, says: "Taking in good part the respect and thankfulness of this Parliament in remitting to me those who are cited as incendiaries and others, I will not employ any of these persons in offices, or places of Court or State, without consent of Parliament, nor grant them access to my person." The King, furthermore, agreed not to appoint his Privy Council, Officers of State, or Lords of Session, without the advice or consent of Parliament. General Alexander Leslie was raised to the peerage: Lord of Balgony and Earl of Leven, he, little, old, and crooked, would thereupon hold his head higher if he could. The Earl of Argyle, now made Marquis, would, it was hoped, try a little to serve the King; who had forgotten what the old father said long ago. Lord Amond, Lieutenant General under Leslie, became Earl of Callender; and Lord Lindsay Earl of Crawford. Others, of less note, got promotion too; and one of the ministers of the Kirk, Alexander Henderson, "Chief Apostle of the Covenant," got the gift of the revenue of the chapel royal; and he, having a man's heart in him, deserved it; but Mr. Henderson was somewhat out of favor with the other leaders of the cause at this time. Baillie, writing of him, says: "Some expressions in his sermons before the King, and his familiarity with Will Murray, who was thought to be deep in all the plots, made him somewhat less haunted by our nobility than before."

The weak King, having thus rewarded his opponents and

disabled his friends, went sorrowful away to deal with other coils; and Montrose, after an imprisonment of five months, from the 11th of June to the 17th of November, 1641, came forth into open air, and went to his own home; not in very good health, I think; for he said afterwards that he was "very unwell" this winter in Angus, which, as the reader may be reminded, is only another name for Forfarshire. Sick in body, he was doubtless ill at ease in mind too. The proud Earl, accused of treason against country and Kirk, accused even in that voluminous libel of "staining his Majesty's honor and reputation," and of perjury, had been denied the public trial which he asked for so often; and he felt himself to be deeply wronged — wronged by these accusations, wronged still more that he had been debarred from a public refutation of them. His friends, too, signers of the Cumbernauld Bond, and others, had deserted him in his time of peril; and now, as was his wont when deeply moved, he gave expression to his feelings in verse: —

> "Then break, afflicted heart,
> And live not in these days
> When all prove merchants of their faith,
> None trusts what other says."

These lines are part of that little poem "On the Faithlessness of the Times," and they serve to show that, amid many personal wrongs, his saddest lament was that men in whom he trusted had proved faithless. But this afflicted heart was not one to lie down under its load; and in these days, probably, he wrote his letter "On Sovereign Power," full of considerations forced on him by the events of the time. This letter is addressed to "A Friend," name now unknown; and, like other writings, treating of public matters, appearing in the name of Montrose, was the joint

work of himself and his best friend, Lord Napier. It is worth reading even now, in this heyday of Democracy: will the impatient reader look at bits of it?

"Civil societies, so pleasing to Almighty God, cannot subsist without government; nor government without a sovereign power to force obedience to laws and just commands; to dispose and direct private endeavours to public ends; and to unite and incorporate the several members into one body politic; that with joint endeavours and abilities they may the better advance the public good. This sovereignty is a power over the people; above which power there is none upon Earth: whose acts cannot be rescinded by any other; instituted by God for his glory and the temporal and eternal happiness of men. This it is that is recorded so oft by the wisdom of ancient times to be sacred and inviolable; the truest image and representation of the power of Almighty God upon Earth; not to be bounded, disputed, meddled with at all by subjects, who can never handle it, though never so warily, but it is thereby wounded, and the public peace disturbed; yet it is limited by the laws of God and Nature, and some laws of nations; and by the fundamental laws of the country, which are those upon which sovereign power itself resteth: in prejudice of which a King can do nothing; and those, also, which secure to the good subject his honor, his life, and the property of his goods." Then, after showing what are "the essential points of sovereignty," he goes on to show that there is a sovereign power in Republics, as well as in Monarchies: ending this section of his subject thus: "If then the Lords in Republics have that power essential to sovereignty, by what reason can it be denied to a Prince in whose person only and primitively, resteth the sovereign power; and from

whom all lawful subaltern power, as from the fountain, is derived?" He shows next what makes sovereign power strong, and what weak: "This power is strong and durable when it is temperate, and it is temperate when it is possessed with moderation and limitations" as aforesaid. "It is weak when it is restrained" in its "essential parts; and it is weak also when it is extended beyond the laws whereby it is bounded; which could never be endured by the people of the western part of the world, and by those of Scotland as little as any."

"The most fierce, insatiable, and insupportable tyranny in the world" is, he says, the tyranny of subjects "where every man of power oppresseth his neighbour," and there is no "hope of redress from a Prince despoiled of his power to punish oppressors." "In a politic consideration the King and his people are not two, but one body politic, whereof the King is the head: and so far are they from contrariety and opposite motions, that there is nothing good or ill for the one, which is not just so for the other." Montrose concludes, after the manner of good preachers, with a practical application; an application of his general remarks to the then existing state of affairs in Scotland.

The democratic reader, who has grown very impatient of all this, will do well to bear in mind that this Letter on Sovereign Power was written two hundred years ago; and that fashions of thought, like other fashions, change from time to time. He should also call to mind that it was written by one born to an Earldom. "My House," said the Marquis of Huntly, "has risen by the Kings of Scotland: it has ever stood for them, and with them shall fall."

Montrose in these winter months of 1641–2, the weather being then "very stormy and tempestuous" in Angus, had

time enough for reflection on the course and tendency of affairs in Scotland; which had certainly changed much since he, at that convention in November, 1637, first took part in the popular movement. At that time the Kirk of Scotland was in real danger. The King, urged by Archbishop Laud, and incited too by his own desire to be master of Scotland, had attacked the Kirk, and was imposing on it the forms and ceremonies of Episcopacy; and the people, long vexed by fears, rose in defence of it. Then the Covenant was formed, and "men and women, with one uplifted hand, swore it." The Earl of Montrose, a son of the Kirk and a born leader of the people, joined heart and hand in defence of "religion and just liberties." But this defensive attitude, as was indeed almost inevitable, soon changed itself. A man, threatened with attack, takes at first an attitude of defence; but when action begins he becomes, by the very nature of the case, aggressive; and if the contest continue he becomes, too often, destructive. If this be true of the individual man, who has a head of his own, and therefore some power of self-government and guidance, how much more is it true of a mass of men moving together, who, as mass, have no head, and therefore no self-guidance, or little. And now let the reader note when it was that Montrose paused in his onward course, and became conservative: it was in the fall of the year 1639, when the Covenanters had become, not only aggressive, but destructive. The Kirk, at its General Assembly in August of that year, declared "Episcopacy unlawful and contrary to God's word," and in the Parliament which held its sessions in the next month, the prerogatives of the King were attacked. Then, in that Parliament, "Montrose argued somewhat against these motions:" raising his voice for a King from whom he now, in February, 1642, received the following letter: —

MONTROSE:

As I think fit in respect of your sufferings for me by these lines to acknowledge it to you, so I think it unfit to mention by writ any particulars, but to refer you to the faithful relation of this honest bearer Mungo Murray; being confident that the same generosity, which has made you hazard so much as you have done for my service, will at this time induce you to testify your affection for me as there shall be occasion; assuring you that for what you have already done I shall ever remain your most assured friend, CHARLES R.

WINDSOR, January 27, 1642.

For one thing Montrose was certainly waiting in these winter months, — for the action of that Committee appointed by Parliament, before which he and the other "plotters" were to appear when summoned: but no summons came; and the time of action for the Committee expiring by limitation on the 1st of March, he, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall, made, on the last day of February, a rather indignant Protest. This paper sets forth that the Earl of Montrose had been allowed only one day to prepare an answer to the voluminous libel, so that it was "answered by us in two or three sheets at the most:" and, furthermore, that they had not been summoned to final answer and trial. The protest concludes thus: "We, therefore, James, Earl of Montrose, Archibald Lord Napier, and the Lairds of Keir and Blackhall, in respect of the premises, and our diligent carriages to give all satisfaction to the most Honorable the Estates of Parliament, and to your Lordships from them, to the end that no wrinkle, or least shadow of blemish, remain upon us in this behalf, do hereby protest that we are free and exonered of all suspicion of delay

that may be thought cast in by us why the process intentit against us hath not taken, or may not take, a full end: and that we are, and may be holden, in the same terms and conditions as before our charge; or as any of our quality or equals, within this Kingdom in all regards whatsoever."

Early in May of this year, when the Earl was probably at Old Montrose or some other of his houses, another letter came to him from the King; which was, I suppose, some consolation to him in these evil days.

MONTROSE:

I know I need no arguments to induce you to my service. Duty and loyalty are sufficient to a man of so much honour as I know you to be: yet as I think this of you, so I will have you to believe of me, that I would not invite you to share of my hard fortune, if I intended you not to be a plentiful partaker of my good. The bearer will acquaint you of my designs; whom I have commanded to follow your directions in the pursuit of them. I will say no more, but that I am your assured friend,

CHARLES R.

YORK, 7th May, 1642.

What these designs were, or what directions Montrose gave to the bearer of this letter, no one now knows; but we do know that at this time, when some of his personal and political friends appeared in public speaking a word for the King, he did not appear among them; thinking, perhaps, that their action might have more effect without the countenance of one so obnoxious as himself. In the latter days of that month of May, 1642, his friends made a petition to the King's Privy Council, which, though not

signed by him, had probably his consent and approval. Drafted by Lord Napier, and presented by Stirling of Keir, the petition sets forth that his Majesty's honor and lawful authority have of late "suffered detriment and diminution;" and that there is reason to believe further diminution of them is intended. Its prayer is, that this state of things may be taken into consideration, and some vigorous resolution adopted to establish and maintain his Majesty's authority: and the subscribers give assurance of their willingness and desire to coöperate towards that end. This petition was "rejected with disdain;" for his Majesty's Privy Council, appointed by advice and consent of Parliament, had ceased to be altogether his Majesty's. The signers of this petition, banders, or parties to the Cumbernauld Bond some of them, and others loyally disposed, having at this time assembled in Edinburgh, there arose rumor of plots; of a plot to assassinate Argyle: "but," says Baillie, "the Marquis of Hamilton's and Argyle's intimate familiarity, kept down the malcontents from any rising." Very intimate these two men certainly were at this time; busy making a "contract of marriage betwixt the Marquis of Hamilton on the part of his eldest daughter, the Lady Ann; and the Marquis of Argyle on the part of his eldest son, the Lord Lorn, when they should be of age." The marriage portion and the yearly jointure were agreed on, and "the penalty to him who resiled."

Many men in Scotland were at this time inclining towards the King; among others, Alexander Henderson, "Chief Apostle of the Covenant," was under suspicion; and in the General Assembly held at St. Andrews, the Earl of Dunfermline, King's commissioner, being present, he made an explanatory and apologetic speech: but we will let our

friend Baillie report it. The time is July 29, 1642. "Mr. A. Henderson made a long and passionate apology for his actions; that the nomination of William Murray to be agent for the Kirk till the next Assembly, was by the commissioners, and not by him; that the man had done many good offices, and none evil, to the Church; that he had refused to serve any longer in that place." Furthermore, "that what himself (Henderson) had gotten from the King, for his attendance in a painful charge, was no pension; that he had touched, as yet, none of it; that he was vexed with injurious calumnies. After the venting of his stomach, to all our much compassion, the gracious man was eased in his mind, and more cheerful." Soon after good Mr. Henderson eased his mind in this way, little Will Murray, who, as I think, cannot be called good, came into Scotland, bringing letters: one of them, addressed to the Earl of Montrose, was of tenor as follows: —

MONTROSE:

I send Will Murray to Scotland to inform my friends of the state of my affairs, and to require both their advice and assistance. You are one whom I have found most faithful, and in whom I repose greatest trust: therefore I address him chiefly to you. You may credit him in what he shall say, both in relation to my business and your own; and you must be content with words until I be able to act. I will say no more, but that I am your loving friend, CHARLES R.

This letter is dated 27th August, 1642, at Nottingham, where the royal standard had just then been raised; for the quarrel in England had come to open war.

Letters from the King, such as we have seen, and King's

messengers, whatever they may have said, failed in exciting Montrose to action at this time. As Scottish Earl, he was loath, I think, to raise war within his country's borders against her Church. At this time, indeed, he could not well act at all: not for the King under Hamilton, who was his Majesty's prime minister for Scottish affairs; nor for his country, so long as Argyle was prime manager for the Covenanters. Hamilton was a double-dealer always. Sir Philip Warwick, who knew him personally, and was not unfriendly to him, says: "I must concur in the general opinion that naturally he loved to gain his point rather by some serpentine winding than by a direct path;" and, furthermore, "whether he brought water or oil was to most men doubtful." But Montrose, for one, had now no doubt: he, as we remember, began long ago to "look more narrow to his walking," and he held him now to be "the prime fomenter of these misunderstandings betwixt the King and his people." Argyle, for whom Montrose "had always a great contempt," was not what we can properly call the head, or leader, of the Covenanters; but he was their manager. No one need pretend he can understand this man; looking at him with hope of seeing into him to any extent, is like trying to look into muddy water; you cannot see an inch below the surface. We will call him a cross-eyed Presbyterian Jesuit; for there are Jesuits in all religious sects, or in most. When this man came, in his turn, to the scaffold and the axe, he made (they say) a decent exit, having no doubt of his own salvation. Baillie, a friend to the man, speaks of his cunning ways; how, when commissioners were to be appointed to go to London, and certain men were desirous of the appointment, "Argyle, in his cunning way, got them on the committee of nominations," where they could

not nominate themselves. The popular movement, called the cause of the Covenant, managed by this cunning man, had now got far beyond its original cause and intent, when "men and women with one uplifted hand swore it." These men, Hamilton and Argyle, managers, one of them for the Covenanters, the other for the King, were at this time, as we have seen, on terms of intimacy with each other; and Montrose, sorrowful and indignant, could find for himself as Scottish Earl no fair field of action for King or country.

One looks into these Scottish troubles now, when two centuries lie between us and them, with never-ceasing wonder: it seems so plain to us how a real King, one faithful, fearless, commanding, could have dealt with this coil, and put an end to it, and given peace to Scotland instead of war. But let us bear in mind always, that we have the whole thing beneath us, and can therefore overlook it and judge it; while Montrose, on the contrary, was in the thick of it, its issues all hidden from him, and had, for self-guidance through its perplexities, only his instincts as man and Scotchman.

We, with our advantages of time and place, can see that Charles the First, who stood in the highest place in Scotland by hereditary right, stood there by no other right: his word was not the word of a King. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, said: "The promises of Princes are no further to be urged upon them for performance than it stands to their conveniency;" and from Mary downward the Stuarts held the same doctrine. Want of truthfulness is want of insight; and these Stuarts were a doomed race — doomed to dishonor; and Charles the First, not by any means the worst of them, was doomed to death on the scaffold for the sin of his race. He was not a bold, bad man; he was only

a weak one, placed where the strongest would have had to gird himself to his task; and we, reading of the coil he was in, have to pity him. If we pity this King now, how much more did Montrose pity, who knew little of him, but much of the bad Scotchmen who deceived and abused him! and in the many months, from June, 1641, to February, 1643, the Earl was ill at ease in his retirement from active life. But we know little of him in his private life at any time; and of this time of quiet we know nothing, or next to nothing. He was in the winter months of 1641–2 in Angus, where the weather was very stormy, and himself very unwell; and in the next fall he was at his castle of Kincardine in Perthshire, writing there, in October, to a "Graham of Craigo" about affairs at Old Montrose which did not go right. This Graham, residing, I think, in the parish of Craig, on the south side of the entrance to the Montrose basin, was near to the old homestead, and could therefore conveniently attend to matters there. After this little act, we can hear of no other till the second month of the new year, when the Earl frightened our friend Baillie; who, according to his wont, tells of it. Writing under date of February 18, 1643, the candid but not impartial man says: "Our heart-burnings increase, and with them our dangers; so much the more as Montrose, Ogilvy, and Aboyne, who this long while have been very quiet, are on a sudden to the King; for what we cannot tell." Another writer says that Montrose, on his way, arriving at Newcastle, "receives news that the Queen, being newly arrived out of Holland, was landed at Burlington in Yorkshire. Thither he makes haste, and relates unto the Queen all things in order." But the Queen was not in good order for listening; being, probably, all in a flutter. Land-

ing, a few days before, from a Dutch ship laden with munitions of war, which she had got by selling or pledging the crown jewels in Holland, she had hardly housed herself at Brellington (now Burlington) before Vice-Admiral Batten, with ships of the Parliament sailing into the bay, cannonaded the town; and balls came smashing through the roof that covered a Queen; who, thereupon, fled in haste into the fields. According to the old historian Spalding, she went "in night waly-cot, bairfut and bair-leg, with her maidis of honour; quhairof one throw plane feir went straight mad, being one nobleman of England's dochter:" but "by providence of the Almighty she escapes, and all her company, except the foresaid maid of honour, and goes to ane den which the cannon could not hurt; and on bair fields she rested, instead of stately lodgings cled with curious tapestrie." Such are the horrors of war; and the frightened Queen, not in a state to listen to good counsel, gave no decided answer to Montrose. Going forward with her to York, he found there Hamilton, who had just arrived from Scotland. The Queen gave audience to both of them; but their reports of affairs in Scotland, and their counsels, being widely different, she referred the matter to his Majesty, the King. At Oxford, whither they all went, his Majesty listened to both noblemen: half pleased with the bold counsels of Montrose, he yet, by long habit of weakly following the lead of Hamilton, yielded to him again; and the serpentine windings continued. His Majesty, in whom was a doubt or two, raised this Marquis of Hamilton soon after to a Dukedom, by patent dated Oxford, April 12, 1643; thus making sure of his good services.

Baillie, writing soon after this time, says: "Hamilton, Montrose, Angus, Montgomery, Ogilvy, and others, have

returned from York, where we heard they were not well agreed. There was in hands among them a deputation for Scotland, whereby Hamilton should have been Lieutenant for the King, Callender his General, and Baillie his Lieutenant, and Montrose General of Horse: but that Montrose absolutely refused to join in any service with Hamilton, who, he avowed, had ever been, and would ever be, untrusty. These tales came out from both sides:" and they are probably true; certainly true in part, for Montrose held Hamilton to be traitor to King and country. True in the whole, or not, they probably induced the Covenanters to make overtures to Montrose; or to repeat offers made to him before. Baillie, writing at a time earlier than this, says: "Argyle and our nobles, especially since Hamilton's falling off, would have been content for the country to have dispensed with that man's by-past misdemeanours: but private ends mislead many." Private ends mislead many; and, among the many, the Earl of Montrose; as Baillie did verily believe: but let us remark two things here: Baillie says "Argyle and our nobles," not Argyle and our *other* nobles: and he says also that Hamilton had fallen off from the Covenanters; expressions which serve to show that the charges which Montrose made against these men — against Hamilton of being traitor, and against Argyle of aiming at dictatorship in Scotland — were not without foundation.

The offers made to Montrose by "Argyle and our nobles" at this time, which was late in the spring of 1643, were, the post of Lieutenant-General under Leslie, "and whatever else he could desire and they bestow:" but to these rather large offers he gave, it seems, no very positive answer; which indicates that the Earl had learned the need of prudence.

Rumors of these offers reached the King, probably; certainly they came to the Queen; for she, in a letter to Montrose, dated May 31, evidently alludes to them in this sentence: "I have been given to understand that you have struck up an alliance with certain persons that might create an apprehension in my mind." In this letter, written, like all her other letters to Montrose, in her native French, the Queen speaks of his generosity, of her esteem for him, and of her trust in him; and is altogether gracious. He however, instead of being in alliance with certain persons among the Covenanters, was, at the date of that letter, on his way to the north of Scotland to form an alliance with friends of the King — the Marquis of Huntly and the Earls of Airlie and Marischal. But this attempt to organize a party for the King in the north came to nothing; and Montrose returned to the south, where he met the Reverend Alexander Henderson; who, as we remember, was one of the three ministers who were his companions on a trip to Aberdeen some time ago, when the Covenant was young, and when Montrose added a clause to it, to reconcile loyalty to the Kirk to loyalty to the King — loyalties which had come more and more into conflict; till at last he, the Earl of Montrose, had to make choice between them; for service to both was no longer possible. "When the diet of the Convention drew near," says Bishop Guthrie, "they despatched Mr. Henderson to wait on the Earl of Montrose for solving of his doubts; who, being advertised by Sir James Rollo of Mr. Henderson's coming the length of Stirling for that end, did meet him at Stirling bridge: they conferred together by the waterside for the space of two hours, and parted fairly, without any accommodation:" and Baillie says there was "a conference between him [Montrose] and A. Henderson at

Stirling: albeit the fruit of this conference is no ways so great as was expected. The man is said to be very double; which in so proud a spirit is strange." A conference this, of which we would like to know more; but the accounts of it are meagre. With Montrose came his friends Lord Napier, Lord Ogilvy, and Sir George Stirling of Keir; and with Henderson there came Sir James Rollo, of whom we heard some time ago: he, the Knight of Duncruib, wedded the Lady Dorothea Graham; who died, as we remember; and thereupon he wedded the Lady Mary Campbell, sister to the Earl of Argyle. The man had therefore brothers-in-law who were somewhat unlike. It is said, that when the Covenanters proposed a conference to Montrose, he named Henderson as the man he would like to meet; which is very probable. Alexander Henderson was the ablest and best of the ministers of the Kirk; a really able and honest man; a man of threescore years, with long visage; forehead high and full; eyes deep-set, and hair and beard coarse; the face all wrinkled, the skin of it drawn into deep folds. He had put on the harness of the Kirk in his youth, and had been at hard strain in it long; he had grown into it, and could not put it off now if he would: but he had a large human heart in him, and in his conferences with King Charles, from one of which at Oxford he had just then returned, he had been moved to pity the weak but not ill-meaning King. Appointed to solve the doubts of Montrose, he had himself, at this time, need of some solution of his own. Two hours, by the water-side, this wrinkled man stood in conference with the young and unwrinkled Earl of Montrose. Born into Presbyterianism, the Earl had grown up in it; always he would do it reasonable service, but he would never be its slave. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland

was young compared with the Monarchy of Scotland; and in the death-struggle of the two, James Graham, Earl of Montrose, would respond to the call of his name and place. His House, like that of the Marquis of Huntly, had risen by the Kings of Scotland; and with them it should stand, or with them should fall. Wishart's account of this conference with Henderson is, that the main object of Montrose in it was to learn what were the real purposes and projects of the Covenanters; and that therefore, after he had heard the propositions of Henderson in regard to himself, he asked to be informed as to the future course of the Covenanters. Learning that the course would be onward, and that an army would be raised to assist "our brethren of England" in their struggle with the King, he thereupon asked what powers Henderson and Rollo had to treat with him; and, finding that they did not agree as to the powers with which they had been clothed, he, without giving any positive answer to their propositions, put an end to the conference, and went, with his friends, to the house of Sir George Stirling of Keir.

So, in the month of June, 1643, ended the connection of James, Earl of Montrose, with his covenanting countrymen. He remained indeed some months longer in Scotland; but he was inactive, taking no part in public affairs — waiting there for the highest bidder, some have said, who had little knowledge of the man. On him, as on other men, considerations of the kind called worldly were not without effect; but no such considerations could induce him to follow the lead of Archibald, Marquis of Argyle; or of James, Duke of Hamilton.

CHAPTER V.

A ROYALIST GETTING UNDER WAY.

WHILE Montrose was inactive there at his home, events of importance were taking place in Scotland. The Covenanters, or the leaders of them, had requested the King to call a Parliament; and, on his refusal to do it, they summoned, in his name, a Convention of Estates to provide for the maintenance of the public peace; or ostensibly for that; and such Convention had power to raise moneys and levy forces.

In August of this year 1643, there came to Edinburgh the Earl of Rutland, Sir William Armyne, Sir Harry Vane, and others, Commissioners from the English Parliament, for the purpose of combining forces against the King. Baillie says: "The English were for a Civil League; we for a religious Covenant;" marking, by that little sentence, a difference, which in the end was fruitful of trouble; for the Scotch, in fact, were for the establishment of Presbyterianism throughout the realm, while the English were not altogether for that. In these conferences and negotiations, Sir Harry Vane was very busy. "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane," said Oliver Cromwell in Old England; and in New England they said, substantially, the same thing of him. Sir Harry was very busy at this time in Edinburgh; he and Mr. Henderson were busy; and a Solemn League and Covenant was formed; rather vague in the Presbyterian part of it, but, on the whole, answering well enough the present purpose. After this instrument was

signed by English non-conformists, it came back to Edinburg; and the Convention there, acting in concert with the General Assembly of the Kirk, decreed that all Scotchmen should sign and swear it, under penalty of confiscation of estates. Presbyterianism is to many the best of the *isms*, and no one need account it the worst; but its doings, in these years, were not altogether lovely: it was in fact striving to make itself dominant over all other sects, and was ready to trample down all that stood in its way. Oliver Cromwell, as we remember, had, at last, to put his strong hand on it, and stay it, and keep it in its place; where alone it could work beneficently. This Solemn League and Covenant with our brethren in England was one important event of the time; and another, consequent indeed upon that, was the raising of an army to assist them in their struggle with the King. The Scotch troops were recalled from Ireland; levies were made at home; and with one hundred thousand pounds sterling received from the English Parliament there were means enough. While these events were in progress the King's prime minister for Scotland was very quiet. Baillie makes this report of him: "Hamilton is yet somewhat ambiguous; suspected of all, loved of none; but it is like he will be quiet:" and Hamilton's brother, Earl Lanerick, at this time King's Secretary of State for Scotland, put the privy seal to the proclamation for this army, which was soon to march.

These events were certainly of great interest to the Earl of Montrose: indignant, and unable to remain longer inactive, he, in the autumn of 1643, posted away to the King with the news; assuring his Majesty that Hamilton had now shown himself to be the traitor he had long ago believed him to be. His Majesty, who had no insight, lis-

tened, doubtful; for the serpentine windings were fascinating still. Soon, however, the truth became only too plain; for the Earl of Leven got his army under way and came marching towards the Borders; and the brothers, Hamilton and Lanerick, deceivers or deceived, came in haste to Oxford to tell what Sir Philip Warwick calls "a fair though lamentable tale." The King, waking a little now, ordered a Court of Inquiry; and Scotch noblemen, Montrose, Kinnoul, Nithsdale, Aboyne, Ogilvy, gave their testimony in relation to affairs in Scotland, and the doings of these brothers there. The wondering and sorrowful King broke away at last from his favorite, and sent him prisoner to Pendennis Castle, where the serpentine man had time to consider his ways: after long pondering, the man doubted, I think, whether he had been traitor or not. The Earl of Lanerick, placed under arrest, escaped and fled to London, where he found a friend in our old acquaintance Baillie, who, at the time, was there with the Scotch Commissioners: the Reverend man, writing to his friend, had no suspicion that his careless words would outlive his studied sermons; and therefore these words and other words of his are of value: "when he [Lanerick] comes to Scotland he will tell many tales: since he came here he has my chamber and bed."

Hamilton being now discredited, the King could listen with acceptance to Montrose; who proposed to keep the Scots out of England by making work for them at home. The plan of operations was this: the Marquis of Huntly, with his Gordons and other Royalists, to make head against the Covenanters in the north of Scotland; the Earl of Antrim to raise troops in Ireland and land them on the west coast; arms and ammunition to be got in Denmark, and landed at some convenient port in the north; and

Montrose, supplied with money and soldiers, with munitions of war, from the King's army in the north of England, was to march across the borders into Scotland. Rousing the Royalists on his way, he would join the Earl of Antrim's Irish, and with commission as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of Scotland, try what a man with ample means at command could do for the King there. Scottish nobles, Earls Hartfell, Nithsdale, Annandale, Morton, Roxburgh, Traquair, and others, loyal or professing loyalty, and some of them then present at Oxford, promised aid: if they and the King would make good their promises all would go well. At the suggestion of Montrose one change was made — a change in appearance only. These Scottish nobles had been long without a master; much longer than was good for themselves or for their countrymen; and we remember, that the Covenanters, some time ago, "were feared that emulation among our nobles might have done harm when they should be met in the field;" and that Alexander Leslie, old, little, crooked, with humble ways, was of great use in preventing it. Montrose, apprehensive of such emulation (if that is the right word) among loyal nobles, indeed seeing symptoms of it, and knowing that he was himself wanting in some of Leslie's qualities, proposed a change. The King's nephew, Prince Maurice, therefore got the commission of Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General; and Montrose, instead of that, got one under the Prince, as Lieutenant-General; which it was hoped would help the matter a little. In the month of March, 1644, this Lieutenant-General, with Lords Crawford, Nithsdale, Reay, Ogilvy, Aboyne, and some troops bound for the Marquis of Newcastle's camp, set forward to gather an army in the north of England. On arrival at York, Montrose sent Colonel

Cochrane to the Marquis, then at Durham, to ask, according to the King's instructions, for men, money, arms, and ammunition. He got for answer that the Marquis had none of these things to spare: but this, he says, writing to Sir Robert Spottiswood, "shall be no matter of discouragement to withhold us from doing our best." Going forward then himself to Durham, he, in a personal interview with Newcastle, urged his claims; but with small result. The Scots, under old Leven, now quartered within five miles of the royal army, outnumbered it, and the Marquis needed all the force he had, and more. The King's Lieutenant-General for Scotland got, therefore, only "an escort of ill-conditioned and ill-appointed horse, with two small brass field-pieces." While these were getting under way there was some prospect of a battle. The Marquis, marching from Durham, "drew up at a place called Hilton, near Bowdenhill, on the north side of the Wear, two and a half miles from Sunderland;" old Leven, with his Scots, being east of him, on a hill towards the sea. On Sunday, 24th of March, there was cannonading and skirmishing; and again on Monday; but it came to nothing more; for Newcastle fell back in haste to his former quarters. Major John Erskine, called afterwards to "depone" before the Scotch Committee of Estates, said: "that the Earl of Montrose, Nithsdale, Aboyne, and Ogilvy, were at Bowdenhill; and that he heard the said four lords allege that the Marquis of Newcastle and General King were slow; and that, to his best knowledge, they were inciters and stirrers up of the Marquis of Newcastle and General King to fight against the Scots army at Bowdenhill."

Soon after this, Montrose, with his small troop of horse and some militia gathered in the north of England, crossed the borders and marched forward to Dumfries. There he

received a message from friends at Stirling, inviting him to come and take possession of that city; which, as the message said, would surrender at his summons; and with it came "a well known token" from his niece, Margaret Napier, the wife of Sir George Stirling of Keir. But his English militia, now far enough from home, began to desert; and the Earl of Callender, whom he had counted as a friend, was now, as he learned, gathering forces to oppose him; while none from any quarter came to aid. Montrose, therefore, fell back, and crossed the borders to Carlisle; while Callender, with troops of the Covenant, took possession of Dumfries.

Foiled in this his first attempt to enter Scotland, our Lieutenant-General was, nevertheless, according to his wont when in the field, active: there in the north of England with Leven's army of Scots south of him, and Callender's north, he, though obliged to be watchful, managed to do a stroke or two of work; for the Earl of Callender was rather slow to hinder. Sir William Armyne and other English Commissioners then at Sunderland, apprehensive of trouble, wrote to Callender under date of May 8, 1644: "My Lord: we are still desirous to take all opportunities to acquaint you with the state of affairs in these parts. The Earl of Montrose, and the rest of those that lately made an inroad into Scotland, are now returned into these parts, with what forces they could get, or bring along with them; and have joined themselves with Colonel Clavering's horse and the forces of [the town of] Newcastle; with intent to fall upon Morpeth, where some well-affected gentlemen of Northumberland have gathered together some considerable force, with a purpose to raise more for the defence of themselves and the country; and we greatly apprehend they may be interrupted in

it" — as indeed they were very decidedly. Montrose, now Marquis by patent dated Oxford, May 6, did, within few days after date of the above letter, set out from Newcastle, with a part of the garrison there added to his own troops, and, at daybreak the next morning, assaulted the Castle of Morpeth, in which there were five hundred men with artillery.

Montrose, after a struggle of two hours, was repulsed with loss; but when night came he threw up earth-works for cover all around it, and getting artillery from Newcastle, he after some days brought it to capitulation. He then reduced a small fortress at the mouth of the Tyne; and according to Baillie, did other work. He, writing from London in June, says: "The delay of Callender's incoming so long, has given time to the Marquis of Montrose to make havoc of the northern counties, which will make the siege of Newcastle the harder;" for indeed the Marquis got much corn, which the Scots needed, and sent it to the Royalists. Summoned from this work by Prince Rupert, who, in prospect of battle, needed all the strength he could get, Montrose hastened to join him; but arrived too late; meeting the Prince as he came from the battle-field of Marston Moor, where the headlong man, after partial victory, had got total defeat. One of the things that Lord Ogilvy, despatched afterwards by Montrose, should show to the King was this: "That till we were called away by the Prince [Rupert] by two peremptory orders from off the Borders, Callender did not come in; nor could he, so long as we stayed. And how, when we came to the Prince, his occasions forced him to make use of the forces we brought along with us, and would not suffer him to supply us with others; so that we were left altogether abandoned, and could not so much as

find quartering for our own person in those counties." * In a letter to Sir Robert Spottiswood, dated Preston, 15th July, 1644, Montrose gives some brief account of other matters. "The Marquis of Huntly was once very strong; as I am certainly informed about five thousand horse and foot; but business was unhappily carried; and they all disbanded as misfortunately as heretofore, without stroke stricken;" and "Traquair is coying upon the borders; but takes no notice of me, nor none of the King's party; and, as I am certainly informed, has petitioned for his peace; and his son [Lord Linton] has undertaken a regiment with the rebels." And furthermore, it appears that the Earls of Hartfell, Annandale, Morton, Roxburgh, Nithsdale, who promised so fair at Oxford, "have done all that in them lay to discountenance the service, and all who were engaged in it." No arms or ammunition had come, or were like to come, from Denmark; nor had the Earl of Antrim landed yet any Irishmen on the west coast of Scotland; and the King's Lieutenant-General, who complained when he was General for the Covenanters, that he could get nothing done of himself alone, had at this time, certainly, opportunity to try what he could do in that way; for of help elsewhere there was none.

After Montrose had been left destitute by Prince Rupert, he, with Lords Ogilvy and Aboyne and the few personal friends who adhered to them, retired to Carlisle. After much consideration of ways and means, the attempt to enter Scotland was abandoned as hopeless; and, joining themselves to a troop of Royalists under Lieutenant-Colonel Huddlestone, they marched south, about the 12th of August, bound for Oxford. On the 2d day of the march

* See "Montrose's instructions to Ogilvy" in Memorials of Montrose, vol. ii. 145.

Montrose quietly disappeared from the troop; leaving with Ogilvy, to whom alone he confided his purpose, written instructions about certain matters to be represented to his Majesty. Ogilvy and Huddlestone were attacked, defeated, and made prisoners, near the River Ribble, in Lancashire, by a party of Parliament-men; and the said instructions, containing information of use to the Covenanters then, and to us now, came into the hands of Lord Fairfax, who sent them to the Scotch General Leven. We have already given an extract from these instructions, and we must weave in a few sentences from them here to show how matters stood with Montrose, and what his prospects were at this time. Ogilvy should show his Majesty that if any part of the promises made at Oxford had been fulfilled "we could easily have done the business;" indeed, that if we had not been deceived by false information at Dumfries, we could have done much without the promised aid. Furthermore, Ogilvy should inform his Majesty that the course we have taken now, "though very desperate for ourselves," is the best that remains to us for his service; and he should then hint to his Majesty that "if the conveniency of his affairs could suffer it," "a very little supply of force" would be of great use to us; but therein, my Lord Ogilvy, "you are to carry yourself according as you shall find the condition of affairs when you come there and press it less or more." His Majesty should then "be solicited particularly for Prince Maurice's repair to Scotland," "and all means" should "be used to that effect." Finally, my Lord Ogilvy, "whatever shall befall, your Lordship is to make all possible haste and dispatch, and stay for nothing; but be sure within a month, or five weeks at furthest, to fall in to Scotland, with what force, less or more, you can; direct two or three confidential persons

before you, severally, lest some be intercepted, that may give us notice how all has gone and what we have to expect, that we may put ourselves in some frame to be all aloft at once, against your return. MONTROSE."

These "instructions," a kind of memoranda written on three separate pieces of paper, never came to the ear of King Charles; which, considering the "conveniency of his affairs," did not matter much to the writer of them; but it was a very serious matter to him that the bearer of them, Lord Ogilvy, a faithful friend, with other loyal nobles, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Reay, Lord Maxwell, were placed in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, and kept there long. Among the men taken prisoners with Lord Ogilvy let us note one other — a Harry or Henry Graham — because he was brother to the Marquis of Montrose; a brother of the kind called *natural;* he seems to have been much attached to the Marquis, and we shall find these brothers by and by in the same boat, going into exile together.

CHAPTER VI.

A ROYALIST VICTORIOUS FOR A TWELVEMONTH.

His Majesty's Lieutenant-General for Scotland, who disappeared in the north of England after he gave those instructions to Ogilvy, entered then on a course "very desperate" for himself indeed, but the only one that remained for him in his Majesty's service. Two other men disappeared at the same time — Colonel Sibbald and Major Rollo, or *Rollock*, as some spell it. This Major, lame of one leg, had been "Captain of General King's life-guard

of horse," and his brother, Rollo of Duncruib, wedded the Lady Dorothea Graham. Colonel Sibbald is the same man who, as Covenanter, was placed by Montrose in charge of the "bonnie House of Airlie," before Argyle "slighted" it. These men, Sibbald and Rollo, mounted and accoutred like old Leven's troopers, were, soon after the middle of August, in Cumberland, riding towards the borders: a solitary Scotchman, walking on a road there, took little notice of these troopers as they passed him, but was startled at sight of their groom, who followed riding a sorry nag, and leading a better; he thought he had seen that rider before. The Scotchman was right; he saw a gentleman in the disguise of a groom — a rather remarkable sight in a world where we see too often only the reverse of that. In fact this man, pretending to be a groom, was the Marquis of Montrose, and the Scotchman recognized him by his "singular grace in riding." These troopers, with their groom, after entering Scotland, kept along, I suppose, on the eastern side of the Highlands, till they arrived, on the 24th of August, at "the house of Tulliebelton, near the Tay, between Perth and Dunkeld." This house belonged to Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie; who, if we remember aright, was one of the curators, or guardians, of Montrose long ago. Sending his companions, Sibbald and Rollo, to notify Lord Napier and other friends of his whereabout, and to get information about matters and things of interest to him, Montrose awaited their return; at night in the hills, or in the wood of Methven, sleeping as hunters sleep; and by day concealed in a small cottage near the house of Tulliebelton.

The report of these messengers, who returned soon, was not encouraging; for the cause of the King was at low ebb then. The Committee of Estates visited all who

dared to speak or move for him with fines and imprisonment; and the Kirk censured and excommunicated them. Indeed the King himself, guided by Hamilton, had rewarded and encouraged his enemies, and paralyzed his friends; till Scotland, though professing loyalty still, had no kindly word for its futile King; and no hand for him, save the bold one of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose; whose desperate adventure had at this time not a very cheerful look in it. Patrick Gordon of Ruthven tells a story; how, when the Marquis was in the woods of Methven, he "became transported with sadness, grief, and pity," seeing no help any where on earth: but "while he was in this thought, lifting up his eyes he beholds a man coming the way of St. Johnstone's (Perth) with a fiery cross in his hand. Hastily stepping towards him, he inquired what the matter meant. The messenger told him that Coll Mac Gillespeck — for so was Alexander Macdonald called by the Highlanders — was entered Athole with a great army of the Irish, and threatened to burn the whole country if they did not rise with him against the Covenant; and he [the messenger] was sent to advertize St. Johnstone, that all the country might be raised to resist him." This is probably true in part; for Alexander, or Allester, Macdonald was indeed coming from the west with his Scotto-Irish; and a letter from him addressed to Montrose came to Patrick Graham at Tulliebelton; he, probably, having been named to Allester as a means of communication. An answer was sent appointing a rendezvous at Blair in Athole; and the royal Lieutenant-General met the Irish there before the end of August.

This Blair of Athole is the fittest place in Scotland for a central point of operations of the kind that Montrose, with his small means, had then in view. The castle there,

belonging to the Earls of Athole, was then seven stories high, with turrets, and stood on a high level space enclosed on three sides by watercourses. South of this castle the River Garry flows along eastward; west of it the Bruar comes rushing down from the mountains, and east of it the Tilt; both of them flowing southward into the Garry. North of the castle lies the great forest of Athole, on the southern slopes of the Grampian range; and over this range is a pass, or pathway, along by the Tilt, into the forests of Mar and Badenoch, which lie north of its summits. This Blair-Athole is strong for defence; and in case of need, places for retreat are near. Robertsons and Stewarts, with Grahams intermingled, were near it southerly; they, and the Atholmen generally, were loyal, or rather they were unfriendly to Argyle; which, at that time, to a great extent, was the meaning of loyalty in the Highlands. The Campbells, for many generations encroaching on other clans, were crowding eastward on Athole; and, as we remember, Argyle, not long before this time, had seized the Earl of Athole at the Ford of Lyon and sent him prisoner to Edinburgh. This castle of Blair-Athole therefore, with its strong natural defences, and loyal men of Athole, unfriendly to Argyle, all around it, was, certainly, the fittest place in Scotland as a central point of operations for Montrose; but when he met the Irish at that place, or near it, there was, I suppose, disappointment on both sides. They expected to see the royal Lieutenant at the head of an army: they now saw the Lieutenant indeed; but instead of army only one man with him, Patrick Graham younger of Inchbrakie; a very dark-complexioned man, known in the country round about as Black Pate; and Montrose, on his part, saw, instead of the thousands promised by the Earl of Antrim, only

hundreds, about twelve. But at their head was a rather remarkable man, with a very remarkable name — Allester Mac Coll Keitache, Mac Gillespeck, Macdonald; who was the son of a man with the same name, minus the Allester and the Mac before the Coll; *Mac* meaning *son of.* These Macdonalds were formerly of Colonsay, on the western coast of Scotland; and they, father and son, indeed all the family with its followers, had been expelled from their ancient possessions by Argyle; whether rightfully or not, I cannot say. They fled to Ireland, and were there, as we are told by Carte in his Life of Ormonde, very busy in the confused fights of parties in that distracted country. This Allester had now come to Scotland as leader of these poor Irish, Scotto-Irish, and hoped, no doubt, while striking for the King, to get, also, a stroke at Argyle. But Argyle, it appears, first got stroke at him; for when Allester, arriving from Ireland, landed his ragamuffins at Ardnamurchan point, on the west coast, a party of Campbells, who had been on the lookout for him, burned his ships, leaving him no means of escape. Allester took possession of some castles near the coast, put garrisons into them, and then marched inland; arriving, as we know, in Athole towards the close of August, 1645; though we know little of the way he came, or of what he did on the way. Rumors of this inroad of foreigners preceding their march, the Atholmen gathered to defend their own homes and lands; but when the King's Lieutenant appeared and raised the royal standard, they at once joined him; doing it the more readily because this Lieutenant was the Chief of the Grahams, and well known in that region.

Now, having means at command, the question with Montrose was: What to do first? — a question that did not delay him long. The plan of operations, laid down at

Oxford some time before, had become known to the Covenanters; and in July they had heard of the landing of Irish at Ardnamurchan: the Committee of Estates, therefore, had been at work organizing for defence. Levies of men had been made north of the Grampians, and south of them, in his own wide domains, Argyle had raised his Highlanders; and, with cavalry from the Lowlands under the Earl of Lothian, was ready for action. The Committee knew too, that Montrose had disappeared, about the middle of August, from the north of England; and it had learned from his instructions to Ogilvy, which came into old Leven's hands, that he was at this time on a course "very desperate" for himself. All Covenanters were, therefore, in these latter days of August, 1644, awake and astir, expecting work. The royal Lieutenant, having now choice of opponents, chose the nearest: with his Irish and Atholmen, marching from Blair-Athole southerly, he crossed the River Tay on the 30th of August, and came down through the country of the clan Menzie, on the east side of Loch Tay, into Glen Almond. The Menzies, vassals of Argyle, summoned to join the King's standard, refused, and harassed the Royalists in the march; who, thereupon, set fire to cornfields and did other mischief. In Glen Almond a body of men appeared drawn up on a hill; men who had come out, like the Atholmen, to oppose the Irish invaders; and, like them too, they now, after some parley, joined Montrose; for, indeed, friends to him were at their head; Lord Kilpont, son of Graham Earl of Monteith, Sir John Drummond, and a Drummond, Master of Maderty, wedded to Beatrix Graham. We remember this lady as the bairn Beatrix, riding from Kincardine to Mugdok: but time brings change. The bairn had become wedded wife, and brother James, then a care-

less school boy, had now a wild host around him, and cares enough: but the call of manhood, as of boyhood, is to do the work meet for it, and the Graham would at no time be wanting. Taking counsel with his kinsman, Lord Kilpont, learning from him about the army at Perth, Montrose, leading now about three thousand men, changed his line of march towards the enemy, and encamped, at night of the last day of August, on the moor of Fowlis. Next morning the Royalists got under way early; and came, about seven o'clock, in sight of the Covenanters drawn up on the plains of Tippermuir, west of Perth, and about three miles from it. Montrose then sent the Master of Maderty to the commander of the Covenanters with a message that he bore the King's commission; had come to reëstablish the King's government in Scotland; and would like to do it without bloodshed if he could. After the messenger had gone, or at some other time that morning, Montrose stepped aside to the house of Mr. Alexander Balneaves, the minister of Tippermuir, asked for a cup of cold water, and got it from the minister's own hand. Mr. Balneaves, who had given many a cup of cold water before, and forgotten it, did not forget this one. Having had his cup of water, and arranged his line of battle, the royal Lieutenant awaited the answer to his message. But Maderty did not return with his flag of truce; and could not indeed, having been seized and sent to a prison in Perth. And now the battle was ordered. The Covenanters, about eight thousand of them, with their backs to the morning sun, presented a wide front, with cavalry on each wing, and in the centre nine pieces of artillery. Lord Elcho on the right commanded the whole; and Sir James Scott, his best officer, who had served abroad, held the left. The Earl of Tullibardine commanded the centre,

and Lord Drummond led the cavalry: a rather imposing array compared with their opponents, who were in number about three thousand — Irishmen, Atholmen, and others, without horse or cannon. According to the Rev. John Robinson, a minister of Perth, they were "naked, weaponless, ammunitionless, cannonless men;" according to Baillie, "a pack of naked runagates; not three horse among them; few with either swords or muskets:" the whole of them, such as they were, drawn up in a line only three deep, making as much extent of front as was possible. "And that day," says another reporter, "the Marquis of Montrose went on foot himself, with his target and pike; the Lord Kilpont, commanding the bowmen, and our General-Major of the Irish forces [Allester Macdonald] commanding his three regiments;" Allester being in the centre, Kilpont on the left, and Montrose, with the Atholmen, on the right. The action began by the advance of Lord Drummond's cavalry. Thereupon Kilpont's bowmen shot their arrows; the weaponless men, snatching stones from the field where there were plenty, hurled them through the air, making danger visible to horse and rider. When the cavalry fled, Montrose let loose his "runagates." Of battle there was none, or next to none; for the Covenanters hardly waited for the furious onset: but "the chase continued from eight in the morning till nine at night:" "cannon, arms, munitions, colors, drums, tents, baggage," — all fell to the victors; and, of the fugitives, two thousand or more were slain.

Depositions, taken before the Committee of Estates, give an account of the doings in Perth after the fight.* Montrose came into the city that night, with three hun-

* See Memorials of Montrose, vol. ii. pp. 152-165.

dred men, and put guards at all the gates; taking lodgings himself in Margaret Donaldson's house, where he had been often before. Many Grahams came into Perth to see their chief in his day of victory; among them came Graham of Braco, and Graham of Ochil, with Master William Forrett and two young Grahams, John and James, who had been sent for. Master Forrett, who was formerly tutor of the father at Glasgow, was now tutor of his sons, and "pedagog" still. Master Forrett made himself useful, it appears, to the Marquis, who liked, always, to have some old trustworthy friend near him. The Provost of Perth depones: "that Mr. Williame Forrett, as having commission from the Erle, commandit the Magistrats to pay fiftie pounds sterling for Allester McDonald's use; and that the Magistrats got ordours to delyver the money to Mr. Williame Forrett; and that Mr. Williame desyrit the Magistrats to delyver the same to Margareat Donaldsoun, and that he would ressave the same from hir. Conforme whereunto the Magistrats did delyver the money to the said Margareat Donaldsoun; and that Margareat Donaldsoun assured the deponer that Mr. Williame had gotten the money from hir;" and I hope that Allester himself did finally get hold of it. We note also, with some interest, that Montrose "forced sum of the inhabitants of the toun to give them great quantities of cloth to the number of four thousand merks worth;" having a mind to clothe his naked men, and make them decent if he could. In these depositions there is evidence of no other than humane conduct on the part of the Marquis, and of little other on the part of his followers; and one is rather struck with the fact, that, having had command of these wild men for a few days only, he could restrain them so, and keep good order in the conquered city. One of these deponers was the

Provost of Perth; and another the sheriff's clerk, — Covenanters both; and they, speaking before the Committee of Estates, would conceal no fact injurious to the victor, when such fact would be most welcome of all. This sheriff's clerk, however, was, as he says, "put in fear of his life." "The deponer wes forced for fear of his lyfe (being broght be David Graham of Gorthie, and three hilanders with him, to the Erle of Montroiss) to wreat ane generall protectioune for the inhabitants of the toun of Perth and lands about the same; whairinto the said Erle Montroiss caused design himself 'Marquess of Montroiss, Livetennent-Generall of the King's armies in Scotland,' and did subscryve the same." So this clerk, being driven thereto by fear of his life, wrote a protection for his fellow-citizens; and other Covenanters did little better. The Reverend George Halyburton, it appears, said grace at the Marquis's dinner table, and was afterwards called to account by the Presbytery, and "sharply censured for his conversing with Montrose during his being in Perth; also for eating and drinking with him, and saying of grace to his dinner, he being an excommunicated person; and for receiving of passes from him." Mr. George said in excuse: "that he was surprized on a sudden, and that he was urged thereto;" and was "heartily sorry that he should have given so great offence." The Presbytery, in consideration of the man's blameless walk in other respects, did nothing more than sharply censure him; but the Commission of the Kirk at Edinburgh deposed him from the ministry. These deponers and others, standing before Presbyteries and Committees, were really in fear of punishment, and were therefore very guarded in speech; in fact many of them lied more or less. The better pleased, therefore, are we with truth-telling, plain-spoken Mr. Bal-

neaves, who gave a cup of water to one who was athirst on the morning of the fight at Tippermuir. Called before the Presbytery and reproved, he told his brethren, that not one of them, if present there "about the time of the battle, durst have refused" to do any thing the Marquis had commanded, even if it had been the meanest and most debasing thing that could be imagined.

Many men went into Margaret Donaldson's house to speak with the Marquis of Montrose; and, among others, Andrew Reid went in with the magistrates. I mention Andrew specially, not because he was one of the richest men in Perth, but because he was one of the boldest. Some years after this, "when Charles 2nd was crowned at Scone, Andrew Reid advanced, toward defraying the expenses of the coronation, forty thousand merks, for which the King gave bond. After Oliver Cromwell had taken possession of Perth, Andrew Reid presented to him the King's bond, and craved payment. Cromwell replied: 'I am neither heir nor executor to Charles Stuart.' Mr. Reid presently answered, 'Then you are a vicious intromitter.' Cromwell, turning to one of his officers, said such a bold speech had never been made to him before." Bold, indeed! a *vicious intromitter* being one who, without authority, assumes the management of property belonging to another, and so becomes liable for his debts. Surely Andrew deserves remembrance in history better than many who get it.*

The Marquis, unwilling to vex the citizens of Perth, and finding it difficult, I think, to keep his troops from plunder, marched out on Wednesday, 4th of September, and encamped near the Kirk of Collace, seven miles north-

* See Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose, by Mark Napier, vol. ii. p. 437, note.

east of the city, and remained there three days, organizing his army, I suppose, distributing arms and ammunition, and doing such other things as were needful. On Friday, at "break of day, before the reveillez, there was a great tumult in the camp; the soldiers ran to their arms and fell to be wild and raging. Montrose, guessing that it was some falling out between the Highlanders and the Irish, thrust himself in among the thickest of them; there he finds a most horrible murder newly committed, for the noble Lord Kilpont lay there basely slain." Slain by Stewart of Ardvoirlich; hired to do it, and also to kill Montrose, by the Covenanters, says Wishart; which is improbable. According to other, more credible accounts, Stewart had a quarrel with Allester Macdonald; and Kilpont, in some way interfering to put an end to it, Stewart, in sudden passion, stabbed him. The Covenanters, however, did harbor and reward the man; he fled to Argyle, who gave him a military command, and got for him, from the Parliament, not only "exoneration" for the deed, but approval of it. Lord Kilpont, according to Wishart a very accomplished man, was not only of kin to Montrose, but "his dear friend," too, and he embraced "the breathless body again and again, with sighs and tears;" but he had work to do, and was soon up and doing.

At Aberdeen, where the northern levies had gathered, there was at this time an army under Lord Burleigh; and Argyle was on his way from the west to Perth, and known to be strong in horse, of which Montrose had none. He, therefore, preferred a stroke at Lord Burleigh; and, on the 7th of September, marched onward north-easterly, along the fertile Carse of Gowrie, the Sidlaw Hills on his left hand, and the Frith of Tay on his right. Encamping at night near the Law of Dundee, he next morning sum-

moned that city to surrender: getting a positive negative, and unwilling to lose time in assault, he continued his march northerly to Forfar, and thence to Brechin. Graham of Braco, who, as we remember, came into Perth with Master Forrett and two of Montrose's sons, and, as it appears, came on with the army so far as Brechin, now departed, taking with him one of the boys, and going, probably, to Kinnaird Castle, or to Old Montrose; which are within six miles of Brechin. Graham of Braco, in his deposition before the Committee, says: "I came off from the Earl [Montrose] without good night;" wishing the Committee to infer that he was not very polite to the *rebel Earl*, as they all call him in these depositions, the Committee not being disposed to recognize the King's Marquis. The eldest son, John, continued with the army, where he would be safer than he could have been elsewhere in Scotland at that time; and Master William Forrett continued, too, for a time, till the marches became too long for him.

On the way from Perth to Aberdeen Montrose had been joined by the Ogilvies and their retainers, some twenty of them, all mounted; with their chief, the old Earl of Airlie, and his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvy, at their head; gentlemen all of them, or the most of them; and therefore, according to Oliver Cromwell, better in a fight than common troopers. Colonel Nathaniel Gordon came in, too, with thirty horsemen from the north; and so, with the nine field pieces, and other implements of war, got at Tippermuir, the army was better appointed now than then, — better appointed and better drilled, but smaller in number, — for many of the Highlanders after battle went with the spoils of it to their homes in the hills. With this little army, not over two thousand in all, Montrose moved northward through his native Forfarshire, into

Kincardineshire, and onward towards the city of Aberdeen; but he avoided the bridge of Dee, remembering his battle for it some time ago, when he led the blue bonnets. Crossing the Dee, therefore, some fifteen miles higher up, at Crathes, he led his men down on the northern side of it towards another battle-field. Ripening harvest-fields along that river's banks fell scant to the reaper; not merely because armed men trampled them down, but because they gathered the grain; each man of them placing a rip of oats on his bonnet; their leader himself doing the like, for he still had his "whimsies."

On Thursday, 12th of September, this army, with a rip of oats for its badge, halted within two miles of the city; and its General sent in a letter addressed "to the Provost, Baillies, Council, and Burgh of Aberdeen:" —

Being here for the maintenance of Religion and Liberty, and his Majesty's just authority and service, these are in his Majesty's name to require you, that, immediately upon the sight thereof, you render and give up your town in the behalf of his Majesty: otherwise that all old persons, women and children, do come out and retire themselves, and that those who stay expect no quarter. I am, as you [may] deserve.

MONTROSE.

To this letter the Provost and Baillies returned a rather long, but respectful, answer; bearing in mind, I suppose, that its writer had been kind to them formerly when he came as Covenanter; but they asked to be excused in regard to giving up the town; and subscribed themselves, "Your Lordship's as ye love us." The flag of truce, however, was fired on by some soldiers as it came out of town, and the drummer, who accompanied it, killed.

Whereupon, says the old Scottish historian Spalding, Montrose "grew mad, and became furious and impatient;" or, in more correct speech, he was angry, as he had good cause to be; and forthwith he ordered his soldiers for battle. The Irish, under their leader Allester Macdonald, had the centre; Colonel Nathaniel Gordon had command on the right; and Sir William Rollo (lame of one leg) on the left. The nine pieces of artillery were ready for work somewhere; the cavalry, what there was of it, divided itself, a part on either wing; and to help out the deficiency of it, fleet footmen, bowmen or musketeers, were interspersed with the horse. The Covenanters, under Lord Burleigh, three thousand foot and six hundred horse, or thereabout, came out; and the armies met near the town, "between the crabstane and the Justice-Milns." There was then firing of cannon on both sides; snatching at "cottages and garden walls, lying between the combatants;" struggle for a height on the left wing of the Royalists; charges of cavalry, the Royalists changing their small squads from wing to wing as there was need: finally, there was, as at Tippermuir, a furious charge of Irish and Highlanders, which ended the fight. The victors stormed into Aberdeen, and were for a time unmerciful, doubtless, as Spalding says they were; but for brief time only. On the 14th of September, next day after the battle, Montrose drew his troops out of town to Kintore, ten miles up the Don; and wrote thence to his Majesty a letter, not now to be found any where, but carried to Oxford, certainly, by Sir William Rollo.

"For my Lord Marquis of Argyle," says the Reverend John Robertson of Perth, "we knew not if he were come from the Highlands or not; and so it proved; for the first friends we saw was on the eleventh day after the dismal

fight," at Tippermuir. And Baillie says: "Argyle, after he had learned the way whither the miscreants had run, followed, as armed men might; which was four or five days behind them." Certainly he followed slowly, arriving at Aberdeen four days after the Royalists left it; he published there a Proclamation, by the Committee of Estates, dated Edinburgh, 12th of September, setting forth that "James, Earl of Montrose, having casten off all feare of God," "hes now joyned himself with ane Band of Irish Rebels and Masse-Priests," and is seeking to establish "Poperie," and "threatening all such as refuse the same with present death and unheard-of cruelties:" "And the Committee do hereby declare, in the name of this Kingdom, that whoever will take and apprehend the said Earl of Montrose and exhibit him alive before the Parliament, or their Committee; or, if he shall happen to be slain in the taking, shall exhibit his head, that every such person shall not only be pardoned for their bygone concurrence in this rebellion, and all other crimes formerly committed by them, not being treasonable, bot, also, they shall have the summe of twenty thousand pounds Scot, delivered to them in present and ready payment." Such were the terms of war which the Covenanters proposed to the King's Lieutenant; who, on his part, made proclamation and Declaration. His Declaration made public, or intended to be made public, is to this effect; that he was in arms for the defence and maintenance of the Protestant Religion; his Majesty's just authority; the Laws and Privileges of Parliaments; the peace and freedom of the oppressed and thralled subjects. He says further: "Knew I not perfectly his Majesty's intention to be such and so real as is already exprest, I should never at all have embarked myself in this service:" and he adds, that, if he should see

the least appearance of his Majesty's change from such intentions, he would no longer continue in his Majesty's service. All of which is true to a much greater extent than is common in public Declarations.

Montrose, unable to cope with the army now approaching, which numbered about three thousand foot and half as many horse, marched westward along the Don to Kildrummie Castle. Halting there, he remained a while, awaiting the return of Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, whom he had sent to Huntly's Castles, Strathbogie, and the Bog of Gight, to rouse the clan Gordon, and call them to his standard. But the Gordons, at this time under the influence of Argyle, would not move for the King; indeed two of Huntly's sons, Lord George Gordon and Lord Lewis, were in Argyle's army; and Colonel Gordon's report on his return was discouraging. Thereupon, the royal Lieutenant, burying his cannon in a morass, and divesting his little army of all hinderances to rapid motion, started on that career of marches to and fro which filled all Scotland with wonder and terror. Baillie, in his letters, says: "You heard what followed [the battle of Aberdeen]; of that strange coursing thrice round about from Spey to Athole, wherein Argyle's and Lothian's soldiers were tired out; the country harassed by both [parties], and no less by friends than foes, did nothing for its own defence;" and this strange coursing we are now briefly to indicate.

From Kildrummie the royal Lieutenant continued his course westward to the Castle of Rothiemurchus, on the eastern banks of the Spey, intending to cross there; but the Grants, Frazers, and others, men of Moray, in arms on the opposite side of the river, had seized all the boats. Turning northward, therefore, he marched along its course into the forest of Abernethy, and within twenty miles of

the Bog of Gight, (now Gordon Castle,) which stands near the sea at the mouths of the Spey. At this castle Argyle was then reviewing his forces — too many in number for Montrose to attack. He, therefore, returned up the Spey to Rothiemurchus; and thence, southerly, he went into Badenoch, where he fell sick. "For certain days he was very sick," says Wishart; who says, furthermore: "He recovered in a short space; and, as if he had risen from the dead, he frightened his enemies much more than he had done before." When on his feet again, he led his Irish across the Grampian range, and came down (through Glen Tilt I suppose) to Blair-Athole; halting there on the 4th of October. Since he left that place, on the last of August, the days number thirty-five; and in that short time he had done a good spell of work. Baillie thought the case desperate for him now. Speculating on the probabilities, he said: "Montrose, with two thousand to three thousand of most desperate and cruel villians, came back on the hills so far as Athole; whether he was to break down into Argyle[shire], and so on fisher-boats to fly to Ireland, or to keep the hills till he came to Campsie, and then fall on Glasgow, and then break through to England, as most do fear, we do not yet hear." Our friend Baillie was at the time in London, where he, doubtless, received from friends at home frightful accounts of Montrose and his "Irish rebels, and Masse-Priests," at war with our Kirk. He adds: "If we get not the life of these worms chirted out before they creep out of our land, the reproach will stick on us forever." They did not fly to Ireland on fisher-boats, nor break through to England; and when the life was at last chirted out of them, Baillie's brethren were not without reproach for their manner of doing it.

At Blair-Athole Montrose rested a while; but not in

idleness. The prisoners, brought along from Aberdeen, were lodged in the castle; in which a garrison was placed under command of John Robertson of Inver. Arrangements were made to collect and store provisions there for the use of the army; and Allester Macdonald, with a detachment of Irish, was sent to relieve the garrisons he had placed in the castles of Mingarry and Langhaline in Ardnamurchin when he landed there; and also to recruit for the royal Lieutenant.

But Argyle was slowly following on the track of the Royalists, and, as soon as Montrose had completed his arrangements at Blair-Athole he again set his army in motion. Coming down eastward through the famous pass of Killiecrankie, where the Garry, high hills piled on each side of it, frets along its dark and rocky channel, he led his travel-soiled Irish into the Lowlands, while the army in pursuit was, with its masses of cavalry, entangled in the Grampians. West of Perth he turned north-eastward again, and held his way along the level lands; but near the hills I guess, till, on the 17th of October, he came to the Dee, and crossed it at the Mills of Drum, a dozen miles, or so, from Aberdeen. Changing his course then to the north-west, he came soon to the house of Grant of Monymusk, and had the pleasure, a rare one to him in those days, of dining with a lady. Spalding says: "Montrose upon Saturday, the 19th of October, dined in Monymusk with the lady, the laird being absent; and, upon fair conditions, he spared him at this time" — meaning that he spared the lands of the laird. According to Spalding, the leader of the Irish did not spare all lands in his way; but that he was much more merciful in this respect than Argyle, leader of Scots, is shown beyond doubt. Continuing his march, north-westward, over rising ground,

he came, the day after leaving Monymusk, to the region where rivers run northward to the sea; and going down the valley of the Bogie, he came, on the 21st of October, to Castle Huntly, or, as it was then called, Castle Strathbogie, about forty miles north-west of Aberdeen.

Meanwhile, Argyle, following on, came over the Grampians into Athole, soon after the Royalists left it; and, keeping still on their track, he arrived at Aberdeen on the 24th of October. Joined there by fourteen troops of horse under the Earl Mareschal, he marched, on the next day, to Kintore and Inverary, and on northward to Strathbogie, where he came near getting stroke on Montrose, without notice, who had become too careless of lagging pursuers, I suppose. Short of ammunition, and cut off from the Highlands by an army strong in horse, Montrose, by rapid march eastward, got into the heights around Fyvie Castle, and stood at bay there. Twice, on two successive days, Argyle, with greatly superior force, stormed up the hills, and had to come down again. Montrose, by bold dash into Argyle's ranks, got powder; from the castle he got pewter vessels, and from its roof lead for balls; and in every way did his utmost. On the third day the Covenanters, finding the business hopeless, retired across the River Ythan; and the Royalists, on the last day of October, marched, unmolested, back to their former quarters at Strathbogie. Argyle then tried other means to get advantage of his active opponent, offering free passes and protections to all who would leave the royal standard; and, Montrose proposing another march along by the Spey into Athole, some of his Cavaliers, not inclined to do that thing again, left him. Lord Duplin, — afterwards Earl of Kinnoul, — Sir John Hay of Dalgatty, Sir John Drummond, Colonel Sibbald, and others, went their ways. Colo-

nel Nathaniel Gordon went too; but with the purpose, probably, of doing Montrose good service among the Gordons. The Ogilvies, Sir Thomas and Sir David, and their father, the old Earl of Airlie, remained; they were friends to the King surely; but more surely still they were enemies to Argyle, who burned their "bonnie house of Airlie" — the first act of that kind in this civil war.

Montrose had now for companions to himself few or none, except these Ogilvies, and one other Cavalier, the Lord Graham, who, aged fourteen, was under care of Master William Forrett: with these he started from Strathbogie on the 6th of November, and led his Irish, or Scotto-Irish, to the Spey again, and then southward and upward along its eastern banks. But Argyle no longer followed, having had enough of such marching before: the country there, difficult for an army always, is doubly so in winter, which was then approaching. The Covenanters, therefore, turned back through the Lowlands; intending, I suppose, to protect that part of the country by heading the enemy, if he attempted to come down out of Athole. With this purpose, Argyle, when he came into Perthshire, posted his footmen at Dunkeld, at the entrance to the Highlands, half way between the city of Perth and Blair-Athole; while the horse, under the Earl of Lothian, went into quarters at Perth, or near it. Montrose, learning of this position of his opponents, came, by forced marches, across the Grampians towards Dunkeld, hoping to strike a blow there; but Argyle did not wait for it: flying with his army in haste to the Lowlands, he and Lothian went to Edinburgh soon after and laid down their commissions, being inclined to rest a little after fruitless labors. "You heard," said Baillie, "of that strange coursing, thrice round about from Spey to Athol, whereby Argyle's and Lothian's soldiers were tired out."

At Blair-Athole, Allester Macdonald came in from the west with his recruits; among them five hundred of the Clan-Ranald, a branch of the Macdonalds, under their Captain, John of Moidart. Red-shanks, from many quarters, came in to Montrose; from Glengarry, Glennevis, Glencoe; from Braemar, in the north-east, came the Farquharsons; from Appin, in the south-west, on the shores of Loch Linnhe, came the Stewarts; wild men, from many quarters, came to fight for the King, and not the less willingly that Argyle and his Campbells were fighting against him. Taylor, the water-poet, describes these wild Highlanders: "In former times were those people which were called Red-Shanks. Their habite is shooes with but one sole a-piece: stockings (which they call short hose) made of warme stuffe of divers colours, which they call tartane. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuffe that their hose is of; their garters being bands or wreathes of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer, or lighter, stuffe than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads; a handkercheife knit with two knots about their necke; and thus are they attyred."* The naked truth is, that these Red-shanks were bare from the thighs downward to the knee, or below it, and the legs, by constant exposure, were very red. "Their weapons appear to have been the large sword, the battle-axe, the spear, the bow and arrow, and the dirk." A French writer says of these wild men, "*Ils se disent Chrétiens, mais toute leur religion est fort ténébreuse, et ils ne craignent ni Dieu ni Diable :*" which is in part true, and I rather like them, and hold them to be a refreshing variety

* Quoted in the Highlands of Scotland, by William F. Skene. London, 1837.

of human kind. There are right good things among them; for instance, subordination without degradation; the meanest clansmen, meeting his chief, can clasp hands with him, though the chief, on cause shown, can cleave skulls without sanction of judge or jury.

Montrose, having given his Irish some days of rest, and marshalled his host at Blair-Athole, the question at a council of war was: What to do next? He himself proposed, according to Wishart, a descent to the Lowland; but the clansmen were all eager for a foray into the territories of Argyle: Allester Macdonald was eager for it; the Ogilvies were eager; nor was Montrose, as I can well believe, himself unwilling; for such move would be a politic one. A hundred years, and more, the Earls of Argyle had been at work getting ascendency in the Highlands, and extending their possessions; doing the work fairly and unfairly.* The Macdonalds, once Lords of the Isles, and holding large possessions on the main land, had, after long struggle, been obliged to yield Isla and the peninsula of Kintire; and that clan, once strongest and proudest of all, had dwindled to a secondary one. The Macleans of Dowart, and others of that name, dwellers on the main and in the Isles, had been despoiled and dispossessed by the Campbells. The smaller clans, too, many of them, had been forced into vassalage to Argyle, giving him bonds of manrent, or service. A stroke at Argyle, therefore, if successful, would free many from this bondage to him, and bring them to the standard of his opponent. All, therefore, then gathered together at Blair-Athole, were eager for this foray into the home of the Campbells; and Montrose drew out his many-colored host for the march over

* History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland, by Donald Gregory. Edinburgh, 1836.

snow-covered mountains into the far south-west. Little time was needed for preparation; of baggage there was none, or next to none; and of tents none; for the Highlander, wrapping himself in his long plaid, sleeps on the ground without other covering; only the naked legs, may be, look a little cold to one not used to the sight. The way into Argyleshire is difficult to find; or was, two hundred years ago; and difficult when found; but a guide was at hand in Angus Mac Ailen Duibh, a native of Glencoe, who said he knew it all in and out; and proved himself as good as his word. All things being ready, the word then was, March! When the army came to Loch Tay, Master William Forrett took leave of his friend the Marquis, and of the Marquis's son, the young Lord Graham: Master Forrett had marched enough. Deponing afterwards before the Committee of Estates, he told how he had followed the "Erle of Montrose round about on the first tour, and round about on the second tour," till he came to Loch Tay; "where," he says, "I left the said Erle of Montrose, and the Irish rebels, upon the eleventh day of December last." Master William was then only about forty; not too old for marching; but he was a "pedagog," brought up to that business, and he was probably not strong in the legs. Thanking him for the date he gives, we will hope that he never again had a pupil on the march.

On the eastern side of Loch Tay the Menzies, allies of the Campbells, had their huts and herds; and on them the vengeful Macdonalds began their sad work, wasting as they went; but with other prey before them they tarried not long for this. Onward, into Argyleshire in the south-west, the wild host hastened to the homes of the Campbells. The month was December, and the way, difficult

at its best, was now at its worst; for the tramp was through untrodden snows; but Angus Mac Ailen Duibh knew the passes. A wild march surely: in single files long drawn out, by the rough shores of lakes, through glens and deep ravines, up the steep hill-sides, along the edge of giddy precipices, now hidden, now emerging, I see them on their winding way, — a winding way and a perilous; for a few hundred determined men, well placed in these mountain passes, had been fatal to the invaders; but such men were not there. The Campbells' old boast, "'Tis a far cry to Lochow," had made them careless of invasion; and Argyle himself, then at his Castle of Inverary, did not dream of danger, till shepherds from the hills with news that Montrose was there, roused him to flight: well for him, then, that Loch Fine was near, and a boat at hand. The invaders, divided into three bands, traversed the lands of Argyle, and there was wild waste by fire and sword; wild work and cruel; but there was wild justice in it too. For a hundred years, and more, the Campbells had fomented disturbances among the clans, and incited them to quarrels; stepping in themselves always at the right moment, and reaping advantage; till they had become dominant in the Highlands — dominant, and feared, and hated; and now the day of retribution had come. From the middle of December to the latter days of January this work went on; and then Montrose, learning that Argyle had gathered force and was marching to waylay the invaders on their exit from Argyleshire, called his men together and marched northward: but of this matter we will give his own account. "After I had laid waste the whole country of Argyle, and brought off provisions for my army of what could be found, I received information that Argyle had got together a considerable army, made up chiefly of his

own clan, and vassals and tenants, with others of the rebels that had joined him, and that he was at Inverlochy, where he expected the Earl of Seaforth, and the sept of the Frazers, to come up to him with all the forces they could get together. Upon this intelligence I departed out of Argyleshire, and marched through Lorn, Glencoe, and Aber, (Lochaber,) till I came to Loch-Ness; my design being to fall upon Argyle before Seaforth and the Frazers could join him. My march was through inaccessible mountains, where I could have no guides but cow-herds, and they scarce acquainted with a place but six miles from their own habitations." * Angus Mac Ailen Duibh, knowing the way in and out of Argyleshire, and at home in the "dark Glencoe," shut in on each side by steep mountains of rock, did not know Lochaber, it seems. At Kilcummin, near the southerly end of Loch Ness, where Fort Augustus now stands, Montrose had placed his little army between Seaforth and Argyle, so as to prevent their junction; and, after a day or two of rest, was ready for action again.

In this time of rest we will take a look at his opponents, who were many. When Argyle, after his flight from Dunkeld in the early days of December, resigned his commission, he was offered one as commander-in-chief of the home armies; he refused it, and was not, I think, much urged to accept it. The Earl of Lothian also refused it, and the Earl of Callender; and the Covenanters were in great straits for a commander-in-chief to serve against the royal Lieutenant. Fortunately for them, Lieutenant-General Baillie, second in command of the army in England under old Leven, was, at the time, home

* Letter of Montrose to the King.—See Memoirs of Montrose.

to Scotland on business of his own. He, "William Baillie of Letham, a natural son of Sir William Baillie of Lamington," had served abroad under the Great Gustav, and had shown himself to be a good soldier at home, in the battle of Marston Moor, and in the siege of Newcastle. Him, therefore, the Committee of Estates seized on and made commander-in-chief, though he was unwilling. His own statement is: "I was pressed, or rather forced, by the persuasion of some friends, to give obedience to the Estates, and undertake the command of the country's forces, for pursuing its enemies." * This commander-in-chief, with an army composed in part of troops recalled from England, "was commanded" by the Committee "to march with the infantry towards Argyleshire, whither the rebels had gone;" but on arrival at Roseneath in the beginning of January, the Marquis of Argyle, who was there with his Campbells, learned that the rebels "were marched to Lorn and Lochaber." Baillie therefore, leaving with "my Lord Marquis 16 companies of foot, 1100 men" "to join with his own in those parts," returned with the remainder of his army to Perth, to guard the entrance to the Lowlands there. At Roseneath, a peninsula on the east side of Loch Long, which lies between Dumbartonshire and Argyleshire, Argyle gathered his clansmen who had fled from the invaders; and he marched them, as we have seen, to Inverlochy on the shores of Loch Eil. An army of Mackenzies, Frazers, and others, had gathered at Inverness in the north, under the Earl of Seaforth; and at Aberdeen, in the north-east, there was a strong garrison. General-in-chief Baillie, with his army, was posted at Perth, midway between the north of Scotland and the

* See his Vindication, published in Robert Baillie's Letters and Journals.

south, where he could bar the entrance to the Lowlands through Athole, and move northward, or south, as need might be. In view of this array of opponents, Montrose, with his fifteen hundred Irish and Highlanders, had work to do, and was ready for it. From the southerly end of Loch Ness, where he had encamped, to the encampment of Argyle at Loch Eil, the distance is thirty miles, and the way straight and plain; running through the great vale of Albin, along that remarkable chain of lakes and water-courses where *now* runs the Caledonian Canal. If the royal Lieutenant marched by this route, however, Argyle would learn of his approach, and could await his coming or not, as he might choose; but Argyle should have no such choice. Placing guards, therefore, on this route, to prevent communication of his movement, Montrose, at early morn on Friday, January 31, 1645, led his army along the course of a little stream called the Tarf upward south-easterly into Lochaber, one of the most dreary, mountainous, and barren districts in Scotland. This leader, not inclined to talk of difficulties, says: "The difficultest march of all was over the Lochaber mountains, which we at last surmounted, and came upon the back of the enemy when they least expected us, having cut off some scouts we met about four miles from Inverlochy."

Friday, at morn, they started from the shores of Loch Ness and after tramping forty miles and more through this wild, rough, hilly region, all covered with snow, they, winding round the northern skirts of Ben Nevis, (highest Ben in Scotland,) came out, late on Saturday, in view of Loch Eil. "Our van," says the leader of it, "came within view" of the enemy "about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and we made a halt till our rear was got up, which could not be done till 8 at night. The rebels took

the alarm, and stood to their arms, as well as we, all night, which was moonlight, and very clear." But surely after such a march, and in view of the morrow's work, *we* managed, somehow, to snatch a nap or two of sleep. But the wakeful saw a prétty sight, I think. Before them lay Loch Eil, long and narrow, stretching away, one part westerly and the other southerly, in shape like a human arm half bent; at the elbow of it, outside, stood the Castle of Inverlochy, massive, square, with its four round towers, one at each corner; and near the castle, along the shores of the loch, were the watch-fires of the Campbells. The ground all around was ragged, broken, with snow in the hollows of it: overhead all was bright, save where eastward the giant Ben Nevis, holding his granite masses aloft, shut out the sky.

"There were some few skirmishes between the rebels" (rebels to King Charles) "and us all the night, with no loss on our side but one man. By break of day I ordered my men to be ready to fall on upon the first signal; and I understand since, by the prisoners, the rebels did the same." But before the fight there was, according to Patrick Gordon, an attempt at breakfast. "The General himself, and the Earl of Airlie," "these two noblemen, I say, had no more to break their fast, before they went to battle, but a little meal mixed with cold water; which, out of a hollow dish, they did pick up with their knives for want of spoons; and this was these noblemen's best fare. One may judge what wants the rest of the army must suffer." With scanty breakfast, and small prospect of dinner except by victory, this little army, fifteen hundred in number only, was in fighting mood; and "a little after the sun was up both armies met, and the rebels fought for some time with great bravery; the prime of the Camp-

bells giving the first onset, as men that deserved to fight in a better cause. Our men, having a nobler cause, did wonders, and came immediately to push of pike and dint of sword, after their first firing. The rebels could not stand it, but, after some resistance at first, began to run; whom we pursued for nine miles together, making a great slaughter; which I would have hindered, if possible." The shores of the Loch were strewn with the slain, — fifteen hundred of them: while of the Royalists only four were killed, and a hundred wounded, of whom one — Sir Thomas Ogilvy, son of the Earl of Airlie — died four days after the battle. "I have saved and taken prisoners several" gentlemen of "the name of Campbell," "that have acknowledged to me their fault, and lay all the blame on their chief. Some gentlemen of the Lowlands, that had behaved themselves bravely in the battle, when they saw all lost, fled into the old castle, and, upon their surrender, I treated them honorably, and have taken their parole never to bear arms against your Majesty."

Argyle's army was in this battle commanded by Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, who had served in Ireland: he and forty other gentlemen of that name were slain; but Argyle himself escaped; he indeed made sure of escape, placing himself in a barge on the Loch before the battle; seeing the issue of it, he set sail and fled.

Of all the victories of Montrose, this one was probably the most satisfactory to him; and his letter to King Charles, from which we have quoted largely, concludes thus: "Give me leave, after I have reduced this country to obedience to your Majesty, and conquered from Dan to Beersheba, to say to your Majesty then, as David's General did to his master, '*Come thou thyself, lest this country be called by my name.*'"

This letter is dated Inverlochy, February 3, 1645; and Montrose soon after marched northward to Inverness in search of the army under the Earl of Seaforth, which, on news from Inverlochy, scattered and was not to be found. On the 19th of February the Royalists entered Elgin in Morayshire, near the northern seashore; and "Seaforth and the rest of the committee-men fled their own ways." Elgin, with its Cathedral or "Muckle Kirk;" its Tolbooth, "biggit wt stanes frae ye kirk-yard dyke, and sclaited wt stanes frae Dolass;" its "Order Pot," or ordeal pot, where witches, or the "Devil's bairns," sinking or swimming, came to death; its "Thunder House," where the Sutherlands dwelt; and its long Main Street, the houses in it with "high-crowned roofs overlaid with heavy slabs of priestly gray," and with open piazzas in front; Elgin, with these things in it and more, was a famous old city then; and there the royal Lieutenant tarried a while, and issued his proclamation calling all true subjects, "betwixt sixty and sixteen, to repair to our army;" and all "disobedient persons" shall fare hard. The Marquis of Huntly's eldest son George, Lord Gordon, and his youngest, Lord Lewis Gordon, came in here to Montrose; and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon came in again; and the Earl of Seaforth himself came in. The royal Lieutenant, well pleased with his new allies, the Gordons, went with them, by invitation, to their castle of the Bog of Gight; "Bogageith, the Marquis of Huntly's palace," "with lofty and majestic towers and turrets, all built of stone, facing the sea." This castle in a bog, the entrance to it over a causeway, stands near the Spey, on its eastern side. That river, long fretting through a rocky channel, comes here to ground that is soft, and runs wanton in it, splitting itself into three, and so goes forward to the sea. Here in this

castle the young Lord Graham fell sick; or, falling sick before, he grew worse there. The boy had marched far, and had become well acquainted with the Highlands. He and his brother came to their father at Perth, in September, after the battle of Tippermuir; and when Graham of Braco left the Marquis at Brechin "without good night," taking with him brother James, this one, John, the eldest, remained with his father under care of his tutor, Master William Forrett. He continued with his father, and saw soon the battle of Aberdeen; he followed on in "that strange coursing" round about to the Spey, and thence through the forests of Badenoch and Mar, over the Grampians, *Garbh-bein* or rugged mountains, into Athole. He followed the flying army round about again, and saw it stand at bay on the hills at Fyvie. He came again through forests and over mountains to Blair-Athole, where he saw the Red-shanks come in from the west, led by Allester Macdonald, the left-handed. The boy, parting from his "pedagog" at Loch Tay, marched on with the army to its winter foray in Argyleshire, and found the way a hard one, even if he had a Highland pony under him; but "the difficultest march of all was over the Lochaber Mountains," where, however, he got fresh milk from the cow-herds, I hope. The boy slept, sometimes, in Highland huts made of turf, on beds of the same; and he slept on turf without a hut over him, but with white-capped hills standing around, and overhead a roof with perfect arch, all studded with stars. Waking at dawn of day, he watched the stars fade out, and saw the white tops redden when the morning sun smote them. He slept at night of Saturday, February 1st, way-worn and weary, between Loch Eil and Ben Nevis; and when the Sabbath sun rose he saw the fight of Inverlochy, and heard the

wild cries of Highlanders in their death-dash. He marched on with the victors to the north, where he fell sick; and early in March, 1645, at this castle of the Gordons, he died. They laid him down at the neighboring Kirk of Bellie, to rise no more at tap of drum.

The father had brief time for mourning, — which is best always, — and moving forward with his army, he came, on the 9th of the same month, into the neighborhood of Aberdeen. General Sir John Hurry, commanding the horse under Baillie, was at the time reconnoitring thereabout; and he, learning that a party of Cavaliers was in Aberdeen, dashed in at the head of one hundred and fifty dragoons, and killed one of them — Donald Farquharson of Braemar; but the others, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon among them, escaped. Hurry, returning south after this, seized, at Old Montrose or near it, James, second son of the Marquis, and sent him with his tutor to imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle: this boy, who by the death of his brother had become heir of Montrose, was a prize worth taking.

The Royalists, marching now southerly along the coast, came, on the 21st of March, to Dunnotter Castle, and summoned it to surrender. Receiving from its master, the Earl Mareschal, only insult in reply to his summons, Montrose set fire on the lands of Dunnotter, and to the burgh of Stonehaven with its shipping. The Royalists, moving southerly still, were towards the end of the month at Fettercairn, within seven miles of Brechin, where Sir John Hurry, with eight hundred horse, had his quarters; while General Baillie, with three thousand foot, was in the vicinity. Montrose, inferior in numbers to his opponents, and especially inferior in horse, having only three hundred, chiefly Gordons, manœuvred skilfully, waiting for a chance. The two armies, manœuvring and moving slowly south-

ward, came at last opposite each other, separated only by the little River Isla. The royal Lieutenant, who evidently respected his able opponent, had all along been cautious; but now, probably liking the ground there, he sent a challenge of battle, offering Baillie a choice of either side of the river for it, on condition that the army crossing should not be disturbed in the process. Baillie answered, "I will fight at my own time and place, and ask no leave of you;" and soon after he came near doing it. For some days the manœuvring, marching and countermarching, continued around the Isla; Montrose avoiding battle in open field, where horse could come into action, but watching for an opportunity to strike; at last, deceived by false reports as to the movements of his opponents, he made a dash at the city of Dundee, on the Frith of Tay. Sending the least efficient part of his army, with the baggage and camp followers, to Brechin, he, with an active part, — seven hundred foot and two hundred horse, — made a rapid night march south-easterly, and came to Dundee before day dawned. One John Gordon, called afterwards to speak, said, "that when he was lying with the rest of Lord Gordon's regiment about Dundee, Montrose came to him, he [the said John] being half sleeping, and said, 'John, you must go in with this paper (which was folded) to the magistrates of Dundee;' and with boastings [threatenings] forced him to do the same;" and he said furthermore, "that the magistrates promised to give him an answer; and before they could get one written Montrose set upon the town." "Whereupon," he, the said John, "was committed to the tolbooth," and being afterwards brought before the Committee, he *deponed* as above. The royal Lieutenant, a prompt, decisive kind of man, waited, as he thought, long enough for an answer

to his summons, and then went to his work of storming the city. He himself, knowing there was need of watchfulness, took post on the Law of Dundee, (a round hill near the city,) while Lord Gordon and Major-General Allester Macdonald led their men to the assault. After brief struggle the city was taken; but while Lord Gordon was arranging with the magistrates a formal surrender, and the storming party busy at pillage, news came to Montrose that Baillie and Hurry, in full force, were marching on Dundee. Then there was riding in haste, and every one in command had work to do; for soldiers at pillage, some of them with a drop too much of drink, do not fall readily into ranks. By great exertions they were got into order and under way in time; but barely in time, for the enemy was close upon them. Montrose, with his two hundred horse, musketeers, the swiftest and soberest intermingled with them, covered the rear; and, mindful of what he had left at Brechin, he ordered the march, not westward toward the hills, but north-easterly along the coast. Sir John Hurry, with his eight hundred dragoons, hung close on the rear; and, doubtless, did what he could to hinder the march; but was rather cautious, I suppose, for it was dark night soon after the retreat began, and if the General before him should conceal a part of his men by the roadside, there would be danger. While Hurry's horse, pressing on the rear, hindered the march of the Royalists, or did what they could to hinder it, the foot, led by General Baillie, marched on their left flank a little inland, so as to cut off and intercept a retreat to the hills; and this General hoped, when daylight came, to get an easy victory: but the night was long, and the man before him awake through it all. Late at night, Montrose halted on the coast, near Arbroath, and sent off there a horseman, or

fleet footman, to rouse his troop at Brechin and appoint a rendezvous. Then, waking his men from brief slumber, — waking them with difficulty, I think, for this was the second night of marching, — he turned them away from the coast towards the north-west. Passing Baillie's front, under cover still of night, he led his tired troops to the South Esk, crossing it at dawn of day; and he had then his way open, through Glen Esk, to the hills. Learning then that his forces, left at Brechin, had already passed westward, he hastened on after them, the dragoons of the Covenanters again on his rear. At last he got into the fastnesses of the Grampians with little loss; indeed, with none that we know of, except that of the hat, cloak, and gloves, of Allester MacColl Keitache Macdonald. Donald Mac Gregor, deponing at Edinburgh, said he "was taken by the rebels when his master was slain at Inverlochy, and has ever been with them since, being kept by Major-General Macdonald as his footman;" and that he was taken (by the Covenanters) "after the burning of Dundee, about six miles therefrom, being carrying his master's hat, cloak, and a pair of gloves."

Safe among the hills, Montrose set himself to gather strength again: Lord Gordon, with his horse, went north to raise his clansmen; Allester Macdonald, with a regiment of Irish, was sent to recruit in the west; and Patrick Graham, Black Pate, to call the men of Athole. The Marquis, having with him now less than six hundred men, marched rapidly to and fro in the Highlands, as was his wont always when his fluctuating army was reduced to small numbers. Aimless coursings apparently, but not without a purpose; and even an unmilitary eye may see that this General was an able tactician. By such coursings he made his little band active and hardy; he showed

that the King's cause had one spark of real life in it; he gained time to recruit; and he obliged the Covenanters to divide their forces into parts, in order to guard the Lowlands at many points; so that he, when again in force, could strike somewhere, with hope of victory. The Covenanters now, uncertain where the next outbreak would be, sent Sir John Hurry, with twelve hundred foot and one hundred and sixty horse, to the northern counties to join the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland, and their levies; while General Baillie, with his forces, remained in Perthshire.

About the middle of April, Montrose, crossing the Grampians, was at the village of Crieff, in Strathearn, within twenty miles of Perth; where Baillie, making a night march, tried to cut him off from the hills; but the royal Lieutenant, with skill and daring, retreated westward, striking at intervals and beating back the foremost of his foes; till, passing Loch Earn, he got into the braes of Balquhidder and was safe. Thence, moving southward, he passed along by the shores of Loch Katrine to Loch Ard, where he was joined by Viscount Aboyne and a few horsemen who had escaped from the town of Carlisle. The reader remembers Aboyne, second son of the Marquis of Huntly, who had "Traitor Gun" for military adviser once when he defended the bridge of Dee against the Covenanter Montrose. Aboyne was with the royal Lieutenant in his first attempt to enter Scotland; and, when on the retreat, at the time his leader took the disguise of a groom and started on a "very desperate" adventure, Aboyne, with a party of soldiers, took refuge in Carlisle. Besieged there by the English ever since, he had now escaped; and Montrose, getting news of it, had marched to Loch Ard, twenty miles west of Stirling, to meet him.

Soon after this, on the 21st of April, at Cardross, still nearer to Stirling, Lord Napier's son, the Master of Napier, just escaped from the Covenanters at Edinburgh, came into the camp, and was welcome. Marching northward again, in the direction of Loch Tay, the Royalists passed through Athole and Perthshire, close by the skirts of the hills, till they came to the sources of the River South Esk. Scaling the mountains there, they went down their northern slopes, through Glen Muick, to the River Dee: crossing it, near Balmorel, they came about the end of April to Skene, a dozen miles or so west of Aberdeen. About this time Allester Macdonald, coming from the west with the Highlanders he had gathered, joined the Royalists; and Lord Gordon came with one thousand foot and two hundred horse. Montrose was now ready to face his opponents; wanting, however, a very necessary article, gunpowder, of which he was often in need. Lord Aboyne undertook to supply this want, and did it; riding with eighty horse under cover of the dark into Aberdeen, he got twenty barrels of powder from a vessel in the harbor, and brought it to the camp before day dawned. Sir John Hurry, then in Banffshire, retreated westward, Montrose following, across the Spey, near its mouths, to Elgin, to Forres, and thence onward, along the coast, towards Inverness. At night of Thursday, 8th of May, a dark, rainy night, Montrose halted at, or near, the village of Aulderne: his army a volunteer one, not under pay, fluctuating always, consisted at this time of only about fifteen hundred foot and two hundred horse. Sir John Hurry, having been joined by the Earls of Seaforth, Sutherland, and Findlater, had now three thousand foot and six hundred horse, or near that; and, proposing battle, he marched on Aulderne. Montrose, aware of the approach of his opponents, made

skilful preparation for the contest. The village of Auldearne stands, or seems to me to stand, on a hillocky ridge, running northerly and southerly, with a little valley east of it. The ground west of the village is broken and uneven, and at its northern end there are, or were then, dikes, enclosures, and brushwood; and in these Montrose placed four hundred men under Allester Macdonald, giving him orders to defend his position to the uttermost, but on no account to advance beyond it. The main body of the army, horse and foot, was stationed behind the ridge, near the southerly end of the village, out of sight of the enemy; who, at early morn of Friday, May 9, were advancing from the west. Of reserve, the Royalists had none; and of centre none, or next to none; only a semblance of one was made by placing a few cannon in front of the village, and a few musketeers among the outer houses of it. General Hurry, deceived by this disposition of forces, supposed the village to be occupied, and the main body of the enemy to be at its northern end, where the royal standard, a large yellow flag, floated over troops in numbers unknown to him, for the dikes and enclosures there might conceal many. On this point, therefore, where the standard seemed to indicate the presence of the royal Lieutenant, Hurry ordered his main attack. Macdonald and his men, little accustomed to the defensive, rushed out, forgetful of orders, on the advancing foe; and, after hard struggle, were driven back by overwhelming numbers into their enclosures, where they made stand again. At this critical moment Montrose brought his main body from its place of concealment; himself leading the foot, and Lord Gordon the horse. Charging the right flank of the Covenanters, he threw their whole array into disorder. In the fight, and in the pursuit that followed it, very many were slain; and

those who escaped death fled far, and scattered wide; the followers of the Earls Seaforth and Sutherland westward to their homes; General Hurry himself, with about one hundred horse, southwards to General Baillie; who, at the time, was marching towards the north to try his hand at Montrose.

The Royalists, burying their dead, who were few, at Aulderne, marched, with their wounded, along the northern coast eastward to Elgin. After some days of rest there, they crossed the Spey, and, marching southerly up Strathspey, were, on the 27th of May, at Invereshie, near the woods of Rothiemurchus; General Baillie being at that time not far off on the other side of the Spey. Dating at Invereshie as above, Montrose wrote to John Robertson of Inver, his Captain of Blair-Athole:—

INVER:

I received yours, and have directed along ammunition unto you. You will be careful of all that concerns your charge untill my coming into that country, which, I hope, shall be shortly. Also, you shall hasten the exchange of prisoners, and show Crinnen [Campbell of Crinnen] that I am informed that there is one Mr. Naper, brother to my Lord Naper, a prisoner with them, against whom they intend to proceed in a seeming legal way; which, if they do, let him assure them from me, that I will use the like severity against some of their prisoners, [or say, rather, *my* prisoners,] and you will acquaint me with what answer you receive from them thereanent. Also let me hear from you with diligence, all such intelligence as you can learn from the border; and concerning Lindsay. You will shew Crinnen that if they will exchange Mr. Naper I shall be content to release

another prisoner for him of a like quality; and let me have a speedy and positive answer thereanent.

MONTROSE.

My Lord *Naper*, this letter writer says; which was the correct spelling then. The name, some say, was originally *Naperer*, "one who had the care of the royal linen." It changed to *Naper*, and then again to *Napier*; a name borne by good men to this day. Montrose, in his boyhood, spelt his own title-name *Montrois*, as did his father before him: and the family name was spelt *Græme*, *Grahame*, or *Graham*, according to the fancies of different bearers of it.

The Mr. Naper mentioned in the foregoing letter had been seized by the Covenanters somewhere with "papers," —letters to or from Montrose,—and was in danger of his life. Montrose, therefore, in this case, as in others when his friends were in danger, threatened "to use the like severity" against Covenanters whom he held prisoners; but there is nowhere any proof, or intimation, that he was severe, or unkind even, to any one of them. His threat, however, in this case, had effect; for "Mr. Naper, prisoner in the Tolbooth," was, on the 13th of June, delivered "to Sir Archibald Campbell, to be disposed on as he shall think fit;" and he probably exchanged him for Colin Campbell, then a prisoner in Blair Castle. Not this Mr. Napier alone, but other Napiers were in danger, or in trouble. When the royal standard was raised in Scotland, the Napiers were placed under *surveillance*, and confined to their own houses. After the escape of the Master of Napier, his father, Lord Napier, then near seventy years of age, was cast into prison and fined ten thousand pounds Scot; and the Covenanters imprisoned

also young Napier's wife, the Lady Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Mar; his two sisters, one of them the wife of Sir George Stirling of Keir; and Sir George Stirling himself. No man in Scotland, within reach of the Covenanters, dared at that time to say a good word of Montrose, who had been excommunicated by the Church, forfeited by the State, and had had a price set on his head: to communicate with him in any way was high treason.

In the above letter to his Captain of Blair, the royal Lieutenant inquires concerning Lindsay — Lord Lindsay, then commanding an army for the Covenant in the south of Scotland. He inquires, too, for intelligence "from the borders;" and would like to know if the King's army is getting into Scotland, or trying to get in; for the King, it appears, had a purpose of the kind. One James Small, a messenger from King Charles, delivered a package to Montrose in the Highlands, about the middle of April: but when returning to England, with letters in reply, he, in the disguise of a pedler, fell into the hands of the Covenanters, and was hanged at Edinburgh on the 1st of May. "By these letters," says Bishop Guthrie, "the Committee came to know what they had never thought on, namely, how, the King's business being so forlorn in England that he could not make head against his enemies there, his Majesty designed to come to Scotland and join Montrose;" "the prevention of which design was afterwards gone about with success."

The King's Lieutenant-General, however, was not in force sufficient to get to the borders even if the King could have met him there. Now, after victory at Aulderne, as always after victory, his Highlanders returned to their homes in the west; and with them went Alexander or Allester Macdonald; intending, I suppose, to bring them to

the King's standard again, or to bring others in their stead. Montrose, as was his wont under such circumstances, marched now through difficult places; and General Baillie followed him, or tried to follow. About the middle of May, Baillie was in Strathbogie in pursuit of the "rebels," — rebels against the Covenanters, — and, for a while, we will follow the account he himself gave of his doings, in his "Vindication." "I marched from Cromar towards Strathbogie, where the rebels," six days after the battle of Aulderne, "were arrived the night before; and General-Major Hurry joined me, about a mile from thence, with about one hundred horse, who had saved themselves with him at Aulderne. At our approach the rebels drew unto the places of advantage about the yards and dikes," near Huntly's castle; "and I stood embattled before them from four o'clock untill the morrow; judging them to have been about our own strength," which judgment I think to be not far from correct; only the rebels, being much weaker than Baillie in horse, did not think proper to leave their "places of advantage," and come into open field. "Upon the morrow, as soon as it was day, we found they were gone to Balveny: we marched immediately after them, and came in sight of them about Glenlivet, bewest Balveny some few miles," and about twenty miles south-west of Strathbogie; "but that night they outmarched us and quartered some six leagues from us. On the next day, early, we found they were dislodged, but could find nobody to inform us of their march; yet, by the lying of the grass and heather," where they had tramped along, "we conjectured they were marched to the wood of Abernethy on Spey. Thither I marched and found them" about twenty miles farther on in the south-west, "on the entry of Badenoch, a very straight country, where, both for inaccessable rocks and woods, and the interposition of the

river, it was impossible for us to come at them. Here we lay looking upon one another, the enemy having their meal from Ruthven in Badenoch, and flesh from the country; whereof we saw none; untill for want of meal — other victuals we had none, the few horsemen professing they had not eaten in forty-eight hours — I was necessitated to march northward to Inverness, to be supplied there. Which done I returned," or say, rather, marched eastward, "crossed at Spey-mouth in boats, and came to Newton in Garioch," about twenty miles north-west of Aberdeen. "Here, Hurry, pretending indisposition, left me:" and "I was informed the rebels had been as far south as Cupar in Angus," which is besouth the Grampian range and within twenty miles of Perth; and I learned also that the rebels "were returned to Corgarff, upon the head of Strathdon;" and they were then, therefore, only about a day's march south-west of Baillie's own army. Montrose had made a long march, outmarching Baillie again very much; and we will note briefly what he did in the course of it. After Baillie, in want of victuals, withdrew to Inverness, for supply of that want, Montrose marched northerly down the Spey, to Tullochgorum, and wrote thence on the 6th of June, 1645, to his Captain of Blair: —

INVER:

I have ofttimes written to you before, anent the Irishes who straggled to your country, and for punishing of them; and it is only the neglect of my orders which makes them so insolent. Wherefore these are to will and command you that immediately after sight hereof, you pursue all such Irishes as can be found in the country, with fire and sword; and that you burn of the houses of all those who reset them; as you will answer on the contrary at your highest peril. MONTROSE.

Irish vagabonds, deserters from the royal army, and others who wander about stealing and threatening, shall fare hard; as all such creatures, Irish or not, ought to fare.

From Tullochgorum, Montrose went, by forced marches, to the Grampians, and across them; having probably got answer from this Captain of Blair to the inquiry made by letter on the 27th of May, "concerning Lindsay," and learned that he, Lord Lindsay, with his army, was coming northward, and had crossed the Forth. Montrose found him at the Castle of Newtyle, at or near the water of Isla in Forfarshire, and came within seven miles of his camp, but did not attack him, being, probably, too weak for it; for the Gordon horse had, shortly before, left the army and gone to their homes, for cause to me unknown. Lord Gordon, eldest son of Huntly, however, remained; he, having learned to know Montrose, had become a firm friend, and determined to cast in his lot with him for better or for worse. When the army, moving northward again, came to "Corgarff, near the head of Strathdon," Lord Gordon, despatched for the purpose, brought in again Lord Aboyne with the Gordon horse. At this time, Baillie, as we remember, being in Garioch, the armies were within twenty miles of each other, and the commanders inclined to battle. The Royalists, marching easterly, found their opponents at the Kirk of Keith, near the River Don about fifteen miles from Aberdeen, well placed on rising ground, and in possession of a narrow pass which lay between the two armies. Montrose sent a challenge of battle if Baillie would come down to fair field on the plain; and got answer like the one Baillie gave him to such challenge once before. But the commander of the "rebels," failing to get a battle-field to suit him in this way, tried another. Marching in haste westerly, as if in full retreat,

he halted at Alford, on the Don. The district in which Alford stands is enclosed by high hills, and is difficult of entrance for an army. The River Don, coming into the district on its western border through a narrow gully among mountains, winds about and goes out of it on the east through a little valley, on the north side of which stands Bennochie with its bold peaks of reddish granite. Coming into this district, Montrose posted his troops on "Alford Hill;" and then, with a single troop of horse, he set to work examining the fords of the Don, some one of which he might have occasion to use soon. Learning that Baillie was close at hand, he left his troop to watch the fords, and galloped off alone to form his battle array. The day was July 2, 1645, and the armies were in numbers nearly equal — about two thousand each; but the Royalists had only two hundred and fifty horse, while their opponents had double that number. Allester Macdonald, Major-General of the Irish, being at this time recruiting in the Western Highlands, and the Ogilvies absent too, the King's Lieutenant had to order his battle without them. His position was on rising ground, a little ridge running along the summit of it; and in front of this ridge the main body of foot was drawn up under command of the Laird of Glengarry (a Macdonald) and Drummond of Balloch. The cavalry was in two bodies; one on the right, under Lord Gordon and Sir Nathaniel Gordon, and the other on the left, in charge of Lord Aboyne and Sir William Rollo. Behind the ridge, out of sight of the enemy, a body of reserve was placed under command of the Master of Napier, having in its rear, at the foot of the hill, a marsh full of ditches and pitfalls; good ground, this, to fight in front of; good enough for victory, but not so good in case of defeat. The Covenanters advancing,

the battle began and went on after the fashion of such things; the Gordons charged with their horse, and did it well: the Irish and Highlanders met sturdy opponents, and had a hard struggle for victory. When the fight was at the hottest, Montrose ordered his reserve forward over the ridge, under young Napier, who in this, his first battle I believe, did well; and "the rebels" — rebels to the King — gave way and fled on all sides. General Baillie, giving account of this matter on his side of it, says: "The Lord Balcarras' horsemen were divided into three squadrons, himself charging gallantly with two of them upon the enemy's right wing where their horse were." But the third squadron in reserve, when ordered to advance, only went to the rear of the others, and remained there until they were all broken. "Our foot stood with myself, and behaved as became them, until the enemy's horse charged in our rear, and in front we were overcharged with their foot." "The enemy had likewise two bodies of reserve," and these completed our defeat.

Montrose had the victory; but with it a great loss. Towards the close of the battle, George, Lord Gordon, pierced by a musket ball, fell dead on the field. Patrick Gordon, well acquainted with both these men, says: "So real was his (Lord Gordon's) affection, and so great the estimation he had of the other, that when they fell into any familiar discourse, it was often remarked that the ordinary air of his countenance was changed from a serious listening to a certain ravishment, or admiration, of the other's witty expressions; and he was often heard in public to speak sincerely," and say, in effect, that whatever might be the fortune of Montrose, good or bad, he, for one, would never desert him.

Sir William Rollo, who in this battle appears again,

was, as we remember, sent to the King on the 14th of September, after the battle of Aberdeen, with despatches from Montrose. Returning, he fell into the hands of the Covenanters; and escaped death, and got liberty, by means of a lie; but there is a difference in lies, and this one was not of the worst kind. According to the account of Rollo himself, the Marquis of Argyle released him under promise that he would betray Montrose to the Covenanters, or take his life.

The loss of the Royalists at this battle of Alford was small in numbers; while that of the Covenanters was, as in all these battles, great. General Baillie, Lord Balcarras, and a part of the horse, escaped, and gave account of themselves at Edinburgh; but the rest of the army, slain or scattered, was heard of no more in the field of action. Four days after this battle Montrose was thirty miles south-west of Aberdeen, and writing under date "Craigtoun, the 6th July, 1645," as follows: —

"For John Robertson, of Inver, in the Castle of Blair, in Athole.

JOHN:

These are to show you that I marvel much that I do not hear more frequently from you, both concerning the prisoners and other things from your place. Therefore these are to will you that you be more frequent in relating to me what is done concerning the enlargement of the prisoners and such other things as is requisite that I be acquainted with. Which hoping you shall do, I rest your loving friend, MONTROSE.

Ye will hasten to give particular notice and intelligence through all the country of the last happy victory."

From Craigtoun the Royalists marched south through Kincardineshire into Forfarshire, where Patrick Graham, with men of Athole, and Allester Macdonald, with men from the west, came in to Montrose, who now was at the head of nearly five thousand men; Macleans about seven hundred; Macdonalds of Clanranald, five hundred; Macdonalds of Glengarry, five hundred; Farquharsons from Braemar; Macphersons from Badenoch; Mac-Gregors and Macnabs, from their wild homes in the hills. Wild men all of them, who, since the invasion of Argyleshire and the battle of Inverlochy, were free from thraldom to the Campbells. But for operations in the Lowlands horse were needed; and the Gordons were slow to come. When George, Lord Gordon, fell at Alford, Montrose lost in that accomplished man not only a congenial companion, but his hold of the clan Gordon; for Viscount Aboyne, who then became the heir of Huntly, was capricious always. The old Marquis himself, though loyal to the King, was unfriendly to the King's Lieutenant-General; for Huntly's commission as Lieutenant of the King in the north was of date prior to that of Montrose; and the old soldier was a little jealous of this successful young one, perhaps. He remembered, too, I think, that transaction years ago whereby he became a prisoner, and the Covenanter Montrose, governed then by "a committee and a vote," was led into wrong-doing. For these reasons, or for others, the chief of the Gordons held them back from the King's standard upreared by Montrose, who courted them always, for that powerful clan was strong in horse, which he needed for operations in the Lowlands; needed especially at this time, when the Covenanters were gathering forces again.

The Parliament, which met at Stirling six days after

the battle of Alford, ordered levies for a new army of ten thousand foot and five hundred horse; but General Baillie, little pleased with his opponent in the field, perhaps, and certainly dissatisfied with his friends in council, declined the command of it. The Covenanters, however, who had no abler man, urged him again, and he, though unwilling, accepted. "Because," said General Baillie,—"because I would not consent to receive orders from the Marquis of Argyle, if casually we should have met together in the field after I had received commission to command in chief over all the forces within the kingdom, my Lord seemed to be displeased, and expressed himself so unto some, that if he lived he should remember it; wherein his Lordship indeed hath been superabundantly as good as his word." Nevertheless, a military committee, with Argyle at the head of it, was appointed to advise and control; and the unfortunate General had trouble enough. He came at last, probably, to the belief that the charge, made by Montrose long ago, about dictatorship in Scotland, was not without foundation; but Baillie, though complaining much, was cautious in expression.

The new army, to be commanded by this General Baillie, was to rendezvous on the 24th of July, at or near Perth; where the Parliament, driven first from Edinburgh, and then from Stirling, by the plague, assembled at that date. In Perth there was then a strong garrison and four hundred horse for protection of Parliament; while the main body of the army, as it came together, encamped near the city on the south side of the Earn. The Royalists, on the other hand, crossing the Tay at Dunkeld, came about the end of July to the wood of Methven, and encamped there within ten miles of Perth. Mounting men on baggage horses, and thus making a show of cavalry,

the royal Lieutenant deceived the Covenanters for a time; when the deception became apparent, they came forth to attack him; but he, not ready yet for battle, retreated to the hills, or to the edge of them, where he found "places of advantage." Always this General avoided battle in open field when he had no cavalry to oppose to that of the enemy; for his Highlanders were little used to cannon, which they called "the musket's mother," or to troops of horse; and the wild men were liable to sudden panic in their presence. On the 1st of August, Montrose was at Little Dunkeld, in want of beef; and he sent thence an order to his Captain of Blair to get two hundred cows, and forward them to the army "for present supply;" and, in order to equalize the matter, this Captain had directions to "stent every one within the country, according to his quality and condition, that every one may have his share of the burden" — "and at the first convenient season they shall have the same repaid to them." The cows doubtless came, but the convenient season for payment, if it did not come immediately after the next battle, came, perhaps, never.

Here, at Little Dunkeld, Lord Aboyne and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, with two hundred mounted Gordons, joined the Royalists; the old Earl of Airlie, and his son Sir David Ogilvy, with eighty gentlemen, mounted too, came in, and the army marched southward into the Lowlands. General Baillie, in command of the Covenanters, gives an account of the movements of the armies preceding the battle of Kilsyth, and of the battle itself;* which, with occasional omissions and interpolations, will be of

* See papers "presented by Lieutenant-General Baillie to the Parliament of Scotland," published in the Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, edited by David Laing. Edinburgh, vol. ii. pp. 420–425.

use to us. "The Rebels returned from the hills into Logie-Almond," and "I marched" southward from Perth "to the south side of the bridge of Earn." "Second day thereafter, the Rebels having crossed Earn at Denning," higher up the river, "presented themselves before our quarters;" which were at Kilgraston, near the slope of the Ochils, at the northern extremity of that range of hills. The Covenanters had intrenched and fortified as strongly as was possible in brief time, and "the Rebels," looking at us a while, "marched up towards the hills, on the right hand." Then "the Rebels," led by Montrose, as appears by other accounts, passed along the north-eastern skirts of the Ochils, or through them at Glen Farg, and moved slowly towards Stirling. On the way, the vengeful Ogilvies and Macleans, deviating a little from the line of march, came to Castle Campbell, once called the "Castle of Gloom," standing on its peninsulated rock, on the southern slope of the Ochils; and the old castle, a possession of Argyle's, smoking, burst into flames: Argyle himself, marching with Baillie, saw next day the ruins of it. But we will let Baillie, who followed on not far in the rear of the Royalists, speak again. "Hearing the Rebels had crossed Forth above Stirling, those of the committee then present advised we should cross at Stirling; and a little above the Park, on the south-west side thereof, I halted with the five regiments untill those of Fife were brought up." For these Fife regiments Baillie had been waiting; and now when they arrived, he, knowing himself to be numerically superior to his opponent, was more confident; and the members of his military committee were more confident still, and eager for battle. At Stirling Baillie learned, that "the Rebels were marched towards Kilsyth;" and there was then a conference with

the military committee — Marquis of Argyle, Earl of Crawford, Earl of Tullibardine, Lords Burleigh, Elcho, and Balcarras. At this conference General Baillie, much vexed, made his complaints of the doings of this committee; complaints many and well founded; for he now, like Montrose long ago, "could get nothing done of himself alone." The conclusion, however, was, to march forward towards the Rebels; and we accordingly marched over the bridge of Denny, and thence "to Hollenbush; where we lodged that night," only about two and a half miles from Kilsyth; where the Royalist army then was; there, or very near it.

Bishop Guthrie says: "When the Royalists came to Kilsyth, they found the ground so advantageous for them, as made them resolve to halt there untill their enemies should have come that length." Very good ground, certainly, Montrose found it to be; a sloping meadow, large enough for the movements of his army; around it bogs, rough ground, and small hills, on three sides at least; so that the Covenanters could not get at him easily. Westward and northward, in his rear, distant a mile or two, stood the Campsie Fells, — a rough range, or cluster, of hills, which, in case the day should go against him, would serve for a rallying point, or place of refuge. Very good ground evidently; and the General, who chose it, was provident as well as daring: the able man, in war or in peace, trusts to luck never, but to something better always. Here, on this green sloping meadow, at early morn on the 15th of August, 1645, Montrose drew up his men in battle array; a many-colored host, for each clan had its tartan. Between the deep blue and green of the Gordons and the flaming red of the Mac-Gregors, the hues were many; and the Irish had, or should have had, their coat and trews. The

Covenanters that morning were east of the Royalists; but as the ground between them was of a kind difficult for an army to march over, Montrose was uncertain on what quarter the attack would be made, and his array, therefore, was in form of two sides of a triangle — a part facing easterly, and a part southerly, so that by moving either wing, as need might be, the whole could come into line. Baillie, urged by the military committee, himself rather unwilling, moved his army towards the Rebels. "I marched," he says, "through the corn and over the braes, untill the unpassable ground did hold us up: there I embattled, where I doubt if twenty men on front could either have gone from or attacked us." Here, on this ground, Baillie inclined to remain and await what might betide: but the committee, or a member of it, asked, "If we could not draw up to the hill on our right? I showed them I did not conceive that ground to be good." But Argyle, and others, were eager for the movement; for they believed that the Rebels were about to march westward, and escape into the Campsie Fells.

Baillie, therefore, though unwilling again, ordered a flank movement northerly; the regiment on his extreme right facing to the right and marching to the hill, and facing westward again there; the other regiments following in order, as their turn came, and closing up to the right. A rather dangerous movement this, in front of an enemy wide awake and all ready for the fight; wide awake, and in its shirt sleeves, too. The August day was of the hottest; and Montrose, seeing there was work to be done, ordered his men to cast off their upper garments: a remarkable army certainly, standing there on its grassy slope, in its shirt sleeves, and to a great extent without breeches; worse than that even, for when many

of these wild Irish and wild Highlanders, in stripping, came to the place where the shirt ought to be, it was not there. Of this order to strip, many differing accounts are given; it came, we may say, from a soldierly instinct; for it said, more emphatically than any words could say it: There is work to be done to-day, and I expect every man of you to do his part of it. But indeed there was little need of any order for stripping; for it was the way of these Red-shanks to throw off cumbrous garments when battle was imminent. Their mode of fight was a primitive one after the manner of the ancients, hand to hand with little science, but much hard work in it.

In front of the Royalists' position, a small, rough glen ran from the meadow up to the ground on which the Covenanters were forming into rank; and around the head of it were some scattered cottages and enclosures; and there the battle began; but we will follow General Baillie's statement a little farther. "I sent the commanded musqueteers to the hill, and desired Major Halden to be their guide unto an enclosure which I pointed out to him; he did it. I followed them immediately with Lord Balcarras and the horsemen." "The Earl of Crawford, Lord Burleigh and I galloped over the brae to see the posture of the enemy, who were embattled on the meadow; and sundry of them, disbanded, were falling up the glen through the bushes." "At our return to the brae-head we found the Marquis of Argyle, with sundry others; and we saw Major Halden leading up a party of musqueteers over the field toward a house near the glen, without any order from me;" "nor would they come off when I ordered." "Wherefore, seeing the Rebels fall up strong," "I desired the officers to go to their charge." At this time, the flank movement which Baillie had ordered, was still going

on; and he says: "Looking back I find Hume," with his regiment, "had left the way I had put him in, and was gone at a trot right west in among the dikes, and toward the enemy." "I followed as fast as I could ride," giving orders; one to General-Major Leslie "to draw up the regiments of Fife in reserve as before;" but before I could come to Hume, "his regiment and three others had taken in an enclosure from which, the enemy being so near, it was impossible to bring them off." "The Rebels' foot by this time were approached to the next dike, on whom our musqueteers made more fire than I could have wished," the distance being too great for execution. "In the end the Rebels leapt over the dike, and, with down heads, fell on and broke these regiments." The Highlanders seen by Baillie "falling up the glen" disbanded, each man picking his way among rocks and bushes, were a hundred of the Clan Maclean, ordered by Montrose to take possession of cottages and enclosures around the head of the glen, as soon as he, noting Baillie's flank movement, saw where the battle-ground would be: and when the musqueteers under Major Halden, opened fire on these Highlanders, the main body of the Clan Maclean broke away from the meadow, and rushed forward to assist their brethren, followed, in a race for precedence, by the Clan Ranald and the Mac-Gregors. At this time it was, that Hume's, and three other regiments of the Covenanters, "going off right west toward the enemy, had taken in an enclosure not far from the head of the glen; for they saw, what Baillie probably could not see, the Highlanders rushing forward; and therefore they sought cover, which, however, availed them little; for the Highlanders "leapt over the dike, and, with down heads, fell on and broke these regiments." With down heads they came on,

which is the usual posture of these men when rushing into battle, making so the smallest possible mark for shot of the enemy. So the battle began; a little sooner, it seems, than Montrose had intended; but seeing the need of support to his hasty Highlanders, he ordered the old Earl of Airlie, with his Ogilvies and other gentlemen, to charge: the Gordon horse followed, and he himself led his main body forward. The battle was brief, for the Covenanters gave way at once; but the pursuit was long, and the slaughter great. Baillie, not accusing others, says modestly that *he* was "not either the last in the fight, or the first in the flight." All who were mounted, flying betimes and riding hard, escaped; the gentlemen of the military committee, the greater part of the officers, a part of the cavalry, — these escaped with life; but the foot soldiers were almost entirely destroyed, and the battle of Kilsyth was long remembered in the region round about it.

In these battles of Tippermuir, Aberdeen, Inverlochy, Aulderne, Alford, Kilsyth, all within a twelvemonth, the victories were complete; each army of Covenanters, in part destroyed, in part scattered beyond hope of collection, ceased to be an army at all. On this annihilation of armies as *armies*, the actual slaughter being much exaggerated, rests the charge of cruelty made by the Covenanters against Montrose; let us therefore look at the matter a little. The men led by him were Highlanders and Irish, wild men not under pay, and not under contract of service. He had no military chest, no munitions of war, no means of providing for these men but such as could be got from their opponents. It is evident that Montrose held his wild and ever-changing troops with a strong hand: but the perfect horseman humors his horse, as well as

masters him; otherwise the long journey would be uncomfortable to both: and the leader of this wild host, careering over Scotland, governed it somewhat in that way; for, indeed, he could not govern it at all otherwise. When the day of battle came, he made masterly dispositions for it; choosing his ground, placing his men on it, and holding them with a strong hand till the decisive moment came; then he let them loose, and, with a wild rush, they went beyond his reach or control, and, for a time, did their wild work in their own way. Decisive victories are, on the whole, best; better than indecisive ones followed by other battles. Indeed, we may say of war generally, that the laws of it are not the same as the laws of peace, but essentially different. The laws of peace are for the continuance of it; the laws of war, on the contrary, are for the ending of *it;* and when a matter, after long dispute, does come to blows, the rule is, to strike hard and end it; the sooner the better, so that sweet peace, with its blessings, may come again. In this way, with small means, Montrose in six battles, all within a twelvemonth, conquered Scotland, and earned his title, *The Great Marquis.*

After this battle of Kilsyth, no army remained in all Scotland to oppose the conqueror. From the field he wrote to the magistrates of Glasgow: Command "all the people of your town" "to remain in their own houses" and "to make ready all sorts of provisions for passing of the army." If they would do as commanded, he assured them they should be protected, but if they would not, they should fare hard. When the army, a few days after, passed through Glasgow, there was, I think, provision enough for it; and at Bothwell, six miles from it where the army encamped, there was no want — no want, at least, of food. Here, at his camp, the successful General

held a kind of court; and Marquises, Earls, Lords, came into it; many of them, not loyal to the King before, professed loyalty now. Shires and towns sent deprecating deputations, and my Lord Marquis of Montrose was kind and gracious; if also, according to his wont, lofty and stately.

The Major-General of the Irish, Allester Macdonald, was sent with forces to suppress some rising among the Covenanters, but found no need to use his forces; and the Master of Napier, with Sir Nathaniel Gordon and two hundred horse, to summon Edinburgh, and release friends from prison there and at Linlithgow; but with orders to quarter the horse outside the city, for a pestilence, the plague, was then raging there and in other cities. Young Napier's wife; the old Lord his father; his two sisters, and the husband of one of them, Sir George Stirling of Keir, were released at Linlithgow; and at Edinburgh the Earl of Crawford and Lord Ogilvy. The town-council sent delegates to my Lord Marquis, and made unconditional surrender of the city; but the Covenanters held the castle still. Men of all degrees, Covenanters many of them, took passes and protections from the victor, who granted them freely; his principal pass-book, still to be seen, shows that he gave over four hundred of them while in camp at Bothwell.

Among the many who came into this camp-court was one poet, Drummond of Hawthornden; he came, or had the distinction of being invited to come. This William Drummond was of some note among the literary men of that time; and fat Ben Jonson once came trudging all the way from London on foot, to visit him at his beautiful place of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh: Drummond jotted down on paper some of the sayings of his notable guest,

which the curious can still read. Montrose, himself inclined to make verses when he had nothing better to do, was inclined, also, to patronize other writers of it, provided they were loyal; and this one being of that kind, he wrote to him on the 25th of August, —

SIR:

We being informed of your good affection to his Majesty's service, and that you have written some pieces vindicating Monarchy from all aspersions, and another named Irene; these are to desire you to repair to our leaguer, bringing with you, or sending such papers, that we may give orders for putting them to press, to the contentment of all his Majesty's good subjects.

MONTROSE.

The poet, answering, said modestly, "If that piece [Irene] can do any service at this time, your Excellency, so soon as it can be transcribed, shall command it, either to be buried in oblivion if it deserve, or published to the view of the world." Irene got transcription then perhaps, but not publishment; nor did it get that until many years later.

Here, to this camp at Bothwell, came messengers from King Charles, (two of them,) coming by different routes, to make sure of the arrival of one at least. One of them, the King's Secretary for Scotland, Sir Robert Spottiswood, son of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, was, I suppose, well acquainted with Montrose, who, as we remember, sometimes dined with the old gentleman, at Darsie, in his college days. Sir Robert, who arrived at Bothwell on the 1st of September, brought to the King's Lieutenant-General a new commission — commission as "Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of Scotland, with powers

to summon parliaments, and to enjoy all the privileges previously held by Prince Maurice." On the 3d of September, the Marquis proclaimed his new commission to the assembled army, and made a speech; one as well worth listening to, I think, as others made on like occasions: but we know of it only this; that he gave praise to his soldiers generally; special praise to Allester Macdonald; on whom, having now power to do such things, he conferred the honor of knighthood. Alastair Maccholla-chiotach, Mhic-Ghiollesbuig, Mhic-Alastair, Mhic-Evin Chathanich, — these seem to have been the man's names in Gaelic; which being interpreted mean; I am told, Alexander, son of Coll the Ambidexter, son of Archibald, son of Alexander, son of John Cathanach. After knighthood the man was called Sir Alexander Macdonald, and we will hope that he found that name enough for him. He had been a very useful man to Montrose, who knew how to guide and govern him; a boastful kind of man, but never backward in battle; inclined, indeed, to be too forward in it. A story told of him, or of his father, is, whether true or not, characteristic. On occasion when the best man was called for, Keitache stepped forward, sword in his left hand, and said: "Here he is!" and when the second-best was called for, Keitache came forward again; and, throwing his sword from left hand to right, said once more: "Here he is."

The Captain-General, having proclaimed his commission, made then proclamation to the people of Scotland of a Parliament "to be kept at Glasgow, upon the 20th day of October proximo, for settling Religion and Peace, and freeing the oppressed subjects of those insupportable burdens they have groaned under this time by gone;" and he did then, doubtless, hope to give real peace to Scotland.

CHAPTER VII.

A ROYALIST DEFEATED, BUT STRUGGLING.

THE messengers, Sir Robert Spottiswood and another, who brought the new commission, brought also orders from the King to his Captain-General "to form a junction with Home, Roxburgh, and Traquair," — all loyal, or professing to be loyal, — and "to march with all expedition to the Tweed." These Earls, with forces, should join Montrose at or near the borders; and the King himself had a purpose to join too — if he could. He, having a kind of spirit in him, kindled a little at this blaze in the north; but the fire in him was, always, only as of kindling stuff, bursting into sudden flame but without central glow or continuance — not the right kind of fire for a King. Clarendon says: "As far as any resolution was fixed in those days, the purpose was to march directly into Scotland to join with the Marquis of Montrose;" and he, therefore, having orders, made ready to meet the King. On the 4th of September he broke up his camp at Bothwell, and prepared to march; but few would march with him. The Gordons, inclined always to guard their own estates, went, under lead of Lord Aboyne, to their homes in the north; the Highlanders, loving the hills, and their homes in them, marched away into the west; and with them went Sir Alexander Macdonald. The Captain-General of the King could get none to march with him to meet the King, except the poor Irish, a thousand of them, or less, who had no home but the camp; these and the Ogilvies, seventy or eighty of them, and some few others, to us unknown, were all his force now. The border Earls, how-

ever, Home, Roxburgh and Traquair, had promised men and means; and Montrose, nothing doubting, marched to join them. On the 6th of September he was at Cranston-Kirk, on the eastern edge of Edinburghshire, and learned there that General David Leslie, with a large body of horse from the Scotch army in England, was coming north to oppose him, and had already arrived at Berwick, at the mouth of Tweed. Lord Erskine, who gave this information, counselled Montrose to retreat; but he had orders from the King, his master; counted on aid from the border Earls, who had promised it; had good reason to believe that Lord Digby, with a large body of the King's horse, was advancing to join him; and, whatever might betide, he himself would not be wanting. Changing his route, however, he marched from Cranston southward into the valley of the Gala; where, according to appointment, he met the Marquis of Douglass and Lord Ogilvy, whom he had sent from Bothwell to levy troops in the southern shires; but the force they had gathered was small. Somewhere in these parts the Earl of Traquair came to Montrose, and promised much; but, departing himself, he left with the Royalists only a single troop of horse, under his son, Lord Linton. On or before the 10th of September, this forlorn hope of the King halted at Kelso on Tweed, twenty-five miles or so above Berwick; and there Sir Robert Spottiswood, King's Secretary of State for Scotland, who had continued with this remnant of an army since it left Bothwell, wrote to Lord Digby, King's Secretary for England, dating "Kelso, September 10th, 1645:"

MY LORD:

We are now arrived *ad Columnas Herculis* — to Tweedside; dispersed all the King's enemies within this king-

dom to several places; some to Ireland, most of them to Berwick, and had no open enemy more to deal with, if you had kept David Leslie there, and not suffered him to come in here to make head against us of new. It is thought strange here that at least you have sent no party after him, which we expected; although he should not [have] come at all. You little imagine the difficulties my Lord Marquis hath here to wrestle with; the overcoming of the enemy is the least of them; he hath more to do with his seeming friends. Since I came to him, (which was but within these ten days, after much toil and hazard,) I have seen much of it. He was forced to dismiss his Highlanders for a season, who would needs return home to look to their own affairs. When they were gone, Aboyne took a caprice and had away with him the greatest force he [the Marquis] had of horse. Notwithstanding whereof he resolved to follow his work, and clear this part of the kingdom (that was only resting) of the rebels that had fled to Berwick, and kept a bustling there. Besides, he was invited hereunto by the Earls of Roxburgh and Home; who, when he was within a dozen miles of them, have rendered their houses and themselves to David Leslie, and are carried in as prisoners to Berwick. Traquair hath been with him, and promised more than he hath yet performed. All these were great disheartenings to any other but him, whom nothing of this kind can amaze. With the small forces he hath presently with him, he is resolved to pursue David Leslie, and not suffer him to grow stronger. If you would perform that which you lately promised, both this kingdom and the north of England might be soon reduced, and considerable assistance sent from hence to his Majesty. However, nothing will be wanting on our parts here. These that are together are both loyal and resolute; only

a little encouragement from you (as much to let it be seen that they are not neglected as for any thing else) would crown the work speedily. This is all I have for the present, but that I am your Lordship's most faithful friend,

RO. SPOTTISWOODE.

And now let us look and see what King Charles was doing on his part. Clarendon has told us what his "resolution" was; and he says, also, that General David Leslie, with his cavalry, could have been prevented from entering Scotland. But this King, who waited on difficulties till they became impossibilities, tells his own story very conclusively.

MONTROSE:

Not having patience nor time to write in cypher, I must refer you to Digby for what concerns my business, either as in relation to you or these southern parts. I shall only mention that which I care not, or, to say better, would be sorry the world did not know — how much I esteem those real, generous, indeed useful obligations (and without which, in all probability, before this time, I had not been capable to have acknowledged any) you have put upon me; but I will not so injure words as to put upon them what they are not capable of; for in this they can but point at that which otherways must be performed; so as assurance of what shall be is one of their chief uses; and, indeed, it is no small part of my misfortune, though the more for your glory, that this 'shall be' is yet all my song to you; and it were inexcusable, if real impossibility were not the just excuse. Assuring you that nothing shall be omitted, at present or hereafter, for your assistance, or that may testify me to be your most assured, faithful, constant friend,

CHARLES R.

RAGLAND, 9th September, 1645.

A very characteristic letter; "shall be" was all his song, and nothing but a song, which is the history of Charles the First. The Marquis of Montrose, in disguise of a groom, with King's commission in his pocket, could get out of England into the Highlands of Scotland, and, with such means as we know, conquer the whole of it within a twelvemonth; and then, with that miserable remnant of an army, march to the borders of England, while King Charles, with quite other means, could only make bad worse continually. In the early days of this September he was at Ragland, feasting and hunting with the Marquis of Worcester, and *shall be* was all his song. Only one thing could be done with such a King, in such a time as this; and the Regicides were right.

From Kelso the Royalists marched to Jedburgh, and thence to Selkirk; intending, I think, to get into the hills which lie farther on in that direction. The town of Selkirk stands on the right bank of the Ettrick, which there runs north-easterly to the Tweed. Just below the town, on the opposite side of the river and near it, the ground rises into hills; and, a mile or two above, the Yarrow, coming from the north-west, joins itself to Ettrick. Near this junction is a hill with wood on and around it, called Harehead Wood; and from this a haugh, or plain, called Philiphaugh, four hundred or five hundred yards in width, extends itself down the Ettrick a mile, or a little more, to the hills below Selkirk. On this haugh, near Harehead Wood, Montrose posted his meagre army; Irish, about eight hundred of them, and some raw troops gathered on his march, numbers unknown, but small; well placed, it seems, with some slight intrenchment, probably north of the camp, or north-westerly, where it would be of most use. Wishart says, it was the choice of Montrose always

to encamp in open field, where his men, sleeping with their weapons at hand, were ready for sudden fight; or for hasty flight, if need should be; his habit to encamp his army in open field, and to attend in person to the placing of outposts, and sending out of patrols; but at this time, being in communication with his Majesty, he had other work to do, and therefore, contrary to his wont, he intrusted this work to others.

On the night of the 12th of September, 1645, Montrose, the Earl of Crawford, the old Earl of Airlie, the old Lord Napier, Sir Robert Spottiswood, and others, were in the town of Selkirk, holding counsel together; the Marquis himself writing, or dictating, despatches to the King. Deceived by false reports of the strength and movements of David Leslie, and assured by his scouts that no enemy was near, he supposed his troops to be safe for this night at least: but Leslie, with six thousand horse, was within four miles of Philiphaugh. On the morning of the 13th there was a thick mist, and under cover of it the squadrons of the enemy approached, and fell on the camp. The party in Selkirk, then at breakfast, roused by the news, mounted and rode fast; into the Ettrick and across it; and did all that could be done to make defence; but the fight was hopeless from the first. The raw levies fled at once; and escaped, I hope, the most of them; the Irish stood firm, and did battle to the utmost; till, "on quarter promised, they surrendered." Montrose himself, and some thirty Cavaliers, continued a hand-to-hand fight, quite as long as fighting could be of use, I suppose. It has been said that Montrose, seeing the day lost, was bent on dying, sword in hand, on the field, and was forced away by his friends; but I hope it was not so: death in that fashion is only an imposing kind of suicide — a thing, in

all its kinds, unfit for a man who has much good in him. Forced, persuaded, or of his own free will, he, with a little troop of mounted Cavaliers, made way somehow through the enemy, and galloped off. At some little distance from the field they faced about, met and routed a troop of Leslie's horse which followed them, and then fled again westward up the valley of the Yarrow. General David Leslie, who got this easy victory at Philiphaugh, and was well rewarded for it, is the David who afterwards hemmed Oliver in at Dunbar, and was sure of him; but Oliver prayed, and kept his powder dry, and, at the right time for it, struck up the hundred and seventeenth Psalm. Leslie, who got honor by this exploit at Philiphaugh, deserved none for his treatment of prisoners after it; though others were more guilty in that matter than he. The Irish, who surrendered on quarter promised, were, at the instigation of some "churchmen," who "declared it to be an act of most sinful impiety to spare them," butchered on the field by Leslie's troopers. Others of them, taken in flight, were, with the camp followers, "women and children," thrown off a high bridge and drowned: stragglers, taken afterwards singly, got into prisons and were hanged: in one way or another, almost the whole of them were exterminated.

One cannot but pity these poor Irish a little: some twelve hundred of them, got together by the Earl of Antrim, or his agents, who promised them something better than they had known, met Montrose at Blair in Athole, and followed him all over Scotland; over parts of it again and again; forming always the nucleus of his fluctuating armies. On six battle-fields they were victors; and those of them who lived got spoils. We know the names of only three or four of them: O'Ryan and Lachlin,—

Colonel O'Ryan, and Major Lachlin, — they, made prisoners on quarter promised at Philiphaugh, were hanged at Edinburgh. Another, captured some time before while straggling a little way from the army, was, it appears, a surgeon little indebted to books for his knowledge of the healing art: he, Hew McVayne, depones, "that he is a chirurgian of his calling;" depones, "when the Irish rebbelis was at Inverlochie, he was sent to the Blair of Athoill to cure some woundit sogouris;" depones, "he cannot wreatt." Irish Papists and masse-priests the Covenanters called these men — mass-priests of a kind perhaps, but not of a very imposing kind; for where the surgeon could not write, the clergy would not be a learned body. One other of them we can individualize, but not by name; he, falling on the battle-field of Aberdeen, his leg shattered by a cannon ball, took out his knife, and cutting off the muscle and tendons, flung the useless part away, saying: "Now I cannot march at all at all, and my Lord Marquis must make a trooper of me." My Lord Marquis put the man into a saddle; and I hope, for the sake of his seat there, that the part of the leg which stuck to him reached to the knee, or near it. Half of these poor Irish, or a little more than half, got to Philiphaugh; so far they had marched; and women, their wives and others, followed them through it all — followed with children too, infants, born some of them on the hillsides, under bushes, — and always the word again was, March! Wretched hours enough they had; and some, too, that by comparison were joyful. We will not give all our pity to them and their like, but we will keep a little of it for the sons and daughters of luxury, who do not march at all, and therefore cannot halt and rest. At last, these poor way-worn Irish got too, at Philiphaugh, what we shall all get somewhere and somewhen — rest, enough of it.

The flying Marquis, to whom flight of this kind was new, had with him the Marquis of Douglass, Lord Napier, the Master of Napier, the Lords Erskine and Fleming, Sir John Dalziel, and others of lesser note. Up the Yarrow they went, along its eastern side, over the Minch-Moor, — "a broad-based, wide-spreading, but short mountain-ridge, running north and south between the parishes of Yarrow and Traquair," — and onward north-westerly towards Peebles, near which stood Earl Traquair's castle. The Marquis paused there a moment, and inquired for the Earl, who was reported "not at home," though, according to Wishart, he was then and there within; he, and his son, Lord Linton, who, with his troop of horse, had left the royal standard before the surprise at Philiphaugh. This Earl, some say, was a traitor, informing Leslie in these days, and misinforming Montrose: not unlikely. "The Earl of Traquair, the most versatile man in Scotland," says Sir Philip Warwick, which is saying much, but hardly too much. He had been high in favor with King Charles — his Treasurer for Scotland, his Commissioner to Parliament. He came at last to be a common beggar on the streets of Edinburgh.

At early morn, on the day after Philiphaugh, Montrose, having ridden hard, crossed the Clyde, and was joined then by the Earls of Airlie and Crawford, who had escaped by another road, and brought with them two hundred horse. On the 17th, the Marquis was at the hill of Buchanty, in Glen-Almond, within twenty miles of Blair-Athole, and wrote there his

"Orders for John Stewart, of Shierglass, and the rest of the country of Athole.

James, Marquis of Montrose, his Majesty's Lieutenant, and Governor-General of the Kingdom of Scotland:

Whereas we did direct a former order unto you, for apprehending all such straggling Irish as you shall find within your country, and sending them home to the army, these be therefore again to will and command you that, immediately after sight hereof, you take and apprehend all such straggling Irish as you shall find within your country, and send them fast bound to the army with a guard; except such as have our warrant; as you answer on the contrary at your highest peril.

Given at our camp at Buchanty, the 19th of September, 1645. MONTROSE."

All such Irish — Irish who straggle about the country — shall be sent home to the army, where they shall be made to march straight, which is better.

On the 2d of October, the Marquis, with such small force as he had gathered of Atholmen and straggling Irish, was at Comrie, near the head of Strathearn, whence, at that date, he issued orders:

"For John Robertson, of Inver, Captain of the Castle of Blair-Athole.

Whereas you did receive former orders from us for causing of Alexander and Neil Stewarts, brothers to John Stewart, of Innerchanocane, restore and deliver back such goods as they did take from Captain Rattray: these are therefore to will and command you, that immediately after sight hereof, you put the said orders to execution, and that you take particular notice to see the said goods restored; as you will answer on the contrary. MONTROSE.

You will receive from this bearer three hundred threescore balls; and, as occasion shall offer, your necessities shall be supplied. Meanwhile you will be doing what you

can, and be extremely careful of your prisoners, especially of Archibald Campbell."

Be extremely careful of the prisoners, he says, especially of this Campbell; for by means of these he has some hope of saving the lives of other prisoners; those, namely, which the Covenanters took at Philiphaugh, — the Earl of Hartfell, the Lords Drummond and Ogilvy, Sir Robert Spottiswood, Sir William Rollo, Sir Philip Nesbet, Sir Alexander Leslie of Auchintoul, William Murray brother to the Earl of Tullibardine, Alexander Ogilvy younger of Innerquharty, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, and Captain Andrew Guthrie.

Five days after the date of the above letter, the Marquis was over the Grampians, and at Drimminer or Drumminor, (Castle Forbes) near the centre of Aberdeenshire, where Lord Aboyne, with twelve hundred foot and three hundred horse, joined him. Lord Lewis Gordon, too, came in to the army with a considerable body of horse; and all these, when joined by the troops of the Earl of Airlie and Lord Erskine, who were recruiting in their own districts, would give the Captain-General of the King an army capable of operations in the Lowlands again. He, it appears, had sent young Drummond of Balloch from Athole to the Marquis of Huntly, to make explanations to the jealous old Marquis, and propositions, too, probably, in regard to future courses; and now, the Gordons having come in, Montrose writes: —

"For my noble Lord, the Marquis of Huntly.

NOBLE LORD:

After my congratulations of your Lordship's happy arrival, I must acknowledge all your noble and affectionate

expressions concerning his Majesty's service, told me by your son and Balloch; as also your Lordship's favorable respects to myself, and the course you wish to be taken in business for hereafter. For what hath formerly passed, I hope those two have satisfied your Lordship in it; and for times to come, I am absolutely resolved to observe the way you propose; and in every thing, upon my honor, to witness myself as your son, and faithful servant.

MONTROSE.

DRUMMINOR, 7th October, 1645."

And now my Lord Marquis of Montrose had reason to hope that matters between him and the Gordons would go smoother than formerly; but difficulties arose at the very outset.

General David Leslie, after Montrose got into the Highlands, divided his force; remaining himself at or near Glasgow, with one part, he sent the other, under Major General Middleton, to the north, to overawe the Gordons, and to act otherwise, as need might be. With Middleton, at this time encamped at Turreff, in the north-west of Aberdeenshire, the Gordons, naturally enough, were desirous of dealing at once, before marching south, so that no enemy should be left near their homes. Montrose, on the contrary, was determined to march on Leslie at Glasgow. He had, as we remember, proclaimed, from his camp at Bothwell, a Parliament to be held at Glasgow on the 20th of this October, and a victory over Leslie would enable him to hold it still; but his main object was to save his friends, prisoners taken at Philiphaugh, ten of whom had been condemned to death. At a council of war, held at Drumminor, it was decided, Aboyne consenting, to march to Glasgow; Montrose, I suppose, being of

opinion that Middleton would follow to support Leslie. Lord Lewis Gordon, however, with a large part of the cavalry, deserted the standard on the spot; and, after one day's march with Montrose, Aboyne, with the rest of the Gordons, left him, and went to their homes. This Lord Lewis was a wild young man, rather loose in his notions of right and wrong. A scrap of old verse, which has somehow floated down from that time, has truth in it, and serves to mark a difference between him and Montrose: —

"If ye with Montrose gae, ye'll get sic and wae enough;
If ye with Lord Lewis gae, ye'll get rob and rave enough."

Marching southward, Montrose lingered at the Castleton of Braemar, in hope, I suppose, of persuading the Gordons to return. Here he heard good news of some kind from his Captain of Blair, and wrote to him in reply: —

INVER:

I am glad of this good news. I am advanced thus far, and am, God willing, to be this night in Glenshee. Wherefore you will, immediately after sight hereof, convene the whole countrymen, and direct them to meet me towards Dunkeld, with all possible diligence. And let me be advertised what you can hear of Sir Alexander Macdonald, or where he is; and of all occurrences in the country, or what else intelligence you can learn. We rest,

MONTROSE.

CASTLETON OF BRAEMAR, 23d October, 1645.

Marching then across the Grampians, he, on the 25th, dating at Loch Earn, writes again to the same correspondent: —

"ASSURED FRIEND:

I have often willed you to keep those you have in hold in terms of prisoners. Always [but] for some particular causes which you shall know hereafter, these are to will and desire you, that, as you tender his Majesty's service my respect and favor, and all and whatsoever concernments, you, upon sight hereof, put those your prisoners in most strict fermance, without the least either manner or season of freedom whatsoever; all sorts of pretences laid aside; which most assuredly expecting, I am your loving friend, MONTROSE.

You will, by all means, be careful that all the country people come out; that none of them be suffered to stay, by no means, at home; and if any struggle back, that strict notice be taken with them."

The tone of this letter, so different from others to this Captain of his stronghold, is very remarkable; it is one of entreaty, almost of supplication. He says: "I have often willed you to keep those you have in hold in terms of prisoners;" that is, as prisoners of war, who are entitled to all reasonable liberty and indulgence; and he cannot bring himself to command his Captain to treat them otherwise, though there was surely good reason at this time for such command. He had now just heard of the executions at Glasgow: on the 21st of October, one of his most faithful followers, Sir William Rollo, was beheaded, and, on the 22d, Sir Philip Nesbit, and Ogilvy of Innerquharity, came to death in the same way. Colonel O'Kyan and Major Lachlin, officers of the Irish corps taken at Philiphaugh, suffered some time before at Edinburgh, having no friends to ask even for delay of execution.

General Middleton, when he learned that the Royalists

had gone south, marched that way himself to join General Leslie; for his special purpose was not war with the Gordons; and the King's Captain-General, with such forces arrayed against him, while he, on his part, had only about twelve hundred foot and three hundred horse, could have no hope in contest in the Lowlands. In the latter days of October, however, when he was in Perthshire, there came to him good news brought by messengers from the King; news that Lord Digby, with fifteen hundred horse, had been despatched, or would be, to meet him on the borders. The question with Montrose was then, how to get there himself; for Leslie, with his cavalry, was watchful. These same messengers, therefore, Captain Thomas Ogilvy and Captain Thomas Nesbit, he sent northward to Huntly with the news; hoping, thereby, to bring out the Gordons. Meanwhile he, awaiting the return of the messengers, manœuvred on the slopes of the Highlands, moving slowly towards Glasgow, and causing some alarm there. On the 26th day of this October, Lord Digby, though defeated in action on the way, did actually get to Dumfries, in the south of Scotland, with the greater part of his force. But then, not knowing in what direction to advance farther into Scotland, nor how to get back into England, he attempted neither; "but in the highest despair that Lord" (Lord Digby) "Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the two Earls" (Carnwath and Nithsdale) "and most of the other officers, embarked for the Isle of Man, and shortly after for Ireland; all the troops being left to shift for themselves. Thus those fifteen hundred horse which marched northward, within very few days were brought to nothing, and the generalship of Lord Digby to an end." King Charles, when he heard of this result, was himself in circumstances well nigh desperate, and wrote, dating "Newark, 3d November, 1645:" —

"MONTROSE:

As it hath been none of my least afflictions, nor misfortunes, that you have hitherto had no assistance from me, so I conjure you to believe that nothing but impossibility hath been the cause of it; witness my coming hither (not without some difficulty) being only for that end; and when I saw *that* would not do, the parting with fifteen hundred horse, under the command of Digby, to send unto you."

And so on, in hopeless strain; for, indeed, the poor King could do little now, though he began to see how he could have done something before.

The messengers, Ogilvy and Nesbit, returning from the north without the Gordons, Montrose sent another one, Sir John Dalziel, brother of the Earl of Carnwath, with a letter to Huntly, — a rather indignant letter, closing with a request to grant at least "the favor of a conference to the King's Governor."

The Gordons would not come out with their horse; nor Sir Alexander Macdonald with his Highlanders: he, spoiled by his new title, was no longer inclined to follow, but was bent on being a leader on his own account and risk in the far west. The King's Captain-General, therefore, seeing no help elsewhere, turned to the men of Athole. On the 9th of November, he was at Kilmahog, near a pass into the Highlands — the pass of Leny, in the south of Perthshire — writing to his Captain of Blair.

INVER:

Having a purpose to take a settled and solid course through the whole kingdom, for levies in his Majesty's service, and being to repair to the country of Athole for that effect, — lest the country should be prejudged, either through our stay above a night or two, or in furnishings

and provisions, — these be therefore to will and command you, that immediately after sight hereof, you convene all the countrymen of Athole, to keep a rendezvous at the Blair of Athole, upon Friday next, the fourteenth of this instant, by nine o'clock in the morning; that we take a settled and solid course by their own sights and advices, for a competent and proportional number to be kept upon service. Wherein you are to use exact diligence, that we be not obliged to stay over a night or two, nor the country troubled with furnishings and provisions. So we rest.

MONTROSE.

In this month of November, before or soon after the date of this letter, this much-vexed but uncomplaining man was in the home of his childhood, or near it. James Burns, baillie of Glasgow, addicted to making historical memoranda, jotted down this: "In November, 1645, Montrose's lady died: he came and buried her at Montrose, and was chased back again by Lieutenant-General Middleton." The history of this lady, all that is now known of it, is very brief. Magdalene Carnegie, youngest daughter of Sir David Carnegie, afterwards Earl of Southesk, married James Graham, Earl of Montrose, and bore to him four sons. On the 19th of April, 1645, David, Earl of Southesk, ordered so to do, appeared before the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh, "and produced Robert Graham, son to the late Earl of Montrose, . . . and being demanded on what occasion he met with Montrose, and what passed betwixt them, he made a verbal declaration thereof." A declaration of tenor now unknown, but apparently satisfactory to the Committee; for, on the 21st of the same April, "The Committee of Estates ordains and allows the Earl of Southesk to deliver Robert Graham,

son to the late Earl of Montrose, to ——— Carnegie, his mother, to be kept and entertained by her; and, being delivered to his mother, exoners the Earl of Southesk of him." In November, 1645, this lady died, and was buried at Montrose, or Kinnaird. Mr. Mark Napier, recording the fact that the Committee of Estates allowed this boy, Robert, to remain with his mother, is indignant with her, and thinks that she lived estranged from her husband, and had "sworn allegiance to the brethren," or Covenanters; but there is slight ground for such conclusion. The Committee of Estates knew that the eldest son of this mother had died shortly before at Gordon Castle; that the second son, James, was then in prison at Edinburgh; and that there remained now to the mother only two sons, this Robert and little David. Southesk, too, had just made a declaration in regard to "what passed betwixt" himself and Montrose, which was apparently satisfactory; and this Committee of Estates, not without something human in it, took pity on the bereaved mother. Her husband, at some risk to himself, came and buried her when she died; and we will think of her as a good, quiet woman, mindful of her own household, especially mindful of the boys in it; a woman of the kind called motherly, which is a very good kind.

In this month of November, too, died Archibald, Lord Napier. This old Lord, about seventy, had been broken down by the hard ride from Philiphaugh, and had since lain sick at Fincastle, on the Garry, where he died. His daughter Margaret, wife of Stirling of Keir, came into the hills, and smoothed the pillow of the good old father; reminding him of that other Margaret, her mother, "a woman religious, chaste, and beautiful;" who had been his "chief joy in this world." Montrose came and buried

him too, at the Kirk of Blair. The friendship of these men, beginning in the boyhood of Montrose, and continuing without interruption till the death of Napier, is noteworthy; one of them young, ardent, daring; the other old, peaceful, considerate: a beautiful friendship, like that of Mentor and the son of Ulysses.

The world of the Covenanters was all against Montrose, and no man in Scotland was so maligned as he; those who knew him thoroughly, and loved him, died, or were shut close in prisons; but he fared onward as he could.

The messengers to Huntly having failed to effect the purpose of their mission, the Graham, determined, if possible, to get the conference he had asked, and see what could be done so, led his scanty army, in December, through the mountain snows into the country of the Gordons. The old chief of them, being absent from his Castle of Strathbogie, — purposely absent, says Wishart, to avoid his visitor, — Montrose, leaving his army encamped there, started at nightfall with a small body-guard of horse, and, at early morn, arrived at Huntly's other castle, in the Bog of Gight, near the mouths of the Spey. Here the two loyalists — one of the active kind, the other of the passive — had their conference; and in it, Montrose, whose personal influence was great, prevailed; Huntly promising to coöperate with his Gordons.

The King's Captain-General had, at this time, under arms about one thousand men, two hundred of them horse; while Huntly, King's Lieutenant in the north, had double that number, six hundred being horse; and the plan of operations was this: by persuasion, or force, to bring in the Earl of Seaforth and his Mackenzies; then, by siege or otherwise, to get possession of the city of Inverness; and then, leaving no powerful enemy behind

them, to proceed in the conquest of the Lowlands. But Huntly delayed, besieging Lethin Castle belonging to the Laird of Brodie, and little was done. In these months of December and January there was correspondence by letters between the chiefs — correspondence by letters which is in part known to us, intercourse otherwise entirely unknown. Montrose dates "Kinnermony, December 23d, 1645," and "Advie, Dec. 29th;" both places on the Spey; letters of conciliatory kind, but not of much interest. Again he writes to Huntly, on the last day of the year, from "Balla Castle," or Castle Grant, a letter relating to the Earl of Seaforth, who, as the Laird of Glengarry reports, has agreed to join the Royalists; and he, Montrose, asks Huntly's "judgment anent the delay" in proceedings against him. "For," he says, "if Seaforth be really come in, it shall hold us in much time and pains; if not, he is not able to stand our advance. But if he be willing, it is better he come in at the slap to us, than that we should go over the dike to him." On the tenth day of the new year, my Lord Marquis, grown very impatient, thinks it best to go over the dike, and writes, dating at Strathspey: "It being necessary we should now take the opportunity of the season, and employ the time that so favorably offereth unto us, I have directed this bearer to acquaint your Lordship with my thoughts of the business, and to know your Lordship's own opinion; for it concerns us now really to fall to work." And, two days later, he writes about one Colonel Hay, who promised "to use his own endeavors, in an indirect way," with Seaforth; "and that he would work wonders: but I find no effect earthly from it; which must make us the rather to hold our old grounds."

Other letters in this month of January show that nego-

tiations continued with the Earl of Seaforth, without much besides promises for result. This Earl, who had large possessions in the north, his lands stretching forth to the sea, believed in the Scotch fisher-saying, *Keep your ain fish-guts to your ain sea-maws*, and therefore trimmed his sails always to the prevailing wind. Before the battle of Inverlochy he was in arms for the Covenant; after it he signed a bond with the victor for the maintenance of the King's cause. At the battle of Aulderne he stood and fought against the King's Lieutenant, and got defeat as he deserved. This Earl, apparently changeful, but really constant to one thing, was now negotiating, promising, watching the winds; and Montrose at times showed impatience. Huntly, however, busy with his siege of Brodie's Castle of Lethin, was in no haste; for indeed he was not inclined to place his Gordons under the standard of Montrose, who, as Captain-General, would of right command the whole. Huntly, King's Lieutenant in the north, thought it, perhaps, his special duty to stay there, with his Gordons, for defence of it against the King's enemies, instead of marching for conquest. The man, too, was old; and the old are timid and conservative: we will blame him, therefore, only for this, that he did not speak out and say what he would or would not do, so that Montrose could have shaped his own course accordingly. To him this time of inaction must have been irksome and painful, for old friends, then under trial, were in danger; and some of them were soon shorn away: on the 20th of this January, 1645, Sir Robert Spottiswood, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, and Captain Andrew Guthrie, taken at Philiphaugh, were beheaded at St. Andrews. Assemblies of the Kirk, Synods, Presbyteries, had petitioned Parliament to have justice done "on those persons now in

bonds." All ministers of the Kirk, or the most of them, preached and prayed for the execution of these men, guilty of the worst of sins — sin of opposition to the only true church. Their beloved church, through long years, had been in danger of extinction: opposition and irritation, fear and trouble, long continued, had made these men fanatics. They mistook a part of God's kingdom for the whole of it; as we all, to some extent, do; and therefore their standard of judgment was a false one.

The common Irish soldiers, thrown into prisons, had been "executed without any assize or process:" other prisoners had trial, and judgment for cause shown; but the case of Sir Robert Spottiswood had been a difficult one, for he had not borne arms against the Covenanters. Some of his judges, therefore, inclined to mercy; but he had been a firm friend to Montrose, which in itself was crime enough; and he therefore had to go with the rest. On the eve of his execution he wrote as follows: —

"For the Lord Marquis of Montrose his Excellence.

MY NOBLE LORD:

You will be pleased to accept this last tribute of my service; this people having condemned me to die for my loyalty to his Majesty, and the respect I am known to carry towards your Excellence, which, I believe hath been the greater cause, of the two, of my undoing. Always [but] I hope, by the assistance of God's grace, to do more good to the King's cause, and to the advancement of the service your Excellence hath in hand, by my death, than perhaps otherwise I could have done being living. For, notwithstanding all the rubs and discouragements I perceive your Excellence hath had of late, I hope you will not be disheartened to go on, and crown that work you did so

gloriously begin, and had achieved so happily, if you had not been deserted in the nick. In the end God will surely set up again his own anointed; and, as I have been confident from the beginning, make your Excellence a prime instrument of it. One thing I must humbly recommend to your Excellence; that, as you have done always hitherto, so you will continue by fair and gentle carriage to gain the People's affection to their Prince, rather than to imitate the barbarous inhumanity of your adversaries, although they give your Excellence too great provocations to follow their example. Now for my last request. In hope that the poor service I could do hath been acceptable to your Excellence, let me be bold to recommend the care of my orphans to you; that when God shall be pleased to settle his Majesty in peace, your Excellence will be a remembrancer to him in their behalf, as also in behalf of my brother's house, that hath been, and is, mightily oppressed for the same respect. Thus, being forced to part with your Excellence, as I have lived so I die, your Excellency's most humble and faithful servant,

Ro. Spottiswoode."

This friend, evidently a good man, had gone; Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, who had been constant throughout, had been shorn away, and Sir William Rollo; old friends, in one way and another, had gone, or were going, and there could be little hope of new ones; for the State and the Kirk of Scotland, representing this world and the next, pronounced death here, and condemnation hereafter, on every adherent of that monster of iniquity, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. He, however, who said, before the anathema fell on himself, "Excommunication doth not yet loose the bands of nature," stood at all times,

even to the last, on his manhood — a foundation approved by the Maker of men.

The Castle of Blair-Athole, which Montrose took possession of at the commencement of his war in Scotland, he held to the close of it. The Captain of this stronghold, Robertson of Inver, though a good custodian, keeping it and its contents faithfully, was, it appears, not a good correspondent; and the Marquis complained of him often for negligence in this respect. On the 8th of February, dating at Kylochy, which is in the valley of the Findhorn, near Inverness, he says to this Captain, "I wonder wherefore I have not heard from you this long time by-past; having sent you frequent advertisements, and you having daily occasions;" and on the same day, his secretary, Master James Kennedy, writes: —

"SIR:

I cannot but advertise you, that I have not seen the Marquis of Montrose so discontent since ever I knew him, as he is presently with your and others' negligence in Athole, in not acquainting him, these six weeks by-past, with the state and condition of matters there; albeit he hath written to you often formerly. Wherefore you will do well for yourselves to post back an express bearer, with all possible diligence, and to acquaint him with all occurrents in your country or elsewhere; and to write your own excuse for so long delaying. As for occurrents here, we be in good hope that Seaforth, Sir James Macdonald, and Macleod, shall join to the King's forces in all haste. For they have given all assurances, both by word and writ, that can be asked. They are to have a rendezvous of all their forces on Wednesday next in Ross, within fourteen miles of this country, and thereafter to come along to my

Lord Marquis. The Marquis of Huntly doth still lie besieging the House of Lethin in Moray, which we be confident he shall gain this week." . . And so on, signing at last, MASTER J. KENNEDY.

Master Kennedy had been with the Marquis since the battle of Aberdeen, acting as his secretary, and had, therefore, seen much of him; but he had never seen him show so much discontent at any time as now with the negligence of this Captain of Blair. The man Master Kennedy served was, indeed, not often discomposed. Sir Robert Spottiswood, too, speaking of the desertions and discouragements after the battle of Kilsythe, said, as we remember, that they had little effect on the Marquis, "whom nothing of this kind can amaze."

One of the inquiries made of the Captain had doubtless been in regard to Coll Keitache, who, since he got the title of Sir Alexander Macdonald, had been acting on his own account in the far west: little inclined himself to take a subordinate place again, he had been held back from it too by the Earl, or Marquis, of Antrim, who had got mixed up in the distracted affairs of Ireland, and had fallen into doubtful or traitorous ways. Another inquiry had been made, I suppose, about the Atholmen who were at this time slow to come out. Early in this month of February, however, about eight hundred of them got together, and, under Patrick Graham (Black Pate) and Drummond of Balloch, they marched into Menteith, where the Marquis of Argyle had quartered a thousand or more of his Campbells on the lands of Lord Napier. On the 13th of that month there was battle, with defeat to the Campbells; and then the Atholmen, marching northward, joined Montrose. He, then on the coast at Petty, between In-

verness and Campbelltown, wrote on the 15th of March to Lord Aboyne; and, after saying that a verbal message he had received from his Lordship was not intelligible, he said: "I have desired the bearer hereof, Sir John Hurry, to wait upon your Lordship, that I may be more fully informed of the course." The verbal message had some reference to fighting the enemy; and "your Lordship knows it is three or four months since I desired the same very earnestly;" "neither is there any thing in the world I so much passion;" "wherefore my earnest desire to your Lordship is, that you will be pleased to let me know your strength, and what forces you can assure me of." Lord Aboyne's answer to this letter begins thus: "My Lord, the truth is, I several times have heard there was much suspicion of scruple betwixt your Lordship and my father (the Marquis of Huntly) anent the carriage of his Majesty's service." This letter, which is flippant and in rather mocking tone, did not, I think, give any satisfactory answer to the letter borne by Sir John Hurry. This Sir John is the same man that got a defeat at Aulderne here in the north some time ago, and, escaping with one hundred horse, joined General Baillie. Before the battle of Alford he left the Covenanters, "pretending indisposition," says General Baillie, between whom and Hurry there had been little good will at any time. Sir John was one of that much-abused class of men called *Soldiers of Fortune;* which class, however, is not worse than some other classes that are less abused. He, "a tall, robust fellow, with a deep scar on his cheek," came over to the Royalists some day in this winter, and was welcome, no doubt, to the leader of them, who had use for him.

The next day after Montrose wrote the said letter to Aboyne his Castle of Kincardine was burned to the

ground — burned, all of it that would burn, for there was stone in its walls. The young Lord Napier, with about fifty men, had, in the beginning of March, 1646, occupied and fortified it, "intending to organize some protection for his own and his uncle's estates;" or with some other intent. Thereupon General Middleton besieged the castle and battered it with cannon. After fourteen days' defence, water ceased to flow into the castle well; and young Napier, with a companion, mounted in dark night at a postern gate: moving at first slowly and stealthily, they spurred at the right moment and escaped — escaped so or somehow. Next day there was capitulation; men were shot at a post; and shepherds on the Ochil Hills saw smoke and flame break forth from the old home of the Grahams. Perhaps Lord Napier, lingering on the opposite side of Strathearn, where hills rise by degrees till they become Grampians, or rugged mountains, himself saw the castle fall; and so could tell the whole story to his uncle Montrose, when he came to him in the north, where negotiations and preparations for action were still going on.

What might, could, would, or should have been the result of all this negotiating and manœuvring, if it had gone forward to any, would be a useless inquiry. The plan of Montrose for a second campaign in Scotland was a good one. He had learned that though he could conquer on the battle-field with such armies as he led before, yet the fair fruits of victory escaped him: conquering Scotland with such armies, he could not hold it; for his armies had melted away after every victory, and he, though victor, had to take refuge in the hills, and fly to and fro there till his wayward Redshanks would gather again. He had now, therefore, "a purpose to take a settled and solid course through the whole kingdom for levies in his Majesty's

service," and was trying to unite the north for a beginning. But, as we have seen, he made slow work of it; all men, or almost all, having lost faith in King Charles's might, whatever they thought of his hereditary right. Schemes for service of this King, wise or unwise, were now upset by himself; and his Captain-General of Scotland, on one of the latter days of May, received a letter which he read with astonishment:—

MONTROSE:

I am in such a condition as is much fitter for relation than writing; wherefore I refer you to this trusty bearer, Robert Car, for the reasons of my coming to this army; as also what my treatment hath been since I came, and my resolutions upon my whole business. This shall, therefore, only give you positive commands, and tell you real truths, leaving the *why* of all this to this bearer. You must disband your forces and go into France, where you shall receive my further directions. This at first may justly startle you; but I assure you that if, for the present, I should offer to do more for you, I could not do so much; and that you shall always find me your most assured, constant, real, and faithful friend.

CHARLES R.

NEWCASTLE, May 19, 1646.

Robert Car, the bearer of this letter, told a story to his astonished auditor much like that now in the history-books, I suppose: How the King, finding his affairs going continually from bad to worse, saw no hope but in causing divisions among his opponents; how, therefore, in the beginning of May, he got out of Oxford in disguise, and rode northward, through obscure ways, to the Scottish camp before Newark; how he had hoped thereby to widen

the difference already existing between Scotch Presbyterians and their English brethren, Independents and other; and so get his kingdom again. Of the King's treatment since he came to the Scotch Presbyterian army, the messenger made no favorable report; and his Majesty's resolutions upon his "whole business" may be guessed at by those who like unprofitable work. Whatever story Montrose heard from Robert Car, or Ker, he sent this answer to the King: —

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY:

I received your Majesty's [letter] by this bearer, Lieutenant-Colonel Ker, carrying your Majesty's, being at Newcastle; together with your Majesty's pleasure for disbanding of all forces, and my own repair abroad. For the first, I shall not presume to canvass, but humbly acquiesce in your Majesty's resolutions. As for that of present disbanding, I am likewise, in all humility, to render obedience, as never having had, nor having any thing earthly before my eyes, but your Majesty's service; as all my carriages have hitherto, and shall at this time, witness: only, I must humbly beg your Majesty to be pleased to consider, that there is nothing remembered concerning the immunity of those who have been upon your service; that all deeds in their prejudice be reduced, and those of them who stay at home enjoy their lives and properties without being questioned; for such as go abroad, that they have all freedom of transport; and also that all prisoners be released; so that no characters of what has happened remain. For, when all is done that we can, I am much afraid that it shall trouble both those there with your Majesty, and all your servants here, to quit these parts; and as for my own leaving this kingdom, I shall, in all humility and obedience,

endeavor to perform your Majesty's command; wishing, rather than any should make pretext of me, never to see it again with mine eyes; willing, as well by passion as action, to witness myself your Majesty's most humble, and most faithful, subject and servant,

MONTROSE.

STRATHSPEY, 2d June, 1646.

Wishart says that Montrose also wrote, privately, by another messenger, entreating his Majesty to inform him to what extent he was acting under compulsion, and assuring him that he would sacrifice himself in his cause. Crossing the Grampians, and coming into Glenshee at the north-east extremity of Perthshire, the Marquis, dating there, June 10, wrote to Donald Robertson in Athole:—

ASSURED FRIEND:

Being informed that you have presently all your regiment in readiness at an head, these are therefore to will you, immediately after sight hereof, to repair to us with all possible diligence; till when I remit all other particulars, and continue your assured friend,

MONTROSE.

On the 15th of June the King wrote again, from Newcastle, a letter full of expressions of gratitude and assurances of esteem; and after saying that he had done all he could for Montrose and other friends, he added: "I renew my former directions of laying down arms unto you; desiring you to let Huntly, Crawford, Airlie, Seaforth, and Ogilvy know that want of time hath made me now omit to reiterate my former commands to them, intending this shall serve for all."

The leading Covenanters, or the Committee of Estates, sent, about this time, written conditions of surrender to

Montrose, and he replied, "that as he had taken up arms under the commission and by the desire of his Majesty, he would receive conditions for laying them down from no mortal but the King himself." His Majesty then wrote again, "Newcastle, 16th July," and said: "I have told this bearer, Robert Car, and the Commissioners here, that I have commanded you to accept of Middleton's conditions, which really I judge to be your best course." "That you may make the clearer judgment what to do, I have sent you here enclosed the Chancellor's answers to your demands; wherefore, if you think it fit to accept, you may justly say I have commanded you; and if you take another course, you cannot expect that I can publicly avow you in it;" "but on the contrary must seem to be not well satisfied with your refusal, which I find clearly will bring all this army upon you." The poor King signed "Charles R." still, but the R. had little meaning.

Middleton, coming to offer conditions, was John Middleton, who served as Major under Montrose at the storming of the bridge of Dee, in 1639; he had risen since, and had become General, commanding for the Covenanters in Scotland. He had some respect for his former commander, and the two men met on the banks of the Isla, on the confines of Perthshire and Forfarshire, courteously, as soldiers are wont to meet on such occasions. After two hours' conference, on a haugh, or plain by the riverside, they agreed on terms: James Graham, Marquis of Montrose; Ludovic, Earl of Crawford; and Sir John Hurry, to have safe transportation beyond sea, provided they sailed before the 1st of September; but no pardon or other favor. All other friends or followers of the Marquis were to have pardon and possession of their estates.

This agreement made and signed, Montrose, on the 30th

of July, at Rattray, in Perthshire, on the edge of the Highlands, took leave of his little army, consisting mainly of Atholmen and Ogilvies; — a sorrowful parting to some of them who had been faithful from the beginning through all vicissitudes. After this parting, the chief of the Grahams, accompanied only by Sir John Hurry, went to his house of Old Montrose; and the days allowed to him in Scotland were used, doubtless, in arrangement of his private affairs. His eldest living son, James, who had been in keeping of the Covenanters in Edinburgh Castle or elsewhere, was released at this time, or soon after, and went abroad. His other sons, Robert and David, under care of grandfather Southesk, were probably at Kinnaird, near Old Montrose. Dependants of the house, old servants and others, had to be cared for; and the Marquis, leaving all for unknown term of time, was, I suppose, busy enough in that month of August, 1646; busy, not only in his own private affairs, but also, it is said, in arrangements for another attempt to help King Charles to his throne.

That Montrose was at this time doing, or trying to do, something for his Majesty, appears by a letter dated "Newcastle, 21st August, 1646."

"MONTROSE:

"In all kinds of fortune you find a way more and more to oblige me; and it is none of my least misfortunes, that all this time I can only return to you verbal repayment."

And so on, referring for more interesting particulars to the "bearer Robert Car." In a postscript the King says: "Defer your going beyond seas as long as you may without breaking your word." For indeed, the chapter of chances, always a large one with this King, might yet have something good in it.

The Committee of Estates had promised to provide a ship for conveyance of the exiles beyond sea, but she did not arrive in the harbor of Montrose till the last day of August; and the captain of it said then that he could not be ready to sail thence for some days. "Ugly looking sailors in this ship," says Dr. Wishart, "the whole thing planned and arranged by the Covenanters so that they could have a pretext for seizing the Marquis, when his term of time in Scotland expired;" but the Doctor had been in danger of death by rats in a prison provided for him by these Covenanters; and his recollection of frightful night-watches there probably warped his judgment of them, not only in this matter but in other matters too. It appears, however, that Montrose himself was apprehensive of treachery on this occasion, and had some reason for apprehension; for the Kirk, discontent with the terms granted by Middleton, had already excommunicated the Earl of Airlie, the Grahams of Inchbrakie and Gorthie, and others whom the State had pardoned. The Marquis, therefore, had provided other means of conveyance for himself and friends. On the northern coast, twenty miles or so from Montrose harbor, a small vessel was found in the harbor of Stonehaven, bound for Bergen, in Norway; and in it embarked Sir John Hurry, Drummond of Balloch, John Spottiswood, nephew of Sir Robert, Henry Graham, Dr. George Wishart, and some old servants of Montrose; and on the 3d of September, the vessel set sail. At night of the same day, "the Reverend James Wood, a very worthy clergyman," attended by a man apparently his servant, took a small boat at the western shore of the Montrose basin, and rowing out of the harbor's narrow mouth, where the island of Inchbraycock lies in mid-stream, they, the clergyman and his servant, entered a

wherry, or decked fisher-boat, that lay at anchor outside. So James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, who, in August, 1644, got into Scotland in the disguise of a serving-man, had now, after two eventful years, to escape from it in the same way.

CHAPTER VIII.

A ROYALIST IN EXILE.

MONTROSE, taking boat with the Reverend James Wood, got probably, when out of harbor, on board that vessel in which his friends sailed from Stonehaven; for he arrived, it appears, at Bergen, in Norway, before the end of September. Thence, crossing the country to Christiana, he embarked for Denmark, intending to ascertain there what his Majesty, Christian the Fifth, would do towards reinstating his nephew, Charles Stuart, on his throne. Anne of Denmark, wife of James Sixth of Scotland, First of England, was sister of this Christian; and he, therefore, it was hoped, would be willing to lend a helping hand to her unfortunate son. But this King was not at home, being then in Germany; and Montrose, therefore, journeyed on by sea or land, till he came to Hamburg, where he abode till February of the next year, 1647, waiting what might befall King Charles; waiting also for advices from his Queen, Henrietta, who was then in Paris. The Earl of Crawford, one of the three royalists exiled by the Covenanters, left Scotland before Montrose, bearing a message from him to the Queen. Crawford, arriving at Paris early in October, 1646, made propositions to her Majesty, in

behalf of Montrose and others, to raise an army in the Highlands of Scotland, provided Irish troops and money could be supplied by her Majesty, or otherwise. Lords Jermyn and Colepepper, the Queen's counsellors, writing to King Charles on the 19th of October, give an account of these propositions, and say: "Their quarrel is to be to free your Majesty from imprisonment. For they take you to be under restraint, and no better than a prisoner;" and they say, furthermore, that the Queen had sent a messenger to the Highlands, requesting loyalists there to delay proceedings till she could learn in what condition his Majesty's person and affairs really were; and in this her Majesty was, I think, not far from right.

Montrose, as we said, remained in Hamburg till February, 1647, waiting there inactive; for he who had laid down arms at the King's command would not take them up again to war against his countrymen without the sanction of the actual sovereign of Scotland; and now, when the King was in durance, he required the commands of the Queen. She, waiting to know in what condition his Majesty's person and affairs were, learned at last. On the 2d of January, 1647, King writes to Queen: —

DEAR HEART:

I must tell thee, that now I am declared, what I have really been ever since I came to this army — a prisoner; for the Governor [of Newcastle] told me some four days since that he was commanded to secure me, lest I should make an escape; the difference being only this, that heretofore my escape was easy enough, but now it is difficult, if not impossible.

The difference, which was "only this," had more meaning in it than Charles then knew; for the Scotch Cov-

enanters were at that time negotiating with the English Parliament, selling the King, some say; but it was not quite so. When Charles threw himself into the hands of these Scotch Presbyterians, they did not well know what to do with him. He would not be King *for* the Kirk, doing its bidding; and they would not make him King *over* the Kirk: the English demanded him, and, if he was to be prisoner at all, they had the best right to hold him: a dispute for his person, continued long, would issue in open quarrel. The Scotch, therefore, after long consideration, concluded to hand him over to the English; and took occasion to get then a debt due to them from the English Parliament: many have therefore said that the Scots sold their King; and Montrose, for one, believed the fact to be really so. This transaction, and other transactions of that time, are important to us here only in so far as they have connection with the life of Montrose; and our business with them shall be mainly this — to learn what he knew of them, and to indicate how they affected him: but for this our materials are meagre. Few of the letters written by him are now extant, having been for the most part, I guess, destroyed by those who received them; for correspondence with this outlawed and excommunicated man was dangerous. We can therefore read only letters, or extracts from letters, written *to* him, and these are so guarded in expression, that they help us little. Thus the King, writing to Montrose from Newcastle under date January 21, 1647, says: "I think not fit to write but what I care not though all the world read it;" nevertheless, the King had something to say to him, for he adds this farther on in his letter: "I refer you to this trusty bearer for the knowledge of my present condition, which is such that all the directions I am able to give you is, to

dispose of yourself as my wife shall advise you; knowing that she truly esteems your worth;" and so on till he comes to "Charles R."

The King's wife was, it seems, in no haste to give directions; she, who had had the propositions made to her in October by the Earl of Crawford in hand four months, wrote under date Paris, 5th February, 1647:—

COUSIN:

I am very happy to have opportunity to write to you in the mean time, till I can inform you more at large in relation to the proposition made to me by my Lord Crawford, on your part, and that of several good servants of the King in the Highlands of Scotland, of which I approve extremely; and, as I hold it to be advantageous for the King's service, I shall do all I can to forward its performance. Next week [her Majesty proposes to give] more particulars; [and, after some French compliments, she subscribes,] Your very good and affectionate cousin and friend, —

HENRIETTA MARIA.

Next week, on the 12th of the same month, the Queen, according to promise, did write again, and said: "I have commanded Jermyn to write to you more fully;" and this bearer to tell you, moreover, "what I cannot venture to commit to writing." But Lord Jermyn, more intent on keeping his own place near the Queen than on helping her husband to a place there, did not, I think, write very fully or explicitly; and there was little hope of money, or of troops from Ireland.

The "trusty bearer," to whom the poor King referred Montrose for information, doubtless gave some that was interesting; for his Majesty, when he sent off that bearer

on the 21st of January, knew that he was about to pass from the hands of the Scots into those of the English; and as soon as Montrose learned the fact, he left Hamburg and journeyed towards Paris; hoping that the Queen would then be more disposed to lend, in some way, a helping hand. On the way, when in Flanders, he met a messenger bearing another letter from her Majesty, which, full of compliments, contained one sentence that seemed to have meaning in it: "I have charged Ashburnham to speak to you more particularly of something for the service of the King." But this something proved to be only a proposition that he should go to Scotland and battle for the King "entirely upon his own credit and resources." This Montrose declined to do; and said, in substance, that war for the King, in the King's dominions, must have countenance and support from the King himself, or from his Queen. Going forward, therefore, to Paris, he got audience of the Queen, and urged his suit for countenance and support; but she, doubtful, uncertain, and in want of means for more pressing needs than a kingdom, only perplexed him "with various and contradictory sentiments." And so, in uncertainties and perplexities intolerable to a man of action, the winter months wore away; the spring came and went; till in summer he received a letter from King Charles, and learned from the bearer of it very interesting news. The letter ran as follows:—

MONTROSE:

When ye shall truly know my present condition, ye will rather wonder that I have received and answered yours, than that this bearer, the last time, went empty from me. But not being confident of the safe delivery of this, nor having any cypher with you, I think not fit to write freely

unto you. Therefore I desire you to take directions from my wife what ye are to do: and be confident that no time, place, or condition, shall make me other than your most assured, real, faithful, constant friend. CHARLES R.

I thank you for the sword ye sent me. Commend me to all my friends that are with you.

This letter is dated "Newmarket, 19th of June, 1647;" the writer of it being then on his way to Hampton Court. For four months his Majesty, held by the Parliament, had been at Holdenby in the county of Northampton; but on the 3d of June he fell into other hands. Troubles in England, long confused, and of uncertain issue, gradually cleared and became simpler; and the vital principle of Protestantism found its ablest representative in Oliver Cromwell. Episcopacy should not rule the conscience of man, nor Presbytery; churches should be only means to a higher life: and towards the establishment of that principle, the Cavalier Montrose was to some extent, though unconsciously, a co-worker with the Puritan Cromwell. But no man then living could foresee the issue of those troubles; for the real meaning of events as they arise, is hidden from the wisest: but the event which the bearer of that letter from the King made known to Montrose, was, as I said, an interesting one; especially interesting to him. His gracious master, King Charles, had been, on the 3d of June, 1647, seized at Holdenby by "one Joice," and carried to Hampton Court; and he was then no longer in keeping of England's Parliament, but in the hands of her Puritan army. Montrose heard too from the said bearer, or in some other way, soon after, that the King liked his new keepers better than his old. He lived in some state at Hampton Court; had his own chaplain; saw his chil-

dren; and there was talk that the King would soon have his own again. Montrose heard some report of this talk, it seems; for in a letter addressed to his nephew, Sir George Stirling of Keir, then in Holland, and dated "Near Paris, 26th of July, 1647," he says: "If matters stand with the King as we are made to understand, or if it please God they go well with myself any other where, I hope you shall not need think upon yourself, but leave me to do it. As for that which you spoke long ago concerning Lilias, I have been thinking, but to no purpose; for there is neither Scotsman nor woman welcome that way; neither would any of honour and virtue, chiefly a woman, suffer themselves to live in so lewd and worthless a place. So you may satisfy that person, and divert her mind resolutely from it."

Lilias was his niece, Lilias Napier; who certainly did not find herself pleasantly situated in Scotland at that time; the family had been impoverished by fines, and by wasting of its estates: all Covenanters shunned its society: and Lilias, therefore, had expressed some desire for a place abroad; in the Queen's household, probably. But her uncle, Montrose, living then himself "near Paris," apart from the Queen's household, did not think it well for a young lady to live in such a place; which, according to other accounts of it, was not one of the best. Henrietta, too intimate with Lord Jermyn, is not so pretty to me at this time, as when we saw her some time ago, "waly-cot, bairfut, and bair-leg," in the fields at Brellington; for she was then, apparently, in the way of her duty. Her husband, King Charles, remained at Hampton Court till November 17, 1647; when he, frightened by threats of "levellers" in the army, or for some other reason, fled in an uncertain, aimless way; and with, or without, his own

consent (for all is uncertain) got into Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. This attempt of the King to escape caused a more strict confinement of him; for he was still in keeping of the army: but now, when his case seemed most hopeless, the Scots began to move for him.

We remember that when the English Commissioners, Sir Harry Vane and others, were at Edinburgh, in 1643, negotiating an alliance with the Scots, forming a "Solemn League and Covenant," our old friend, the Reverend Robert Baillie, made a very important discovery, and announced it to his correspondent in these words: "The English are for a civil league; we for a religious covenant." Afterwards Baillie, long in London with the Scotch Commissioners, made, in 1646, another discovery, and announced it thus: "The Independents have the least zeal to the truth of God of any men we know. Blasphemous heresies are now spread here more than ever in any part of the world; yet they [the Independents] are not only silent, but are patrons and pleaders for liberty almost to them all. We and they have spent many sheets of paper upon the toleration of their separate churches." Another important discovery had been made too, which was announced by the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of Scotland, in a meeting of English and Scotch Presbyterians held at the house of the Earl of Essex in London: "Ye ken varra weel that Lieutenant-General Cromwell is no friend of ours:" he is, too, what we Scots call an "incendiary," "one who kindleth coals of contention."

In the beginning of the year 1648, therefore, it had become apparent that the destruction of King Charles would not make the Kirk of Scotland dominant in England and elsewhere, but might lead to a very different result. Therefore Scotland at last proposed to march into

England, and deliver the King from these Independents, and set him up a little, on conditions which could be agreed on, it was hoped, at the proper time; though a minority of the people, called Rigids, and led by Argyle, were strenuous for naming conditions at the start. The party called Moderates, under the lead of the Duke of Hamilton, getting the upper hand, sent a messenger to Paris, to ask the sanction of the Queen Henrietta, Roman Catholic though she was, to their Presbyterian war; and got it, though Montrose opposed with objections; he having at this time, as at all other times, no faith in the Duke of Hamilton, who "had always been, and would ever be, untrusty."

Early in April of this year 1648, the exiled Marquis, seeing how matters were going, and that there could be no work for him in the cause of the King for a time at least, left France and travelled northward, though he had inducements to remain — offers of office and emoluments from the French, which must have been tempting to a man in need himself, and who had friends in need too, urging him to accept these offers. Of these and other matters we have authentic account from his nephew, the young Lord Napier, who had been for some time there in Paris with good opportunities of knowing all that concerned his uncle. The following letter, written by the young Lord to his wife, then in Scotland, though long, will be interesting. The date is "Brussells, 14th June, 1648."

MY DEAREST HEART:

I did forbear these two months to write unto you till I should hear from Montrose, that I might have done it for good and all; but fearing that may take some time, I resolved to give you an account of all my Lord's proceed-

ings, and the reasons which did invite me to come to this place. Montrose, then (as you did hear), was in treaty with the French, who, in my opinion, did offer him very honorable conditions, which were these: First, that he should be General to the Scots in France, and Lieutenant-General to the royal army when he joined with them, commanding all the Mareschals of the Field; as likewise to be Captain of the Gens-d'Arms, with twelve thousand crowns a year of pension, besides his pay; and assurance, the next year, to be Mareschal of France, and Captain of the King's own guard, which is a place bought and sold at a hundred and fifty thousand crowns. But these last two places were not insert among his other conditions, only promised him by the Cardinal Mazarine: but the others were all articles of their capitulation, which I did see in writing, and used all the inducement and persuasions I could to make him embrace them. He seemed to hearken unto me, which caused me at that time to show that I hoped shortly to acquaint you with things of more certainty, and to better purpose than I had done formerly. But while I was thus in hope and daily expectation of his present agreement with them, he did receive advertisements from Germany that he would be welcome to the Emperor. Upon which he took occasion to send for me, and began to quarrel with the conditions were offered him, and said that any employment below a Mareschal of France was inferior to him; and that the French had become enemies to our King, and did labor still to foment the differences betwixt him and his subjects (that he might not be capable to assist the Spaniard, whom they thought he was extremely inclined to favor), and that if he [Montrose] did engage with them, he should be forced to connive and wink at his Prince's ruin; and for these reasons

he would let the treaty desert, and go into Germany, where he would be honorably appointed; which sudden resolution did extremely trouble and astonish me. I was very desirous he should settle in France, and did use again all the arguments I could to make him embrace such profitable conditions; as, if he had been once in charge, I am confident, in a very short time, he should have been one of the most considerable strangers in Europe. For, believe it, they had a huge esteem of him; some eminent persons came to see him, who refused to make the first visit to the Embassadors Extraordinary of Denmark and Sweden, yet did not stand to salute him first with all the respect that could be imagined. But to the purpose: he, seeing me a little ill satisfied with the course he was going to take, did begin to dispute the matter with me, and, I confess, convinced me so with reason that I rested content, and was desirous he should execute his resolution with all imaginable speed; and did agree that I should stay at my exercises in Paris till the end of the month, and go often to Court, make visits, and ever in public places, at comedies, and such things, still letting the word go that my uncle was gone to the country for his health, which was believed so long as they saw me, for it was ever said that Montrose and his nephew were like the Pope and the Church, who would be inseparable. Whereas, if I had gone away with him, and left my exercises abruptly in the middle of the month, his course would presently have been discovered. Then search had been made every where; and if he had been taken going to any of the House of Austria, who were their enemies [enemies of the French] you may think they would have staid him, which might have been dangerous to his person, credit, and fortune. So there was no way to keep his course

close but for me to stay behind him at my exercises (as I had done a long time before) till I should hear he were out of all hazard; which I did, according to all the instructions he gave me. The first letter I received from him was dated at Geneva. So, when I perceived he was out of French ground, I resolved to come here to Flanders, where I might have freedom of correspondence with him, which I could not do conveniently in France: for I was afraid, how soon his course should chance to be discovered, that they might seek assurance of me and others not to engage with their enemy, which is ordinary in such cases; yet would I never have given them any, but thought best to prevene it. Besides, I had been at so great a charge for a month after his way-going, with staying at Court, and keeping of a coach there, which I hired, and coming back to Paris and living at a greater rate than I did formerly (all which was his desire, yet did consume much moneys); and fearing to be short, that I did resolve to come here and live privately; than to live in a more inferior way in France than I had done formerly. So these gentlemen who belonged to my Lord, hearing of my intention, would by any means go along: and we went all together to Haver-de-Grace, where we took ship for Middleburgh, and thence came here, where we are daily expecting Montrose's commands: which, how soon I receive them, you shall be advertised by him who entreats you to believe that he shall study most carefully to conserve the quality he has hitherto inviolably kept of continuing, my dearest Life, only yours, NAPIER.

A postscript to this letter as long as the letter itself, and, doubtless, very interesting to "My dearest Heart," could not be of much interest to us, and we therefore omit it;

noting only that Napier says in it, he wishes to remove from Brussels because it had been "resolved the Prince of Wales," afterwards Charles the Second, "should go to Scotland;" and that he, Napier, was apprehensive the Prince would "desire me to go with him," "which you know I could not do; for I was not assured that they would keep truth." *They* means the Covenanters of "Hamilton's engagement" for the King, just then getting under way for England.

This wife, to whom Napier writes, was the Lady Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Mar, to whom Montrose "had always promised, at his death, to leave his heart," in token of his sense "of the unremitting kindness she had shown him in all the different vicissitudes of his life and fortune:" and, when his mutilated body lay buried among common malefactors, she, at dead of night, with two resolute assistants, got the heart from it and embalmed it. The time was a wild one; and if hate was strong then, so was love.

Montrose, leaving Paris, as the letter of his nephew Lord Napier informs us, in April, 1648, went then through Switzerland into Austria, seeking audience of the Emperor; and found him at last at Prague. The Emperor received him graciously, and gave him authority to levy men on the borders of Flanders to be used in the service of King Charles, if occasion offered. He got, too, of the Emperor the office of Field Marshal of the Empire by patent, dated at the Castle of Lintz, on the Danube.

Napier's account of the honors paid to the Marquis at the Court of France, where they had "a huge esteem of him," is confirmed by Dr. Wishart's account of his reception there and at other Courts in Europe. Bishop Burnet, the historian of the Hamiltons, said of Montrose in Scot-

land, that he was "a young man well learned, who had travelled; but had taken upon him the part of a hero too much, and lived as in a romance; for his whole manner was stately to affectation;" and these words of dispraise tally well with the words of praise uttered by the Cardinal de Retz, who saw the man in France. This Cardinal, who had seen many kinds of men, says of this one in his Memoirs, that he was the only man he had ever known who reminded him of the heroes of Plutarch: "*Montross, Ecossois, et chef de la maison de Graham, le seul homme du monde qui m'ait jamais rappellé l'idée de certains héros que l'on ne voit plus que dans les Vies de Plutarque.*" The man, wandering about in exile, did not abate one jot of his lofty bearing; indeed could not; for he was to that manner born. This lofty man went now from Vienna through Prussia, and embarked, at Dantzic, for Denmark, where he spent some time at the Court of King Christian; and, after other travels, making interest wherever he could for the object he had at heart, he came, towards the close of that year 1648, to Lord Napier and other friends at Brussels.

Duke Hamilton's expedition to deliver the King from the hands of the English, had, months before, come to its shameful end. The Duke, with his army of "forty thousand men," or less, marching in a loose, straggling way, got into Lancashire; but there Cromwell, with his smaller army, compact, decisive, cut across the line of march and put an end to it. The Duke himself got into prison, and came, in March, 1649, to the scaffold and the axe. Montrose remained at Brussels some time, and Mr. Mark Napier, in his Memoirs, gives in full the correspondence with distinguished persons, so far as it has been preserved, or discovered. There were then resident at the Hague the

Prince of Wales, — afterwards Charles the Second, — the Duke of York, who, as James the Second, was, after trial, found wanting in kingly qualities, and had to give place to a man abler than himself; Elizabeth Stuart, — sister of Charles the First, and for short time Queen of Bohemia; Prince Rupert, son of this Elizabeth; and the Chancellor, Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon; with all of whom Montrose had correspondence. That with Prince Rupert, earliest in date, is of little interest; the staple of it being only ceremony and compliment. The bearer of some of these letters was Sir John Urrey; who, spelt Urrey, or Urrie, or Hurry, is the same tall, robust fellow, with a deep scar on his cheek, who had the honor of being exiled with the Marquis of Montrose. Sir John, a soldier of fortune, changed sides often; and the best thing I know of him is, that he never gave any reasons for change. Sir John's verbal messages may have been of some moment, but the written ones were certainly of little. The dates are all 1648, in the fall months, when Rupert was at work trying to organize an expedition by sea for the service of the King, and also for his own. There were great difficulties — want of money; consequently want of men; and mutiny on board the ships. At one time Rupert was very busy, as he says, in "severing the goats from the sheep" among his sailors; himself preferring the goats probably; and therefore he could not get time for an interview with Montrose; who, on his part, says, in one of these letters dated December 3d, "I must confess, as your Highness has perhaps heard, that it is my resolution to return for the Imperial court," "in regard there is nothing of honour amongst the stuff here, and that I am not found useful for his Majesty's service in the way of home." He says however, furthermore, that if there is any thing

he can do for that service, he will "forego all" else, and dispose of himself "accordingly." And again on the 14th, when some arrangement for a meeting had been made, he writes: I "did receive a letter just at the same time from one Mr. Mowbray, who pretends to have orders for me from his Majesty, and to be on the way with them:" and therefore he would wait and see what the matter could be. Probably a very small matter, as we hear no more of it; but Clarendon says, that a Mr. Mowbray came to the Hague, and brought "advices to the Prince [of Wales] from the Earl of Lanerick, who continued his devotion to his Highness," and would be ready to serve him in any way, and would be willing "to join with my Lord Marquis of Montrose," and even to be "a sergeant under Montrose." Very likely the Earl of Lanerick sent some message of that kind: he, brother of the Duke of Hamilton, was one of a large number of Scottish nobles who were watchful of the turns of tide, desirous above all things of saving themselves and their estates. Prince Rupert sailed with his fleet for Ireland at the commencement of the year 1649; the purpose being, I suppose, to give assistance, or make some show of assistance, to the Duke of Ormonde, who was then very busy trying to unite the many parties of that country into one for the King: one other purpose Rupert certainly had in mind—the getting of moneys by prizes at sea, or otherwise; for of money there was great want among the exiled Stuarts and their adherents. Some expressions in these letters, passing between Rupert and Montrose, indicate a plan of proceedings in a joint way; probably some scheme for transporting Irishmen to the west of Scotland to serve under Montrose; but it came to nothing.

Soon after the correspondence with Rupert closed, one

began with Charles, Prince of Wales; commenced, it seems, by Charles, who, in a letter dated at the Hague, January 20, says to Montrose, who was then at Brussels: "I have appointed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to meet you in any place you shall appoint, and by him you shall understand my mind upon the whole." "I need not tell you there must be great secrecy in this business." Correspondence followed with the Chancellor Sir Edward Hyde, who also says: "The highest secrecy is absolutely necessary." This need of secrecy was because his Highness was then negotiating with the Covenanters; and discovery of intercourse with the hated Montrose would damage the interests of the Prince with them. The Chancellor, therefore, named several obscure places for an interview, to all of which Montrose objected; at last, however, Sevenbergen, named by him, was agreed on; and he then, under date of January 28, writes to his Royal Highness. After saying that he has arranged a meeting with the Chancellor, he concludes thus: "As I never had passion upon Earth so strong as that to do the King your father service, so it shall be my study, if your Highness command me, to show it redoubled for the recovery of you."

But news came now which delayed this meeting a while — news of the death of Charles the First on the scaffold; very shocking indeed to the Marquis of Montrose. Dr. Wishart, then present, gives an account of its effect on him: "Not grief merely, but a passionate burst of lamentation; not simply anger, but the very phrenzy of indignation, seized him on the instant; so that ere long he fell down in the midst of those around him, his limbs in a state of rigidity, and utterly deprived of animation and consciousness." Recovering from this fit, the Marquis broke away

from those present, withdrew to his own apartments, and remained secluded for three days. When Dr. Wishart, at the end of that term, entered the bedroom of the Marquis, he found the well-known verses: —

> "Great, Good and Just! could I but rate
> My grief with thy too rigid fate,
> I'd weep the world in such a strain
> That it should deluge once again:
> But since thy loud-voiced blood demands supplies
> More from Briareus-hands than Argus-eyes,
> I'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet-sounds,
> And write thine epitaph with blood and wounds."

Critics having little interest in the matter, and sitting in cool judgment afar off, find these lines very extravagant: but in such utterance the writer, debarred from immediate action, found relief from his deep emotion, and had no thought of the critics. Indeed these lines on Charles the First, and other metrical productions of Montrose, are interesting to us not so much on account of their literary merits, as because they came from him, and serve to show what he could have done in that kind of work if he had been called to follow it. His longest poem was composed, probably, in the Highlands, when his Redshanks, according to their wont after victory, went away to their homes, and left him in enforced idleness. The conceits in it of Monarchy, Commonwealth, Synod, Committees, springing from a mind filled with thoughts of the busy scenes in which he had been an actor, give to parts of this song the look of an allegory, though the writer had, probably, no purpose of that kind; little purpose indeed of any kind, except to beguile the time. A verse of it, which young folks may find interesting, shall be placed here: —

"The golden laws of love shall be
Upon those pillars hung,
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue:
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has heart in store;
True love begun shall never end;
Love one, and love no more."

Readers at this present day, holding Charles the First in no great reverence, will inquire how it was that this Marquis of Montrose, whose chief virtue, as we have seen, was not humility, could so subordinate himself to that poor King; and, after swooning at news of his death, hail him "Great, Good and Just." The answer is not far to seek, and has been in part indeed already given: but we may say further, that the feeling of the strong Marquis towards the weak King was akin to that of a knight of the days of chivalry to his chosen mistress, whom he had seen only at a distance, and had, in fancy, endowed with all the perfections of womanhood. She, a peerless lady, lovely and helpless, dwelt apart, encompassed by dangers; and he, strength in every limb of him, felt himself made expressly to serve her: but, indeed, the noble man, born into times of chivalry or not, yearns always for a superior; and the noblest, in default of other, will make one for himself.

The poor King, for whom Montrose had done so much, now lay dead; but the right of inheritance remained, and he turned himself, sorrowfully, to a second Charles, less worthy of his services, certainly, than the first one. On the 15th of February, 1649, he wrote to Chancellor Hyde: —

My Lord: —

I am so surprized with the sad relation of yours that I know not how to express it: for the griefs that astonish

speak more with their silence than those that can complain. . . . I pray God Almighty that our young master make his right use every way; and, in particular, that rogues and traitors may not now begin to abuse his trusts, as they have done his father's, to ruin him, . . . and lay all in the dust at once. Their coming at this conjuncture can carry no better things. Their impudence, I must confess, is great, nay intolerable; and it concerns all such of you who are able, and faithful unto his Majesty, to make him aware, that at least he may shun their villainy. It will be no more time now to dally; for if affection and love to the justice and virtue of that cause be not incitements great enough, anger and just revenge, methinks, should wing us on. But, being afraid rather to spoil my thoughts than express them, I shall not trouble you further in this temper I am in; but only say that I am yours,

MONTROSE.

The men referred to in this letter were leading Covenanters, or their agents, who came to the Hague to try what they could do with this second Charles Stuart; for their brethren of England would not interpret the Solemn League and Covenant aright; and now, therefore, this Charles should be King, if he would promise to be King for the Kirk. Lord Byron, writing to the Marquis of Ormonde 30th March, 1649, makes this report of parties: "I came to the Hague about ten days since; where, not long before, the Earl of Lanerick, now Duke Hamilton, was arrived. There I found likewise the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Lauderdale, Callender, and Seaforth, the Lords St. Clair, and Napier, and old William Murray. These, though all of one nation, are subdivided into four several factions. The Marquis of Montrose, with

the Lords St. Clair and Napier, are very earnest for the King's going into Ireland: all the rest oppose it, though in different ways. I find Duke Hamilton very moderate, and certainly he would be much more [so] were it not for the violence of Lauderdale, who haunts him like a fury. Callender and Seaforth have a faction apart; and so hath Will Murray, employed here by Argyle." This Will Murray is that "little Will Murray" who had the uncommon faculty of holding his tongue fast under circumstances which tend to loosen the tongues of most men. He had been the agent of many conflicting parties, and now we find him "employed here by Argyle." The man was a busybody and mischief-maker, and had great need of his uncommon faculty.

At this time, the last of March, 1649, Commissioners from the Kirk arrived at the Hague — Mr. Robert Blair, minister of St. Andrews, Mr. Robert Baillie (our old friend), Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, Mr. James Wood, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews — ministers; and John, Earl of Cassillis, and Mr. George Wynrame — elders. Their first two propositions were, "that his Majesty should abandon the Marquis of Montrose as a man unworthy to come near his person, or into the society of any good men, because he is excommunicated by their Kirk;" and "that his Majesty would take the Covenant, and put himself into the arms (so they term it) of the Parliament and Kirk of Scotland." Their first address to his Majesty, dated April 9th, begins: "May it please your Majesty: According to our commission, we do represent, in the name of the Kirk of Scotland, their earnest desire that such as lie under their censure of excommunication may be discountenanced by your Majesty, and removed from your court; especially James Graham,

late Earl of Montrose, being a man most justly of any cast out of the church of God: " and again they speak of him as " a person upon whose head lies more innocent blood than for many years has done on the head of any, — the most bloody murderer in our nation." The address, or petition, ends thus: " And that this cursed man, whose scandalous carriage, pernicious counsels and contagious company cannot fail, so long as he remains in his obstinate impenitency, to dishonour and pollute all places of his familiar access, and to provoke the anger of the most high God against the same, may not be permitted by your Majesty to stand in the entry of all our hopes to our great discouragement and fear; lest by his guilt, example, and actings, all the humble desires and wholesome counsel which we are entrusted with should be obstructed and frustrate."

Against this monster of iniquity the Covenanters made, however, only three specific charges that seemed to have any foundation in fact — cruelty, ambition, vanity. The first charge, in itself incredible, has been abundantly disproved by his biographers; against the other two I do not care to defend him: if a man have real ability, and be of noble presence, we will not quarrel with the ambition that impels him to act, nor with the vanity (so called) that leads him to produce himself before men.

The petitions and propositions of the Covenanters were submitted to Montrose by the King, who asked his opinion of the matter and his counsel. The monster of iniquity made written answer, which is too long for insertion here; nor is there need of it. He shows in this paper that he still held to the doctrine of his letter on Sovereign Power; that sovereignty is a power *over* the people; or in other words, that government should govern; and he ad-

vised his Majesty, or would-be Majesty, not to bargain with the Covenanters for a throne; but, on the contrary, to "use all vigorous and active ways, as the only probable human means left to redeem you." He advised Charles to subscribe the National Covenant, which he held to be intended only to exclude Popery; but urged him not to sanction in any way the Solemn League and Covenant, for "it were your Majesty's shame and ruin ever to give ear to it." In this long letter Montrose made no other allusion to matters purely personal to himself, than this one: "I conceive myself obliged, in duty and honor, to undervalue all their malice, and truly to inform your Majesty in what you are, and may be, so much concerned." This "cursed man" would not, under any provocation, curse again; and there need be no doubt that he, if invested with absolute power, would have given to the Kirk of Scotland such toleration as it deserved, and as much as it finally got, after all its claims and struggles.

Montrose was now, however, according to Lord Byron's letter to the Marquis of Ormonde, "very earnest for the King's going into Ireland," where that Marquis had long been at work uniting many parties in support of the Stuarts; and had, to a great extent, prevailed. Catholics there, two kinds of them, and Protestants as many as three kinds I believe, were at this time loyal; and, after the death of Charles the First, were ready for war against "the regicides." Montrose, therefore, was very urgent for Charles the Second to go into that country, set up the royal standard, and try to be King, not for the Covenanters specially, but King over all. Aunt Elizabeth, Queen once of Bohemia, was urgent for that too; but mother Henrietta, now called Queen Mother, recommended an agreement with the Scotch Covenanters, as the readiest and

cheapest way of getting a kingdom; for these Covenanters offered it, asking only promises in return; and the Roman Catholic Frenchwoman, who could get her own sins pardoned and sin again, thought the cheapest way to a throne the best. The time was full of difficulties; and Charles, listening to a multitude of counsellors, continued doubtful long. This Queen Mother wrote letters to Montrose, which readers who have little respect for the woman shall not be troubled with; but they may read one from her son, dated "Breda 22d June 1649," when he was on his way from the Hague to Paris: —

MONTROSE:

Whereas the necessity of my affairs has obliged me to renew your former trusts and commissions concerning the Kingdom of Scotland; the more to encourage you unto my service, and render you confident of my resolutions, both touching myself and you, I have thought fit by these to signify to you, that I will not determine any thing touching the affairs of that kingdom, without having your advice thereupon; as also I will not do any thing prejudicial to your commission.

CHARLES R.

With this letter Montrose received a commission as Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland and Captain-General; and Charles R., breaking off his negotiations with the Covenanters, seemed disposed to send this Captain-General to war against them, while he himself would go into Ireland; if he could do it conveniently; for Charles, who had in these days of his youth some kind of conscience I suppose, did not quite like to get into a throne by false promises of serving the Kirk of Scotland.

But Montrose got with his commission no means for

action in the proposed invasion of Scotland, and he therefore tarried a while longer at the Hague, or near it; where no one was more kind to him than Elizabeth Stuart, "the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia;" unfortunate as Queen, but not unhappy as woman; for she was vivacious, cheerful, charming; and all men were ready to do her homage. Fiery Duke Christian of Brunswick — a tall, gaunt, bony figure, with face long, angular, and pale, the eyes of it flashing; a man quixotic inside and out — snatched her glove when he saw her, and placed it on his hat, and vowed himself her knight, and inscribed on his banner *Alles fur Ruhm und Ihr* — All for Glory and Her. The English Lord Craven, long her devoted friend, took her in her old age to his English home, and cared for her as for a sister. Fleeing in 1620 from Bohemia, where she had been Queen for a twelvemonth, she lived ten years, or more, in hope of help to her husband from Gustavus Adolphus; but the Great Gustav was not in haste to help, while Stuart Kings would raise no hand in the great cause for which he lived and died.

When Montrose made acquaintance with Elizabeth at the Hague, she was a widow over fifty, and had three sons; two of them well known in English history — Prince Rupert, who lacked but little of being good for something; and Prince Maurice, who was born, almost on horseback, in the flight from Prague. She had also four daughters, very interesting young ladies no doubt, all of them; but in one of them Montrose would have felt special interest if he had known what would come of her: she, named Sophia, with Stuart blood in her, married the Elector of Hanover, Ernest Augustus of Brunswick; and so Britain, when the years came round, got her Royal Georges, four of them, and was blessed. Of all this hidden in the

future then, Montrose happily knew nothing; but he found the widowed mother still charming, keeping her cheerful temper, best of possessions, through all changes of fortune; and intercourse with her, by letters and otherwise, was, I think, a considerable blessing to the exiled man. From her kind, frank, sisterly letters he got all the news current at the Hague — mixed news, true and untrue; like the current news in other times and places. On the 24th of June, she, by letter, says to him: "I have found that the Prince of Orange will again press the King to grant the Commissioners' [Scots] desires, and so ruin him through your sides:" and "for God's sake leave not the King so long as he is at Breda; for without question there is nothing that will be omitted to ruin you and your friends, and so the King at last." In a postscript the lady says: "I give you many thanks for your picture; I have hung it in my cabinet to fright away the brethren." This picture, hung there to fright away the Covenanters, was probably, according to Mr. Napier's showing, a portrait of Montrose by Gerard Honthorst, an artist then resident at the Hague. Within ten days the lady writes again, and tells him she has heard in a roundabout way, "that Cromwell — I mean that arch rebel — had received news how their ships being before Kinsale, are all taken or sunk to the number of nine of them." This news was partly true, for Prince Rupert, with his ships, did, at Kinsale, in the south of Ireland, get hold of some ships of the Parliament; but he did little more there. Elizabeth had heard too, "that they are all up again in Scotland;" and "that the English Parliament can get no soldier to go into Ireland;" but the Parliament did get soldiers to go there; and the "all up again in Scotland" was only a partial rising for the King of the clan Mackenzie in the north, which came to

nothing. She says further: "I do not desire you should quit Brussells while there is danger of change. I hear Jermyn [Queen Henrietta's Jermyn] has orders to get your commission for Hamilton! If that be true, sure they are all mad or worse." The long letter concludes thus: "I pray God you may read this, for I have scribbled it in great haste. I hope you will be able to read this truth, that I am ever constantly your most affectionate Elizabeth." Elizabeth, Queen of Hearts, she was called; with some reason, as we can see. Her next letters, early in August, came from Rhenen on the Rhine. "I pray God," she says, "keep the King in his constancy to you, and his other true friends and servants; but till he is gone from where he is I shall be in pain." The King then was in Paris, and aunt Elizabeth feared that mother Henrietta would prevail with him to come to agreement with the Covenanters. Between these two ladies there was little love or none; and the King was swayed from side to side continually. At Rhenen on the Rhine, "we have nothing to do," says Elizabeth to Montrose, "but walk and shoot. I am grown a good archer to shoot with my Lord Kinnoul. If your office will suffer it, I hope you will come and help us to shoot."

But Montrose could not go to shoot with the archers again; nor did my Lord Kinnoul stay long at that kind of shooting; for both of them were then about setting out northward to organize an expedition for Scotland. On the 15th of August of this year 1649, Montrose was at the Hague writing to the Earl of Seaforth, who had agreed, it seems, to go into Scotland, raise his clan Mackenzie, and organize some force to join the invaders: the letter-writer said to the dilatory Earl: "I am sorry you are still in that place" — Paris, whither Seaforth had gone with the King;

for he, more prudent than Montrose, would take no decisive step for his Majesty till his Majesty would step out for himself. The Captain-General, more inclined to move, said furthermore to Seaforth: "I am just now setting out and intend to recover these delays by the best despatch I can." These delays had been many. Charles, impatient for a throne, and the pleasures that would come with it, was reading, or trying to read, the chapter of chances. Mother Henrietta, with whom the Prince of Orange took sides, counselled agreement with the Covenanters; aunt Elizabeth, supported by the Princess of Orange, advised the reverse of that; and the young man, listening to these and other counsellors, could come to no conclusion. When Charles in June gave Montrose commission for Scotland, he had himself, probably, some intention of going into Ireland. But the Covenanters continued to negotiate, or to offer to negotiate; the issue was uncertain, and the invasion of Scotland was therefore delayed. There was also another cause of delay — want of money. When Prince Rupert had mutiny in his fleet at Helviot Sluys, near the Hague, there was want of money; and he sold one of his ships, and his mother sold her jewels, to raise funds to get other ships under headway: and at another time, when Charles wished to send a message to Paris, his messenger could not move for want of fifty pounds to pay expenses of the journey. The Stuarts, not an economical race, had fallen on evil days; and one of the most tempting offers made by the Scotch at this time to Charles was an offer of cash — a hundred thousand pounds of it, or more.

The delays which the Captain-General had "to recover" were many; but at the close of August, 1649, he did get under way, and went northward to make ready for Scot-

land: and "the King," as Elizabeth writes from Rhènen on the Rhine, "is still at St. Germains, but constant to his resolution for Ireland, and for all his friends: for all that, I would he were well gone from there." Again, on the 2d of October, when she had returned to the Hague, she writes: "I am very glad to see by yours of the 14th of last month, that you are safely arrived at Hamburg." "The business in Ireland is not so bad as it was reported at first; but too ill for the King's affairs. Ormond has lost no towns, nor Cromwell done any thing; but from England they keep the affairs of that kingdom [of Ireland] so in a cloud as we hear nothing of certainty; which I hope is a good sign that the King's affairs there go better than they would have known. They [the King and others] went for Jersey upon Monday was se'ennight;" and if the King, as Elizabeth has been told, "find no impediment of Parliament ships he will go to Ireland; otherwise he will stay at Jersey for a sure passage." "Lord Jermyn is coming hither," she says, and she tells all the tattle about it; coming "to take order about the jewels;" jewels pledged, I suppose, by Henrietta, a little before she fled into the fields at Brellington; coming to bring Henrietta herself hither. His purpose in coming "others think is to meet with Duke Hamilton, Lauderdale, and your other *friends*, to have new Commissioners sent to the King from the godly brethren, to cross *wicked* Jamie Græme's proceedings." Finally, "without compliment, I am ever your most affectionate, constant friend, ELIZABETH."

Again, three days later, there was another letter giving Montrose untrue news of "Cromwell's being defeated;" "though the rebels at London seek to conceal it all they can, yet it comes from all parts." But of this kind of

news there was probably little more. Oliver Cromwell arrived in Dublin about the middle of August in this year 1649; and it soon became plain that the King could not go into Ireland. In Scotland alone there was hope for him, and there his negotiations with the Covenanters served to prevent any other party from openly supporting his cause; if, indeed, any other party there had strength to be of use to him.

The letters of this lively lady gave to Montrose all the news at the Hague; very uncertain news, and he could only conclude from it that his own course would be into the dark: nevertheless he set himself to work. The reader remembers my Lord of Kinnoul, who, in the early days of August, was "walking abroad and shooting" with Elizabeth Stuart at Rhenen on the Rhine; in the last days of that month, or the first of September, he, the third Earl of Kinnoul, embarked at some port in Denmark "with 80 commanders and about a hundred Danes and strangers;" and, "after a stormy, one-and-twenty days sea-journey," landed at Kirkwall in the Orkneys. "They gave themselves out for the forerunners of James Graham's army of strangers; they took the Castle of Birsay in Orkney and garrisoned it; they brought arms and ammunition with them for a thousand men; and immediately entered to levy and press soldiers." Kinnoul, soon after landing, wrote to Montrose in rather confident strain, giving account of his reception by Robert Earl of Morton his uncle, who held jurisdiction over the Islands of Orkney and Zetland; and asserting that all the country was eager for the coming of the King's Lieutenant-Governor. But he was hardly ready to come; there being still "delays." From the month of August, 1649, when he left the Hague, till the spring of the next year, he was busy in the northern Courts of Europe seeking help for King Charles; asking it

of King Christian of Denmark, Queen Christina of Sweden, "the King of Poland, the Dukes and Electors of the Empire, Friesland, Courland, Brunswick, Zell and Hanover." On the 27th of October, dating from Copenhagen, he writes to the Earl of Seaforth, complaining of the Earl's neglect in correspondence; but thanking him for faithfulness to his Majesty, and friendship to himself, and assuring him thus: "I will make you the faithfulest returns my life can do; and if it please God I lose it not very suddenly, I shall be sure not to die in your debt." The writer of this letter was evidently not in good spirits, and I think he did not enter on this business of invading Scotland with whole heart, but had some misgivings in regard to it. He knew of the negotiations of King Charles with the Covenanters; and from other friends, as well as from his frank correspondent Elizabeth, he learned that all continued uncertain still. Early in December he received a letter from her, dated 19th November, in which she told him: "Rupert was gone out of Kinsale, and passed by St. Malo three weeks ago, with six good ships." Some say Rupert "was gone toward the Straits" of Gibraltar to get prizes; "but most believe him now at Jersey," where the King at that time was waiting for passage to Ireland, or pretending to wait for it. The lively lady continues in a rambling way: "If Windrum [George Wynram, one of the Scotch Commissioners] comes [to Jersey] at the same time it will be a joyful sight as you guess. Without question the King will go with Rupert's ships; but whither God knows, for I cannot assure you, since many letters say all goes ill in Ireland." Finally she says: "But I assure you there is nothing left undone to hinder your proceedings. I hope God will prosper you in spite of them; which shall ever be the wish and prayer of your constant, affectionate friend, ELIZABETH."

Doubtful, uncertain, as the whole business looked, Montrose was at that time about to set sail for Scotland. On the 15th of December he wrote to Seaforth: "I am so pressed, being to set sail to-morrow for Scotland, that I can say little more; only I must give your Lordship a thousand thanks for your favors and kindness to your servant, Mr. James Wood, which I humbly entreat you to continue." This James Wood, Mr. Napier says, is probably the worthy clergyman who assisted Montrose to take boat in Montrose harbor three years ago. Very likely; the Marquis was always mindful of old friends and servants. But he did not "set sail to-morrow for Scotland," as he intended, other causes of delay arising.

Negotiations with some of these northern courts had required time and skill: Sir John Cochrane, in a letter to Montrose dated Dantzic, December 3d of this year 1649, gave this account of one of them: "I found the Duke [of Courland] verie constant in his affections, but most miserablie covetous; so that I gott ane absolute denyall to my first proposition: yett I earnestlie urged for a better answere. I got the Duchesse and most of his Councill on my syde, and, partlie with threatts, partlie with faire words, I wrested out of him a more favorable answere." I borrowed "500 Reichthellers" and "gave them to some of the Duke's Councell and servants;" and so by one means and another I got "six warre-shipps," "with three months provisions for evrie one of them." But of these six ships "three are yett on the stocks." Sir John having thus succeeded in getting six war-ships, with provisions, early in December, Montrose, perhaps, tarried a while at Copenhagen, waiting for their arrival; or for the arrival of the three that were not on the stocks but afloat. Some time in January, however, a second division of forces

for the invasion of Scotland sailed from Denmark, under command of a brother of that Earl of Kinnoul who led the first division: he, George Hay, third Earl of Kinnoul, died in the Orkneys soon after his arrival there, and this brother, leader of the second division, succeeded to the title. But Montrose himself still tarried at Copenhagen; in want of money, and waiting for despatches from the King; which, as he heard, were on the way to him; despatches which might be of great importance; for if Charles had come to agreement with the Covenanters, there would be no need of invasion of Scotland. From his correspondent Elizabeth he continued to learn the news at the Hague. She wrote to him, dating December 9th: "I have received yours of 4th of November," and "one from the King of the same date from Jersey; who assures me he is not changed in his affections or designs, which he will show to the world very suddenly. Robert le Diable [Rupert] is about Scilly with seven good ships." "The King has not heard from you since his being at Jersey. I doubt not but you have seen by this the proclamation against Morton and Kinnoul, and all the adherents of 'that detestable bloody murderer, and excommunicated traitor, James Graham.' The Turks never called the Christians so. Yet they are civil to the King in it; for they do it not in his name, and name him but once in it." On the 7th of January, 1650, she wrote again; probably her last letter to him. She said in it: "The King, my nephew, is yet at Jersey;" but soon "he will be gone either to Ireland, or, if it be not fit for him, to your parts. This I am told; as for Ireland, they tell so many lies as I dare believe nothing. Since Rupert was at Cape St. Vincent, on the coast of Portugal, I have not heard from him." "I pray God" "send you safety in Scotland."

This sanguine woman, who had much faith in her son Rupert and was rather blind to his faults, believed that he could do much for the King; and indeed the man did at first try to do something for him. After "separating the sheep from the goats" in his fleet at Helviot Sluys, he got under way, and with his ill-manned and every way ill-equipped ships, sailed down the English Channel: making bold front, he got through it, and, in due time, made port at Kinsale in the south of Ireland; and, by stratagem, captured merchant-ships there. Blockaded then by war-ships of the Parliament, he, by skill, daring, and good luck, got out of Kinsale harbor into open sea; feeling pretty sure, I think, that Charles the King would not get into Ireland, where Oliver Cromwell then was. Rupert, who had met that man several times in England, had reason to believe that he would do thorough work in Ireland too, and leave small chance for the King there. Rupert, having sea room once more, and being in great want of money to keep his ships afloat, commenced privateering for the public good — a business which he, an unfortunate Prince without patrimony or matrimony, had to follow to a considerable extent for some time.

With this Prince Rupert and his fleet hovering about, and with threats of going into Ireland on the one hand, and Montrose commissioned for Scotland on the other, Charles the Second hoped to frighten the Covenanters into an offer of better terms; for he was, in fact, bargaining with them for a crown. Montrose himself must have seen, in part, how it was. Elizabeth Stuart's letters we have given extracts of; but there were certainly other letters; letters from his nephew, Lord Napier, who remained at Hamburg probably for the express purpose of getting information; letters from other friends too; and the King's

Captain-General, seeing in part how the matter stood, delayed proceedings, contrary to his wont in other times. The King himself, so long ago as when Montrose was at Hamburg, had to urge him onward by such a letter as this: —

MY LORD:

I entreat you to go on vigorously, and with your wonted courage and care, in the prosecution of those trusts I have committed to you; and not to be startled with any reports you may hear, as if I were otherwise inclined to the Presbyterians than when I left you. I assure you I am still upon the same principles I was, and depend as much as ever upon your undertaking and endeavours for my service; being fully resolved to assist and support you therein to the uttermost of my power; as you shall find, in effect, when you shall desire any thing to be done by your affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.

St. GERMAINS, the 19th of September, 1649.

Thus urged by assurances on the word of a King, Montrose went on northward to Gottenburg, and made ready; and on the 15th of December intended "to set sail for Scotland to-morrow," as he wrote to Seaforth; but he did not sail then; and in January he was still at Gottenburg, waiting there for despatches from the King. These despatches arrived early in February: among them was "a public letter of instructions" from the King; and, in order that we may know what Montrose then knew, we will read it, or parts of it: —

"RIGHT TRUSTY AND RIGHT ENTIRELY BELOVED COUSIN:

We greet you well. An address having been lately made to us from Scotland by a letter (whereof we send you

a copy herewith) wherein they desire that we should acknowledge their Parliament, and particularly the two last sessions of it, and thereupon offer to send a solemn address to us for a full agreement; we have in answer thereto returned our letter to them (a copy whereof we likewise send you here enclosed) by which we have appointed a speedy time and place for their Commissioners to attend us [at Breda]. To the end you may not apprehend that we intend by any thing contained in those letters, or by the treaty we expect, to give the least impediment to your proceedings, we think fit to let you know, that, as we conceive that your preparations have been one effectual motive that hath induced them to make the said address to us, so your vigorous proceeding will be a good means to bring them to such moderation in the said treaty, as probably may produce an agreement, and a present union of that whole nation in our service. We assure you therefore, that we will not, before or during the treaty, do any thing contrary to that power and authority which we have given you by our commission, nor consent to any thing that may bring the least degree of diminution to it." Charles goes on saying that he prefers to reduce his subjects to obedience by condescensions and kindnesses, if possible; and adds, significantly: "In the mean time we think fit to declare to you that we have called them a 'Committee of Estates' only in order to a treaty, and for no other end whatever." The paper concludes thus: "We require and authorize you, therefore, to proceed vigorously and effectually in your undertaking; and to act, in all things in order to it, as you shall judge most necessary for the support thereof, and for our service in that way; wherein we doubt not but all our loyal and well-affected subjects of Scotland will cordially and effectually join with you; and, by that

addition of strength, either dispose those that are otherwise minded to make reasonable demands to us in the treaty, or be able to force them to it by arms, in case of their obstinate refusal. To which end we authorize you to communicate and publish this our letter to all such persons as you shall think fit."

With this public letter there came a packet containing the George and Ribbon of the Garter, and the following private letter: —

MY LORD OF MONTROSE:

My public letter having expressed all that I have of business to say to you, I shall only add a word by this to assure you that I will never fail in the effects of that friendship I have promised, and which your zeal to my service hath so eminently deserved; and that nothing can happen to me shall make me consent to any thing to your prejudice. I conjure you, therefore, not to take alarm at any reports or messages from others; but to depend on my kindness; and to proceed in your business with your usual courage and alacrity; which I am sure will bring great advantage to my affairs and much honour to yourself. I wish you all good success in it, and shall ever remain your affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.

JERSEY, 12th-22d January, 1649-50.

This letter was probably the last one that Montrose received from his Majesty; though it will be our unpleasant duty to read two or three more which his wicked Majesty wrote.

Mr. Napier, in his biographies, is greatly troubled that Montrose at first took part with the Covenanters; but his action then was, as I think, honorable to him, and in

no way inconsistent with his action afterwards against them: but it is more difficult to justify his action for Charles the Second: we will, however, look a little and try to see how the matter was with him.

In any fair judgment of Montrose as an actor in public life, little reference will be had to English affairs; for he was interested almost exclusively in Scottish; and his reverence for Charles the First was reverence for the hereditary King of Scotland. Government of Scotland by Argyle and his faction he held to be an intolerable evil, requiring abolition at all hazards. Monarchy under Stuart Kings, he believed to be the only rightful government for Scotland; a government sanctioned by the Almighty through many centuries. The death of a Stuart King on the scaffold was, therefore, in his view of it, a sacrilegious act, deserving the reprobation of all right-minded men — an act in which the worst criminals were, not Englishmen, but Scotchmen, who sold him for pieces of silver. Montrose, after the death of his King, characterized his own state of mind as his *Passions*. Filled at first with grief and indignation, his conflicting emotions subsided soon into one; and he became possessed by an absorbing desire, a passion, to rescue his native land from the usurpers who governed it without right, and to place on the throne of it a Stuart; one of that race of men who had been so long its rightful Kings. Nor was this man without a deep sense of his own personal wrongs: but the wrongs to himself had come because of his adherence to the King; these therefore, and wrongs to the monarchy, had become in his mind one and the same, and his longing for the reinstatement of monarchy in Scotland grew, in these long years of exile, to an absorbing passion. So it was, I think, that this man gave himself to a Charles the Second, and

became his instrument in that shameful bargain for a throne; but he did it with a rather mournful feeling, for his higher instincts revolted against such courses. He had, however, entered on the work; the time had come for invasion of Scotland, and he himself would not be wanting.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO SCOTLAND, AND DEATH.

THE first division, or "the forerunners of James Graham's army of strangers," consisting of "eighty commanders and about one hundred Danes and strangers," led by George Hay, Earl of Kinnoul, arrived, as we know, at the Orkneys in September, 1649; but "presently thereafter" Kinnoul, and his uncle the Earl of Morton, who had welcomed him at his landing, died. The inferior officers, left without a commander, fell into disorder, and there was trouble and contention among them, so that the purpose of this first expedition, the enlistment of Orkneymen, was defeated.

The second division with which Montrose himself had intended to set forth in December, was more formidable at its outset, consisting of "twelve hundred soldiers; officers for two regiments; thirteen frigates fraught; two vessels for convoys; twelve brass guns, and provisions for about a month." This expedition sailed from Gottenburg, or from some place in its neighborhood, in January; near the beginning of it, probably; under the command of the fourth Earl of Kinnoul, brother of that one who died in Orkney; but before the fleet lost sight of land it was in

trouble, and the winter voyage was very disastrous. Sir James Stewart of Coltness, Provost of Edinburgh, reports, under date of the 19th of February, 1650, thus: "There are more men landed this week in Orkney Islands from Montrose; but the greatest part of his men and vessels are spoiled and lost; for of twelve hundred he shipped from the sea side near Gottenburg, there are no more than two hundred landed in Scotland; for when they had sailed about two leagues from shore, they were scattered by sticking in the ice; many died; others, after, got ashore and deserted, and they were much broken. There came only two ships, with two hundred soldiers and their officers; twelve brass field-pieces; and some small number of arms, with a parcel of ammunition. Montrose himself is yet at Gottenburg, with some Scotch, English, and Dutch officers, waiting to see if he can get any moneys for them; if not, they will desert him."

Whether Montrose got any moneys or not is unknown; but he did, somehow, get away from Gottenburg with small force, early in March, and, after safe voyage, landed in the Orkneys, where he was busy for some time, I suppose, enlisting men, and organizing his foreigners; getting ready for action on the mainland.

On the 26th of March, dating at Kirkwall in Orkney, he wrote: —

For the Earl of Seaforth.

My Lord:

I received your Lordship's by Mr. May, who has confirmed me in the knowledge of all your Lordship's noble and friendly carriages, for which, believe, I will serve you with my life, all the days it shall please God to lend me it. I am going to the mainland, and have no more leisure but

to assure you I shall tender your friends and interests as my own life; and shall live or die, my Lord, your cousin and faithful friend and servant, MONTROSE.

The letter from Seaforth brought "by Mr. May," came to Montrose at Gottenburg, with the despatches from the King; and now, when he was about going to the mainland, he answered, showing himself in this letter, as in other letters, very grateful to Seaforth, who, though cautious of overt acts, had, in some way doubtless, been helpful. But let us note that in this letter, as in a previous one to the same correspondent, Montrose seems not in good heart; he evidently did not like the business on which he had entered, and he had forebodings of evil. Two weeks later, however, the Captain-General was under way for the mainland, and, when near the Island of Flotta not far from the Pentland Frith, he issued his clear, decisive orders to the leader of his van, a tall, robust fellow with a long scar on his cheek: —

Orders for Major-General Sir John Hurry.

You are presently after the sight hereof to take a part of my company of Guard, with four companies of my life regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel George Drummond, together with other companies of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Stewart's squadron, and immediately to emboat yourself, with what arms and ammunition doth belong, and set with this evening tide for the coast of Caithness, choosing the most convenient place for landing, as occasion shall serve; and if, according to your intelligence, you find not your landing opposed, nor any forces making in a body against you, you are to march directly to the Ord, and those narrow passes betwixt Caithness and

Sutherland, for preventing the enemy's entry, and reducing such of the country people as shall offer to rise, according to your own best discretion and the rule of war in like cases. But if you shall find, according to your certain intelligence, that all the country of Caithness are in arms to resist you, and oppose the landing, in a real way of opposition or defence, then, and in that case, you are not to hazard to force it, but to set for Stranaver, and there to attempt your landing, as with most safety and conveniency you can. Where, if you should also find too much difficulty — as by appearance there cannot be — you are to apply a little higher, betwixt that and Kintail, which places are all for the King, and there make your descent, and use your best discretion in every thing as occurs. In all which cases you are still to send us frequent advertisements, as falls out: and observe punctually the premises at your highest peril. Given under our hand from shipboard, near the Island of Flotta, this 9th day of April, 1650. MONTROSE.

Sir John, acting under these orders, landed without difficulty on the north coast of Caithness, at or near Thurso: marching thence across the country to the south-eastern coast, he seized the Castle of Dunbeath, and placed a garrison in it under the command of Harry Graham: then, according to orders, he marched, I suppose, ten miles along the coast south-westerly "directly to the Ord," and seized "those narrow passes" into Sutherlandshire. The Captain-General, following on with the main body of his forces, was at Thurso on the 14th of April, and wrote there his letter "For the Gentlemen and Heritors of the Sheriffdom of Caithness:" from which it appears that the King's Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General

found no such welcome in Scotland as he had expected: therefore he in this letter informed these gentlemen and heritors that he would, at his departure, leave certain persons to receive "an oath of fidelity and allegiance to be subscribed by all and every one of you to his sacred Majesty."

Marching southward then, across Caithness, the General joined his van under Sir John Hurry, and went into Sutherlandshire by the pass of the Ord; which was at that time "the most dangerous bit of road in Scotland." High hills, crowded together, form a continuous ridge, running across the country from sea to sea, and dividing Caithness from Sutherlandshire; the south-eastern end of it, coming to the shore at the Hill of Ord, turns northerly, and, for ten miles or so, runs along by the sea. There on the seaward side of the ridge, aloft on the edge of precipices, the giddy road stretched itself along; and, in the latter days of April, sea-gulls, looking upwards in their flight, saw James Graham's army of strangers and Orkneymen winding along on its perilous way, towards perils greater than that one. This army, so called, was a kind of skeleton one; having officers for more men than were in the ranks: there were Orkneymen in numbers unknown; of foreign troops a few hundreds; and of cavalry none, or next to none. The men of these northern shires did not join this hopeless-looking army, marching for a King who was then coming to terms of agreement with the opponents of it. On the contrary, the Earl of Sutherland, with men of that shire, joined General David Leslie, who, with a well-appointed army, was marching northward: and the Mackenzies of the Earl of Seaforth staid quietly in their homes; for that loyal Earl knew what was good for himself.

From the Ord of Caithness, Montrose, who knew little or nothing of what was going on south of him, came down into Sutherlandshire, and marched along southerly, till, on the 27th of April, he came to a place called Corbiesdale, near the pass of Invercarron, and not far from the River Oikel. There, Colonel Strachen, with some squadrons of horse, in advance of Leslie's army and standing in ambush, fell suddenly on the invaders. The Orkneymen, better men at sea than on land probably, fled without stroke at the foe: the strangers, foreign troops, stood to it for a while, and the officers fought bravely, doing their utmost, I suppose. Many of them fell dead on the field; others, Sir John Hurry among them, were made prisoners. Montrose, in the thickest of the fight, it seems, got severe wounds; and at last his horse fell dead under him. A friend, Viscount Frendraught, himself seriously wounded, but sure of mercy, as prisoner, from his uncle, the Earl of Sutherland, gave his horse to Montrose, who could expect no mercy: and he, seeing all lost, escaped from the field with the Earl of Kinnoul and two gentlemen by name Sinclair. The wounded Marquis, obliged soon, in that rough and pathless country, to leave his horse, changed garments with a peasant; and, hiding his papers and badge of the Garter "under a tree," where they were afterwards found, he wandered on foot "up the River Oikel the whole ensuing night, and the next day, and the third day also, without any food or sustenance, and at last came into the country of Assint; the Earl of Kinnoul, being faint for lack of meat, and not able to travel any farther, was left there among the mountains; where, it was supposed, he perished. James Graham had almost famished, but that he fortuned, in his misery, to light upon a small cottage in that wilderness, where he was supplied with some milk

and bread." Toiling on westward into that barren, desolate region, he fell at last into the hands of Macleod, Laird of Assint; who imprisoned him in the Castle of Ardvraick, and then gave him up to General David Leslie.

In Mr. Napier's Memoirs of Montrose, there is a chapter entitled *Montrose and Charles the Second*, which is not a pleasant one. Charles the First, it has been said, was not the worst of the Stuarts: but we cannot say that of the second Charles. He signed his treaty with the Covenanters at Breda, on the 13th of May, 1650; and on the 19th he sent a messenger — Sir William Flemming — to Montrose, bearing "a public letter," dated at Breda, the 15th of May, informing him that "it has pleased Almighty God" to give "a blessing to this treaty at Breda;" and "our will and pleasure therefore is, and we hereby require and command you, not only to forbear all further acts of hostility against any of our subjects of that kingdom, but also, immediately upon the receipt of these our letters, to lay down arms, and to disband, and withdraw yourself and your forces out of the same." In a private letter he says, after some compliments, "I shall be careful to provide a subsistence for you," till I can do something better; "and have, accordingly, ordered Cochrane to pay 10,000 rix dollars to Sir Patrick Drummond, to your use." The letter ends thus: "I pray give credit to what Sir William Flemming shall say to you from me, and then you will be fully assured that I am your very affectionate friend, CHARLES R.

BREDA, 13th May, 1860."

On the 18th May, Charles in his "Address" to "the President, and other members of Parliament," says, after referring to the "happy agreement:" "We have given

orders for the disbanding of those forces lately come from Orkney, and all who have joined with them, and for their present withdrawal out of the kingdom;" and as, in his opinion, it is very desirable that they should go out of the country, "we therefore recommend very particularly unto you, to cause such conditions to be made for them, as shall be reasonable and necessary to free the kingdom immediately from these troops, according to our express order in that behalf. Given at Breda the 18th May, 1650, in the second year of our reign."

On the 19th May, Charles wrote his last letter to Montrose: —

My Lord Montrose: This bearer, William Flemming, having many things to say to you from me, and he being better able to deliver them to you by word of mouth than I can by letter, I have given him full instructions to acquaint you with all the particulars of the treaty. I shall desire you, therefore, to give full credit to him; and to me, that I am, and ever will be, your most affectionate friend,

Charles R.

The "full instructions" given to Flemming in writing, and dated 19th May, were these: —

"1. You shall deliver my letter to Lord Montrose, and assure him of the continuance of my favor and affection to him.

"2. If you find that the prevailing party now in Scotland are not satisfied with the concessions I have granted to them, then Montrose is not to lay down arms: or if you find that those people do only treat with me to make Montrose to lay down arms, and that then they may do what they please, then he is not to lay down arms.

"3. In case my friends in Scotland do not think fit that Montrose lay down arms, then as many as can may repair to him.

"4. You shall see if Montrose have a considerable number of men; and if he have, you must use your best endeavor not to have them disbanded; in which you are to advise with William Murray, and whom you shall think fit. But if Montrose be weak, then he should disband; for it will do me more harm for a small body to keep together, than it can do me good. Howsoever, though they are disbanded, there must be care had that they may not be lost, but entertained in other troops."

Transit of news was slow two hundred years ago; and therefore the heartless King, at the date of these instructions, did not know that the little army of invaders had been very thoroughly disbanded; and that the leader of it was then under sentence which would soon carry him where falsehoods are unknown.

As a pendant to King Charles's letters and instructions, we will read this extract from Sir James Balfour's Annals: —

"Saturday, 25th May, 1650: A letter from the King's Majesty to the Parliament, dated Breda, 12th May, 1650; showing that he was heartily sorry that James Graham had invaded this kingdom, and how he had discharged him from doing the same; and earnestly desires the Estates of Parliament to do himself that justice as not to believe that he was accessory to the said invasion in the least degree, — read. Also a double [copy] of his Majesty's letter to James Graham, dated 15th of May, 1650, commanding him to lay down arms, and secure all the ammunition under his charge, — read in the House." "The

House remits to the committee of despatches to answer his Majesty's letter to the Parliament. The Marquis of Argyle reported to the House that himself had a letter from the Secretary, the Earl of Lothian, which showed him that his Majesty was no ways sorry that James Graham was defeated, in respect, as he said, he had made that invasion without and contrary to his command."

Mr. Mark Napier, comparing dates, doubts that Argyle had such letter as that; doubts whether the lie, in this case, was Argyle's or the King's: it matters little, however, for one lie more or less cannot affect the character of either of them. This King had now, as his proceedings in regard to Montrose show, come to agreement with the Covenanters. He, on his part, agreed to sign, not only the first Covenant, but also the Solemn League and Covenant; to publish a Declaration, as prescribed to him, condemning the sinful acts of his father and the idolatry of his mother. He asserted, too, as we have seen, that Montrose had invaded Scotland without his sanction: and so the man got afterward his crown at Scone; Argyle holding the sceptre in a double sense; and Andrew Reid advancing moneys on the occasion, as we have been told. The crown, however, did not stick on the head at that time, Oliver Cromwell being alive: but let us note here the fact that at last, after Cromwell's death, this man, this worthless Charles Stuart, was welcomed as King by the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland; so strong was their faith in hereditary right. But our story lags, though the end is not far: henceforth it shall be given in the words of contemporary writers, with only such slight alterations, insertions, and comments, as may serve to help it along.

*The Reverend James Frazer's Account of the conducting Montrose captive to Edinburgh.**

"May 4th, 1650, he was taken, and the fourth day" thereafter "delivered to David Leslie at Tain," near the Dornoch Frith, in the north-east part of Ross-shire. "Montrose being now in the custody of his mortal enemies, from whom he could expect no favour, yet expressed a singular constancy, and in a manner a carelessness of his own condition. He was conveyed with a guard over the River Conan, towards Beauly." Crossing that river, "they refreshed themselves at Lovat," a small hamlet in the northernmost part of Inverness-shire; where Mr. Frazer was then at home. He, continuing his narrative, says: "*But now I set down that which I was myself eye-witness of.* The 7th of May, 1650, at Lovat, he sat upon a little shelty-horse without a saddle, but a quilt of rags and straw, and pieces of ropes for stirrups; his feet fastened under the horse's belly with a tether; a bit halter for a bridle; a ragged, old, dark-reddish plaid; a *montrer* cap called *magirky* on his head; a musketeer on each side, and his fellow-prisoners on foot after him. Thus conducted through the country near Inverness, under the road to Muirtown, where he desired to alight, he called for a draught of water, being then in the first crisis of a high fever. And here the crowd from the town came forth to gaze. The two ministers" "wait here upon him to comfort him:" with one of them, "Mr. John Annand," "the Marquis was well acquainted. At the end of the bridge, stepping forward, an old woman, Margaret MacGeorge, exclaimed and brauted, saying: 'Montrose, look above;

* See Memoirs of Montrose, vol. ii. p. 773, for this account, and others following it.

view these ruinous houses of mine which you occasioned to be burnt down when you besieged Inverness.' Yet he never altered his countenance; but, with a majesty and state beseeming him, kept a countenance high."

"At the cross, a table covered. The Magistrates treat him with wine; which he would not taste, but allayed" his thirst "with water. The stately prisoners, his officers, stood under a fore-stair and drank heartily. I remarked Colonel Hurry, a robust, tall, stately fellow, with a long cut on his cheek. All the way through the streets Montrose never lowered his aspect. The Provost, Duncan Forbes, taking leave of him at the town's end, said: 'My Lord, I am sorry for your circumstances.' He replied: 'I am sorry for being the object of your pity.' The Marquis was convoyed that night to Castle Stewart, where he lodged. From Castle Stewart, the Marquis is convoyed through Moray: by the way some loyal gentlemen wait upon his Excellency, most avowedly, and with grieved hearts; such as the Laird of Culbin, Kinnaird; Old Provost Tulloch in Narden; Tannochy, Tulloch; Captain Thomas Mackenzie, Pluscarden; the Laird of Cookstoun; and old Mr. Thomas Fullerton, his acquaintance at college. He was overjoyed to see those about him; and they were his" escort "forward to Forres, where the Marquis was treated; and thence, after noon, convoyed to Elgin City, where all these loyal gentlemen waited on him, and diverted him all the time, with the allowance of the General," David Leslie.

"In the morning Mr. Alexander Symons, parson of Duffus, waited on him at Elgin; being college acquaintance with the Marquis; four years his condisciple at St. Andrews. This cheered him wonderfully, as the parson often told me. Thence they convoyed him all the way to

the River Spey; and a crowd of royalists flocked about him unchallenged. Crossing Spey, they lodged all night at Keith; and the next day, May 12th, being Sunday, the Marquis heard sermon there. A tent was set up for him in the fields, in which he lay. The minister, Mr. William Kinanmond, altering his ordinary," — preaching specially, I suppose, — "chose for his theme and text the words of Samuel the prophet to Agag the King of the Amalekites, coming before him delicately: 'And Samuel said, As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women.' This unnatural, merciless man, so rated, reviled, and reflected upon the Marquis, in such invective, virulent, malicious manner, that some of the hearers, who were even of the swaying side, condemned him. Montrose, patiently hearing him a long time, and he insisting still, said: '*Rail on;*' and so turned his back to him in the tent. But all honest men hated Kinanmond for this ever after. Montrose desired to stay in the fields all night, lying upon straw in the tent, till morning."

Thus the procession, starting from Tain, in Ross-shire, on the Dornoch Frith, had marched, southerly, to Beauly, on a lake which is, properly, a continuation of the Moray Frith; or, rather, the head of it: thence, turning north-easterly, it had passed through the city of Inverness, or near it, and, going along the shores of that Frith, had come to Elgin: thence, crossing the River Spey, it went forward, south-easterly, to Keith in Banffshire, near the borders of Aberdeenshire. On Sunday, 12th of May, Montrose heard an abusive sermon from Mr. Kinanmond at Keith; and he slept there, in his tent, on straw, at night. "Monday after they march through the Mearns south," says Mr. Frazer, who cannot be right here: the distance from Keith *to* the Mearns, or Kincardineshire,

being forty miles, or more. The good man ceased to see the procession with his own eyes at Keith probably, and set down afterwards what he heard from other men who were present in his absence. The procession, however, did go through the Mearns south soon after Monday, 13th of May, and came into Forfarshire by crossing the North Esk River, which forms the northern boundary of that shire. The road, rising from the river, goes soon over high lands; and from the heights, where they begin to slope southward, the doomed man looks down into the valley of the South Esk, beautiful in its green leaf and blossom of May. Before him, as the road runs, he sees the Castle of Kinnaird, where he wedded; a little to the left of it his own place of Old Montrose; and, beyond that, the Maritoun Law. Broad off on his left hand, seaward, the old city stretches itself along its low peninsula: ships lie at the farther end of it, and at its hither end are the well-remembered golf grounds. The wide basin, which he has seen so often, he sees now once again; fisher-boats still speck it, sea-birds flap their wings over it: but the sad procession halts not here; it moves onward to its end.

"By the way," continues Mr. Frazer, "the Marquis came to his father-in-law's house, the Earl of Southesk's" Castle of Kinnaird, "where he visited two of his own children," — the youngest two, Robert and David; the other one, James, being then abroad in Flanders; and John, after long marches, was resting at the Kirk of Bellie; and the mother of the boys had fallen asleep. "But neither at meeting, or at parting, could any change of his former countenance be seen, or the least expression heard which was not suitable to the greatness of his spirit, and the fame of his former actions, worth and valour. *In transitu*, his Excellency staid one night at Dundee; and

it is memorable that, though this town suffered more loss by his army than any else in the kingdom, yet were they so far from insulting over him, that the whole town expressed a great deal of sorrow for his condition, and furnished him with clothes, and all other things suitable to his place, birth and person.

"At Leith he was received by the Magistrates of Edinburgh, and thence convoyed up to the city by the water-gait of the Abbey; and with him all the prisoners of quality on foot — about forty persons: but according to the sentence of the Parliament, the Marquis himself had the favour to be mounted on a cart-horse." Another account says: "Upon the 18th day" of May, "about four in the afternoon, he was brought in at the Water-gate," which is the way leading from the sea to the Abbey of Holyrood House, "where he was met by the Magistrates, the guards, and the hangman; the rest of the prisoners, being tied two and two, going before him. How soon they came within the port the Magistrates shewed him that order," which was an order of the Parliament to General Leslie to deliver his prisoners to the city authorities; and prescribing the fashion of the procession to the Tolbooth, or prison. "He was met," says Mr. Frazer, "at the Canongate under the Netherbow, by some other officers; and the executioner, hangman, in a livery coat, into whose hands he was delivered. There was framed for him a high seat in fashion of a chariot, upon each side of which were holes; through these a cord being drawn crossing his breast and arms, bound him fast in that mock chair. The executioner then took off the Marquis's hat, and put on him [himself] his own bonnet; and, this chariot being drawn by four horses," he "mounted on the first," or on one of the first two, "and solemnly drives along toward the Tolbooth," which stood in the High Street, near

the Castle. The Canongate Street, which the procession entered by the Water-gait, at its eastern end near Holyrood House, runs westward to the High Street, which continues, in the same direction, to the Castle; the two streets forming one continuous, straight way, through the city from end to end; and little, narrow, short lanes, or "closes," ran out of it, sloping to the hollows on each side. The new town, two hundred years ago, had not begun to be, and in that old main street stood then the city-mansions of many of the Scottish nobles; and, among others, the Earl of Moray had his house there. M. de Graymond, a Frenchman, then in Edinburgh, writing to Cardinal Mazarin, says: "He," Montrose, "was paraded the whole length of the Canongate, and through the town, to the prison, fast bound upon a seat attached to the cart, and his head uncovered." "Few were there present that did not sympathize, or who forbore to express by their murmurs and mournful aspirations, how their hearts were touched by the nobility of his bearing amid such a complication of miseries. He was surrounded by those guarding him; and it has occasioned much talk since, that the procession was made to halt in front of the Earl of Moray's house, where among other spectators, was the Marquis of Argyle, who contemplated his enemy from a window, the blinds of which were partly closed."

The Marquis of Montrose, having been shown to his countrymen in this fashion, arrived, about nightfall, at the Tolbooth, or prison; where he had, doubtless, hoped to rest that night in peace; but visitors soon came in to him. Balfour's Annals say: "The House met this same day," Saturday, 18th of May, and "likewise by special ordinance, at six o'clock at night," having about noon, I suppose, adjourned for dinner and to see the procession after it, and then coming together again at evening when

the prisoner was safe in ward, "they sent Robert, Lord Burleigh, Sir James Hope of Hopetoun, George Porterfield of Glasgow, Mr. James Durham, and Mr. James Hamilton, ministers, to James Graham, to ask at him if he had any thing to say; and to show him that he was to repair to the House to receive his sentence. They used some interrogatories and brought his answers in writing." These answers we would like to see, but they, and many other things, were not recorded, or the record has been lost. The answers, however, whatever they were, do not seem to have been satisfactory to the House, which sat late that Saturday night; for after the return of this committee with its report, another one was sent, as the record shows: "The House delays the execution," or say rather, the *reading* "of James Graham's sentence till Monday at 10 hours the 20th. The House ordains Lord Burleigh, Sir James Hope, George Porterfield, Sir Archibald Johnston, Clerk Register, Sir Thomas Nicholson, King's Advocate, Sir James Stewart, Provost of Edinburgh, to question James Graham anent Duke Hamilton and others; and because he was desirous to understand of them formerly," as he told the other committee, "how it stood between the King and them, the Parliament ordained" this committee "to show him the truth, that their Commissioners and the King's Majesty were agreed; and that his Majesty was coming to this country." The Duke Hamilton mentioned here is the same man who was Earl Lanerick; and Argyle and company wished to know what he had been doing of late, and whether they could account him as friend or foe — a matter always doubtful theretofore.

But in regard to answers which the first committee got from Montrose, we learn something from an anonymous manuscript found at Cumbernauld. "It was past seven

o'clock at night before he was entered into the Tolbooth, and immediately the Parliament met and sent some of their own number to examine him; but he refused to answer any thing to them untill he should know in what terms they stood with the King; which being reported to the Parliament they delayed proceedings against him till Monday; and allowed their Commissioners [the second set] to tell him that the King and they were agreed. He desired that night to be at rest, for he was wearied with a longsome journey; and, he said, 'the compliment they had put upon him that day was something tedious.'" The weary man got no rest till late that night; nor did he get much on the next day, which was the Sabbath; for, according to the same manuscript, "The next day, being Sunday, he was constantly attended by ministers and Parliament men, who still pursued him with threatenings; but they got no advantage of him."

The Kirk of Scotland, which had excommunicated Montrose, now sent its ministers to bring him, if possible, to submission and confession of sin: and the following account of their interview with the outcast comes at second hand from one who was present at it; an old man's story of an event of his youth; a story which he had told many times before Mr. Robert Woodrow wrote it down.

"*The Reverend Patrick Simpson's Testimony, as preserved by the Reverend Robert Woodrow.* — This same time, Mr. Patrick Simpson told me he was allowed to go in with the ministers that went in to confer with the Marquis of Montrose, the day before his death, and was present at the time of their conference. His memory is so good that, although it be now sixty years or more since it was, I can entirely depend on his relation, even as to the very words; and I set it down here as I wrote it

from his own mouth, and read it over to him." "In the year 1650, the 20th of May, being Monday, the morning about eight of the clock, before the Marquis got his sentence, several ministers, Mr. James Guthrie, Mr. James Durham, Mr. Robert Trail, minister at Edinburgh; and, if my author be not forgetful, Mr. Mungo Law, appointed by the Commission of the Great Assembly, went into the Tolbooth of Edinburgh where Montrose was. His room was kept by Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace. Being forfeited and excommunicated they only termed him Sir, and gave him none of his titles. Mr. James Guthrie began, and told him that there were several things might mar his light in this affair they were come to him about, which he would do well to lay to heart; and he would hint at them before they came to the main point.

"1st. Somewhat of his natural temper, which was aspiring and lofty; or to that purpose.

"2d. His personal vices, which were too notorious. My author tells me he (Mr. Guthrie) meant his being given to women.

"3d. The taking a commission from the King to fight against his country, and raise a civil war within our bowels. Montrose's direct answer to this my relator hath forgot.

"4th. His taking Irish and Popish rebels and cut-throats by the hand, to make up of against his own countrymen.

"5th. The spoil and ravage his men made through the country; also the much bloodshed by his cruel followers.

"Montrose heard him patiently till he had done; and then resumed all the particulars, and discoursed on them handsomely, as he could well do, intermixing many Latin apothegms: only my author thought his way and expression a little too airy and volage; not so much suiting the

gravity of a nobleman. He granted that God had made men of several tempers and dispositions; some slow and dull, others more sprightly and active; and if God should withhold light on that account, he confessed he was one of those who love to have praise for virtuous actions. As for his personal vices, he did not deny but he had many; but if the Lord should withhold light on that account, it might reach unto the greatest of saints, who wanted not their faults and failings. One of the ministers, here interrupting him, said he was not to compare himself with the Scripture saints. He answered, 'I make no comparison of myself with them; I only speak of the argument.' As to the taking of those men to be his soldiers, he said it was no wonder that the King should take any of his subjects to help him, when those who should have been his best subjects deserted and opposed him. 'We see,' said he, 'what a company David took to defend him in the time of his strait.' There were some volitations to and fro upon that practice of David which are forgot. As to his men's spoiling and plundering the country, he answered: 'They knew that soldiers who wanted pay could not be restrained from spoilzie, nor kept under such strict discipline as other regular forces; but he did all that lay in him to keep them back from it; and for bloodshed, if it could have been thereby prevented, he would rather it had all come out of his own veins.'

"Then falling on the main business, they charged him with breach of Covenant. To which he answered: 'The Covenant which I took, I own it and adhere to it. Bishops! I care not for them: I never intended to advance their interest. But when the King had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his vine and under his fig tree; that then you should have taken a

party in England by the hand, and entered into a League and Covenant with them against the King, was the thing I judged it my duty to oppose to the yondmost!' In the progress of their discoursing, which my author hath forgot, the Marquis added: 'That course of theirs ended not but in the King's death and overturning the whole government.' When one of the ministers answered: 'That was a sectarian party that rose up, and carried things beyond the true and first intent of them,' he said only, in reply: 'Error is infinite.' After other discourses, when they were risèn, and upon their feet to go away, Mr. Guthrie said: 'As we were appointed by the commission of the General Assembly to confer with you to bring you, if it could be obtained, to some sense of your guilt, so we had, if we had found you penitent, power from the same Commission of the General Assembly to release you from that sentence of excommunication under which you lie. But now since we find it far otherwise with you, and that you maintain your farther course, and all these things for which that sentence passed upon you, we must, with sad hearts, leave you, under the same, unto the judgment of the great God, having the fearful apprehension, that what is bound on Earth God will bind in Heaven.' To which he replied: 'I am very sorry that any actions of mine have been offensive to the Church of Scotland; and I would with all my heart be reconciled with the same. But since I cannot obtain it on any other terms, — unless I call that my sin which I account to have been my duty, — I cannot for all the reason and conscience in the world.' This last expression is somewhat short; but my author tells me he remembers it distinctly, and the Marquis had those very words, neither more nor less."

This account is evidently, in substance, an honest one.

The "main business" of these Commissioners of the General Assembly was, breach of the Covenant, opposition, in public matters, to the Kirk of Scotland. If Montrose had confessed himself sinful in this, and submitted himself to the Kirk, other sins would have found easy forgiveness. In regard to the second charge, "Personal vices," the reader will remember, that when Lord Sinclair searched Montrose's houses, he found in one of them some "letters written to him by ladies, in his youth, flowered with Arcadian compliments." This, Mr. Napier says, is the only foundation for the charge in the text; rather slight ground certainly for a serious charge against *him*. But the accused man said in answer to this charge: "As for his personal vices he did not deny but he had many." We will therefore, in default of other testimony, take his own word on this matter, and let his personal vices rest on that; his word, good to us in other cases, shall be good here too.

Mr. Woodrow's account of what he learned from Mr. Simpson continues thus: "The Parliament would allow him (Montrose) no knife, or weapon, in the room with him, lest he should have done harm to himself. When he heard this, he said to his keeper: 'You need not be at so much pains; before I was taken I had a prospect of this cruel treatment; and, if my conscience would have allowed me, I could have despatched myself.' After the ministers had gone away and he had been a little alone, (my author being in the outer room with Colonel Wallace,) he (Montrose) took his breakfast, a little bread dipped in ale. He desired to have a barber to shave him, which was refused him; my author thinks on the former reason. When Colonel Wallace told him, from the persons sent to, he could not have that favour, my author heard him say: 'I would not think but they would have allowed that to a dog.'"

On this day, Monday, 20th of May, "The Parliament met about ten o'clock; and immediately on the down-sitting, James Graham was brought before them by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and ascended the place of delinquents." "He presented himself in a suit of black cloth and a scarlet coat to his knee, trimmed with silver galouns, lined with crimson tafta; on his head a bever hat and a silver band: he looked somewhat pale, lank-faced, and hairy." "After the Lord Chancellor had spoken to him, and, in a large discourse, declared the progress of all his rebellions, he showed him that the House gave him leave to speak for himself; which he did in a long discourse, with all reverence to the Parliament, he said, 'since the King and their Commissioners were accorded.'" Sir James Balfour, who gives this account of the scene in Parliament, does not give the "long discourse;" which, therefore, we will now give from the manuscript found at Cumbernauld: —

"Since you have declared to me that you have agreed with the King, I look upon you as if his Majesty were sitting amongst you; and in that relation I appear with this reverence, bareheaded. My care has always been to walk as became a good Christian and a loyal subject. I did engage in the first Covenant, and was faithful to it. When I perceived some private persons, under color of religion, intend to wring the authority from the King, and to seize on it for themselves, it was thought fit for the clearing of honest men, that a bond [the Cumbernauld Bond] should be subscribed, wherein the security of religion was sufficiently provided for. For the League, [Solemn League and Covenant with the English,] I thank God I was never in it; and so could not break it. How far Religion has been advanced by it, and what sad conse-

quences followed on it, this poor, distressed kingdom can witness. When his late Majesty had, by the blessing of God, almost subdued those rebels that rose against him in England, and a faction of this Kingdom went in to the assistance of the rebels, his Majesty gave commission to me to come into this Kingdom, to make a diversion of those forces which were going from this against him. I acknowledged the command was most just, and I conceived myself bound in conscience and duty to obey it. What my carriage was in this country many of you may bear witness. Disorders in arms cannot be prevented; but they were no sooner known than punished. Never was any man's blood spilt but in battle, and even then many thousand lives have I preserved; and I dare here avow, in the presence of God, that never a hair of Scotsman's head, that I could save, fell to the ground; and, as I came in [then] upon his Majesty's warrant, so upon his letter did I lay aside all interests and retire. And as for my coming in at this [last] time, it was by his Majesty's just commands, in order to the accelerating the treaty betwixt him and you; his Majesty knowing that whenever he had ended with you, I was ready to retire upon his call. I may say, that never subject acted upon more honorable grounds, nor by [more] lawful a power [than] I did in these services. And, therefore, I desire you lay aside all prejudice, and consider me as a Christian in relation to the justice of the quarrel, as a subject in relation to my royal master's commands, and as your neighbour in relation to the many lives I have preserved in battle; and be not too rash; but let me be judged by the laws of God, the laws of nature and nations, and the laws of this land; if otherwise, I do here appeal from you to the righteous Judge of the world, who one day must be your

Judge and mine, and who always gives out righteous judgments."

"To him," says Balfour, "the Lord Chancellor (Loudon) replied, punctually proving him, by his acts of hostility, to be a person most infamous, perjured, treacherous; and of all that ever this land brought forth, the most cruel and inhuman butcher of his country; one whose boundless pride and ambition had lost the father [Charles the First], and, by his wicked counsels, had done what in him lay to destroy the son likewise. He made no reply, but was commanded to sit down on his knees, and receive his sentence, which he did." The man had come before his peers, not for trial, nor to judgment, but to receive his sentence — a sentence passed in his absence. Before he was brought into Edinburgh, "the Parliament, upon the 17th of May in the morning, . . . appointed a committee to prepare and give in their opinion what was fittest to be done; who that same forenoon gave in their report in writing, which was approven, thus: —

"That how soon he should come to the town, he should be met at the port by the Magistrates and hangman; that he should be tied upon a cart, bare-headed; that the hangman should ride upon the horse, covered, before him, and so carry him through the town; that he should be hanged on a gibbet at the Cross of Edinburgh till he died, and his history and declaration hanged about his neck; and hang three hours thereafter in the view of the people; thereafter he should be headed and quartered; his head to be fixed at the prison house of Edinburgh; and his legs and arms to be fixed at the ports of the towns of Stirling, Glasgow, Perth and Aberdeen; and, if he repented, that the bulk of his body should be buried, by pioneers, in the Gray-friars: if not, to be buried in the Burghmoor."

"He behaved himself all this time in the House," says Balfour, "with a great deal of courage and modesty, unmoved and undaunted, as appeared; only he sighed two several times, and rolled his eyes alongst all the corners of the house; and, at the reading of the sentence, he lifted up his face without any word speaking." The Reverend Robert Trail's statement, differing a little from Balfour's, runs thus: "After it [the sentence] had been fully read, he answered, that 'according to our Scots proverb a messenger should neither be headed nor hanged!' My Lord Loudon, being then President of Parliament, replied very well; that it was he, and such as he, that were a great snare to Princes, and drew them to give such bloody commissions. After that he was carried back to prison. The Commission of the Kirk, then sitting, did appoint Mr. James Hamilton, Mr. Robert Baillie, Mr. Mungo Law and me to go and visit him in the prison: for he being some years before excommunicated, none except his nearest relations might converse with him: but by a warrant from the Kirk, we staid a while with him about his soul's condition. But we found him continuing in his old pride, and taking very ill what was spoken to him, saying: 'I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace.' It was answered, that he might die in true peace, being reconciled to the Lord and his Kirk. He went aside to a corner of his chamber, and there spoke a little time with Mr. Robert Baillie alone; and thereafter we left him. Mr. Baillie, at our coming out of the Tolbooth, told us that what he spoke to him was only concerning some of his personal sins in his conversation, but nothing concerning the things for which he was condemned. We returned to the Commission, and did show unto them what had passed amongst us. They, seeing that for the present he was not desiring

of relaxation from his censure of excommunication, did appoint Mr. Mungo Law and me to attend on the morrow upon the scaffold, at the time of his execution, that in case he should desire to be relaxed from his excommunication, we should be allowed to give it unto him in the name of the Kirk; and to pray with him, and for him, that what is loosed on Earth might be loosed in Heaven." And so these ministers left him alone to prepare himself, as he best could, to die in peace. Mr. Robert Baillie, to whom he spoke privately, but "only concerning some of his personal sins in his conversation," says in his Letters and Journals not a word of this interview; indeed, not a word about any matter relating to Montrose after his capture; which, in a man so communicative generally, is rather remarkable. Mr. Trail says: "He [Montrose] being some years before excommunicated, none except his nearest relations might converse with him;" but the Cumbernauld manuscript says: "His friends were not suffered to come near him; and a guard was kept in the chamber beside him, so that he had no time or place for his private devotions, but in their hearing; yet it is acknowledged by them all that he rested as kindly those nights, except sometimes when at prayers, as ever they themselves did." Sometimes when at prayers: this man, then, whose "intolerable and evil pride made him hard to be guided" by these ministers of the Kirk, did submit himself to Him who is Judge too of the Kirk and its ministers, and who can loose in Heaven what is not loosed on Earth.

After the prisoner had listened in the Parliament House to the reading of his sentence, — a sentence to be executed on the morrow, — and had returned to his prison-house; and after departure of the ministers, was alone there, he wrote those lines beginning, —

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb," —

lines characteristic of the man who entered, long ago, on an enterprise which he knew to be "very desperate" for himself. Forfeited by the State, excommunicated by the Church, a price set on his head, so that whoso would might slay him, not only with impunity but with certainty of reward, he had traversed Scotland over and over again, fearless of dangers; and now, when the horrible end was near and sure, he would get acquainted with that too, and so make himself master of it. Having conned over the death-sentence till he could sing it to himself, he wrote down the verse, and then slept very quietly; praying, at intervals, when he woke.

Tuesday, the 21st of May, 1650, the last of the days, had now arrived. At no time careless of his personal appearance, Montrose was, on the morning of this day, specially attentive to it. While combing and arranging his long hair, some one asked him: "Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?" He replied: "While this head is mine, I will adorn it; to-night, when it is yours, do with it as you will:" and he arrayed him as for a bridal. "In his down-going from the Tolbooth to the place of execution, he was very richly clad in fine scarlet laid over with rich silver lace; his hat in his hand; his bands and cuffs exceeding rich; his delicate white gloves on his hands; his stockings of incarnate silk; his shoes, with their ribbons, on his feet; and sarks [embroidered linen] provided for him, with pearling [lace] above ten pounds the Elne. All these were provided for him by his friends; and a pretty cassock put on him upon the scaffold wherein he was hanged." These trappings, hung about such a man, were in their right place, and altogether becoming; like ornaments on a temple noble without them. Men, a world of them, may combine to degrade a noble

one, but they cannot do it. "It becomes them better to be hangmen," this one said, "than me to be hanged."

Thus arrayed for his triumphal march, the Marquis of Montrose, on that Tuesday morning, came forth from the Tolbooth, near the Castle-hill, and, with large guard of soldiers, moved eastward down the High Street toward St. Giles Church. There, east of the cross and near it, in the open market-place, stood the gallows, "a large four-square scaffold, breast-high," or more; and "in the midst of it was planted a gibbet of thirty feet height." The old street that day was filled with people; doorway, stair-way, balcony, window, every open place on the walled sides of it, was full of life looking out on this death-scene. The central figure of it was a man thirty-eight years of age: proudest man of all that host, he had braved for years the public opinion of Scotland; and yet he was now well pleased that so many had come to see him die. He "stept along the street with so great state, and there appeared in his countenance so much beauty, majesty, and gravity, as amazed all the beholders; and many of his enemies did acknowledge him to be the bravest subject in the world; and in him a gallantry that graced all the crowd; more beseeming a monarch than a mere peer; and in this posture he stept up to the scaffold;" where, among the magistrates, or near them, stood Mr. Robert Trail and Mr. Mungo Law, ministers, appointed, as we remember, by the Kirk to attend Montrose "at the time of his execution." "But," says Mr. Trail in his report, "he did not at all desire to be released from excommunication in the name of the Kirk; yea, he did not look towards that place in the scaffold where we stood; only he drew aside the magistrates, and spake awhile with them; and then went up the ladder, in his red scarlet cassock, in

a very stately manner, and never spoke a word." But the stately man said to Mr. Trail and other ministers, the day before this: "I am very sorry that any actions of mine have been offensive to the church of Scotland; and I would, with all my heart, be reconciled with the same; but since I cannot obtain it on any other terms — unless I call that my sin which I account to have been my duty — I cannot for all the reason and conscience in the world." This last expression is, as Mr. Woodrow said, somewhat short; but the meaning of it is plain: All your arguments, your reasons, all your appeals to my conscience, cannot induce me to be unbound on earth by means of a falsehood: I cannot, he says: and he would, therefore, go hence with the truth on his lips, and in his heart, and meet his Maker so. The church, whose blessed office it is to lead the departing one gently to the confines of the Seen, and to give him up there, without conditions, to Him who is unseen, mistook here, once again, its function; and it had, therefore, to stand aside and see this man go away erect, in his scarlet cassock, without speaking a submissive word to it.

The Reverend James Frazer, who saw the procession with his "own eyes," saw this death-scene too, or he got report of it from some one who was present there; and his account of it differs somewhat from Mr. Trail's.

"The ministers, because he was under the sentence of excommunication, would not pray for him; and, even on the scaffold, were very bitter against him. Being desired to pray apart, he said: 'I have already poured out my soul before the Lord, who knows my heart, and into whose hands I have committed my spirit; and he hath been pleased to return me a full assurance of peace in Jesus Christ my Redeemer: and therefore, if you will not join

with me in prayer, my reiterating it again will be but scandalous to you and me:' so, closing his eyes, and holding up his hands, he stood a good space with his inward, devout ejaculations, being perceived to be mightily moved all the while," making his silent appeal to Him whose judgments are just. His prayer over, he called for the executioner, and gave him four pieces of gold: then the executioner, according to the sentence, hanged about his neck his book (Life by Wishart), declaration, and other papers, and the officers in attendance tied his hands. So, in his scarlet cassock, "he went up the ladder to the top of that prodigious gibbet. . . . He had expected and desired to be headed;" to die as befitted his name and place; and he had hoped, almost to the last, that it might be so. Now the proud man, seeing the fatal rope, looked out on the crowd of people below, and asked: "How long shall I hang here?" and these were the last words of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. Stepping forward, he gave a signal to the executioner that he was ready to go: straightway he passed

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

This life, ending on the gallows, was not what men call a successful one; nevertheless, on it and others like it stand orders of nobility to this day; and, when such basis altogether fails, then shall fall, not orders of nobility only, but higher and better things.

INDEX

TO

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

ARGYLE. Archibald Campbell, Earl and Marquis. Of doubtful loyalty, 159. — King invites him to Berwick, but he does not go, 168. — His feud with Montrose, 171, 172. — Ill favored, 172. — His character, 172, 211. — Leader of Covenanters, 172. — Dispute with Montrose in Parliament, 176. — His dealings with the Atholmen and Ogilvies, 176, 177. — Got "exoneration" from Parliament, 178. — Charged Montrose with delay in bringing up his regiments, 177. — Bond to make him Dictator, 178. — Accuses Montrose of the Cumbernauld Bond, 181, 182. — Montrose names Argyle as the man who aimed at Dictatorship, and who spoke of deposing the King, 185, 189. — Argyle very powerful in Scotland, 187. — Stewart's statements about Argyle, 189 to 191. — Held the sceptre when the King opened Parliament, 196. — His fears and flight at time of the Incident, 199, 200. — Made Marquis, 202. — Intimacy with Hamilton, 209. — Cunning ways, 211. — A cross-eyed Presbyterian Jesuit, 211. — His attempt to induce Montrose to join his party, 215. — His encroachments in the Highlands, and the enmity to him there, 231. — His slow pursuit of Montrose, 242 to 248. — His proclamation against Montrose, 243. — His attack of Montrose at Fyvie Castle, 247. — Lays down his commission, 248. — His oppression of Highland clans, 250. — Refuses command of armies against Montrose, 253. — Defeated by Montrose at Inverlochy, 256. — His conduct, 257. — General Baillie's report of him, 277. — His castle burned by Ogilvies and Macleans, 279. — Urges Baillie to attack Montrose, 282. — His report to the Parliament about the King and Montrose, 369. — Sees Montrose when going to prison, 375.

BAILLIE, REVEREND ROBERT. Quotations from, about Episcopal forms, 145, 146. — Rothes brought in Montrose, 147. — Armament of himself and boy, 165. — Reports of Hamilton, 165. — About demands on King, 170. —

About the clemency of Montrose, 170. — About Montrose's damnable bond, 179. — About Alexander Leslie, 183. — About the paper found in Montrose's charter chest, 197. — About Montrose and his friends at Newcastle, 181. — About the Incident, 200. — About agreement with the King by Argyle, 201. — About Alexander Henderson and Will Murray, 202. — About Hamilton and Argyle, their intimacy, 209. — About Henderson's apology, 210. — About Argyle's cunning ways, 211. — About Montrose's interviews with the King, 213, 214. — About formation of the Solemn League and Covenant, 219. — About Hamilton's ambiguity, 220. — Earl Lanerick, 221. — About Montrose's "havoc" in the north of England, 225. — About Montrose and his "cruel villains," 245. — His discoveries in regard to the Puritans, 329. — One of the Commissioners to the King at the Hague, 342. — Visits Montrose in prison, 385.

BAILLIE, WILLIAM, Lieutenant-General. His birth, &c., 253, 254. — Appointed commander-in-chief of Covenanters' army to serve against Montrose, 254. — His pursuit of Montrose from Dundee, 262, 263. — His account of his pursuit of Montrose, 270, 271. — Defeated by Montrose at Alford, 272, 274. — His report of Argyle, 277. — His defeat at Kilsythe, and his account of it, 278, 284.

BATTLES. Of Tippermuir, 234, 235. — Aberdeen, 241. — Inverlochy, 256, 257. Dundee, 262. — Aulderne, 265, 267. — Alford, 273, 274. — Kilsythe, 280, 284. — Philiphaugh, 293, 294. — Corbiesdale, 365.

BISHOPS. Brief sketch of their history after the Reformation, 148 to 152. — Tulchan bishops, 149.

BURLEIGH, LORD. Elected President of Scottish Parliament, 175, 196. — Defeated by Montrose at Aberdeen, 242.

CARNIGIE, SIR DAVID, father-in-law of Montrose. Dispute with him, 157. — In contact with him again at Forfar, 158. — Loyal or neutral, 158. — Appears before Committee of Estates with Montrose's son, 306.

CARNIGIE, MAGDALENE. Daughter of Sir David, 134. — Married Montrose, 137. — Her death, 305. — Brief history of her, and her character, 305, 306.

COLQUHOUN, SIR JOHN. Marries Lilias Graham, sister of Montrose, 123. — Fight of his clan with McGregors, 123. — Absconds with Katharine, his wife's sister, 141, 142.

COMMITTEE OF ESTATES. Formed, 153. — Became the Revolutionary Committee, 153. — Manner of doing business, 171. — New Committee appointed by Parliament, half of it to be with the army, 176. — Montrose moves to exclude from its sessions persons not members of it, 178. — Depositions before it relating to the battle of Tippermuir, 236, 237. — Its Proclamation offering a reward for Montrose, alive or dead, 243.

COVENANT. How formed, 153. — Montrose's signature on it, 153. — People subscribe with oath, 154. — Carried forward beyond its original intent, 212. — Solemn League and Covenant formed, 259.

CROMWELL, OLIVER, 219, 220. — Anecdote of him and Andrew Reid, 238. — His opinion of gentlemen, 240. — In Ireland, 351. — Prince Rupert got some knowledge of him in England, 355. — At Dunbar, 295.

FORRETT, WILLIAM. Tutor of Montrose at Glasgow, 125, 126. — Books in his keeping, 125. — Comes into Perth with Montrose's sons, 236. — Marches with the army, 248. — Leaves the army at Loch Tay, 251.

GORDON, VISCOUNT ABOYNE, second son of Huntly. With the King at Newcastle, 164. — On board Hamilton's fleet in the Frith of Forth, 165. — Arrives at Aberdeen by sea, and raises an army there for the King, 166. — Marches south, and is defeated by Montrose, 166, 167. — His military adviser, Colonel Gun, 165, 166. — End of his military expedition, 167. — His vacillation, 272. — Capricious, 276. — Leaves the army after battle of Kilsythe, 289. — Joins Montrose, and then deserts him, 299, 301. — His correspondence with Montrose, 314.

GORDON, LORD GEORGE, oldest son of Marquis of Huntly. With his father prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, 164. — In Argyle's army, 244. — Joins Montrose, 258. — His death at the battle of Alford, 273. — His devotion to Montrose, 274.

GORDON, LORD LEWIS, youngest son of Huntly. Joins his brother at Aberdeen with one thousand men, 166. — In Argyle's army, 244. — Joins Montrose, 258. — His character, 301.

GRAHAM, BEATRIX, youngest sister of Montrose, 119. — At Mugdok, 126, 127. — Residing with Lilias at Rossdhu, 114. — Married Drummond, Master of Maderty, 233.

GRAHAM, DAVID, fourth son of Montrose. His name and age, 168. — Interview with his father, 373.

GRAHAM, DOROTHEA, third sister of Montrose, 119. — Her marriage and wedding party, 132, 133.

GRAHAM, HARRY. Natural brother of Montrose, 228. — Made prisoner, 228. — Goes into exile with Montrose, 321. — Placed in command of Castle of Dunbeath, 363.

GRAHAM, JAMES, second son of Montrose. Born at Kinnaird, 141. — Visits his father at Perth, 236. — Marched with the army to Brechin, where he left it, 240. — Made prisoner by the Covenanters, 260. — Released, he goes abroad, 320. — In Flanders at time of his father's death, 373.

GRAHAM, JOHN, eldest son of Montrose. Born at Kinnaird, 141. — His age, 168. — Joined his father's army at Perth, 236. — His marches with the army, and death, 259, 260.

GRAHAM, JOHN, of Balgowen. Residence of, 122. — Guardian of Montrose, 127.

GRAHAM, JOHN, of Ochil. Residence of, 122. — Guardian of Montrose, 126.

GRAHAM, KATHARINE, fourth sister of Montrose, 118. — After her mother's death, lived with Lilias at Rossdhu, 131. — Absconded with Sir John Colquhoun, 142.

GRAHAM, LILIAS, eldest sister of Montrose, 119. — Married Sir John Colquhoun, 124.

GRAHAM, MARGARET, second sister of Montrose, 119. — Married Lord Napier, 123. — Her character, 134. — Her death, 134.

GRAHAM, PATRICK, of Inchbrakie. Residence of, 122. — Guardian of Montrose, 127.

GRAHAM, PATRICK, younger, of Inchbrakie, called Black Pate, 231. — His battle with the Campbells, and victory, 313.

GRAHAM, ROBERT, third son of Montrose. Brought by the Earl of Southesk before the Committee of Estates, 306. — Interview with his father, 373.

GRAHAM, ROBERT, of Morphie. Residence of, 122. — Guardian of Montrose, 127.

GRAHAM, SIR WILLIAM, of Braco. Residence of, 122. — Guardian of Montrose, 127.

GRAHAM, WILLIAM, Earl of Monteith, kinsman of Montrose. His letter to the King about Montrose, 172, 173.

HAMILTON, JAMES, Marquis and Duke. Presents Montrose at Court, 143. — Instances of his duplicity, 143, 154, 155, 211, 220. — Changes his tone to the Covenanters, 156. — Dissolves Assembly at Glasgow, 157. — In the Frith of Forth, with fleet and army from England, 165. — His mother will shoot him if he lands, 165. — Gives Viscount Aboyne a military adviser, 165. — Denounced by Montrose, 187. — Fled with Argyle at the time of Incident, 200. — Intimacy with Argyle, 209. — A double dealer, 211. — Sir Philip Warwick's report of him, 211. — Made Duke, 214. — Accused by Montrose of treason, and imprisoned by the King, 221. — Marches with an army into England, and is defeated and beheaded, 335.

HENDERSON, REVEREND ALEXANDER, 154. — Goes on a mission to Aberdeen with Montrose, 155. — King gave him revenue of chapel royal, 202. — Out of favor with leading Covenanters, 202. — His apology in the Assembly, 209, 210. — His conference with Montrose, 216 to 218. — Personal appearance, 217. — His inclination to serve the King, 217.

HENRIETTA MARIA, Queen of Charles First. A Catholic, 147. — Her influence with the King, 201. Her escape in "night waly-cot," 213, 214. — Montrose's interview with her, 213, 214. — Her correspondence with Montrose, 323, 325. — Her household in Paris, 328. — Recommends Charles Second to make terms with Covenanters, 345.

HIGHLANDERS. Campbells, 176, 177. — Colquhouns' and McGregors' fight, 124. — Many clans join Montrose, 249. — Description of them, 249. — Enmity to Argyle, 250. — Their fear of cannon and cavalry, 278. — Stripping for battle, 281, 282. — Go into battle with heads down, 283, 284.

HUNTLY, GEORGE GORDON, MARQUIS OF. Anecdote of him, 139. — A Roman Catholic, and obnoxious to the Kirk, 159. — In arms in opposition to the Covenanters, 159, 160. — Lieutenant for the King in the north, 160. — His agreement with Montrose, 162, 163. — Carried prisoner to Edinburgh, 164. — His loyalty, 205. — His jealousy or dislike of Montrose, 276. — Conference with Montrose, 307. — Indecision and backwardness to aid Montrose, 309.

HURRY, SIR JOHN, General for Covenanters, 260. — Captures James, second son of Montrose, 260. — His pursuit of the royalists, 262, 263. — Retreats himself, followed by Montrose, 265. — Reënforced, he attacks Montrose at Aulderne, and gets defeat, 265 to 267. — Flight to General Baillie, 267. — "Pretending indisposition," withdraws himself from Baillie, 271. — Joins Montrose, 314. — Messenger between Montrose and Ru-

pert, 336. — Leads the van of Montrose's army, 362, 363. — Made prisoner at Corbiesdale, 365. — His personal appearance, 371.

IRISH TROOPS. Landed on west coast, and marched to Blair-Athole, 230, 232. — Baillie's account of them, 245. — Their marches, and anecdotes of them, 295, 296.

JOHNSON, ARCHIBALD. A prominent lawyer, 174. — His letter about Montrose, 174. — His report of Montrose in Parliament, 176. — Remarkable libel against Montrose framed by him, 195.

KING CHARLES FIRST. Coronation in Edinburgh, 141. — Accession to throne, 151. — Guided by Laud, 151. — Requests Lord Chancellor Hay to give precedence to bishops, 152. — Acts offensive to nobles, 151, 152. — His want of frankness, 156. — His pacification at Berwick, 168. — Invites Scottish nobles to a conference at Berwick, 168. — His influence with Montrose, 169. — Letter from Montrose to him, 173. — His right to throne of Scotland, 175. — The Plotters, Montrose and others, urge him to come to Scotland, 184. — His letters to Montrose, 191, 207, 208, 210, 292, 304, 315, 320, 324, 326. — Montrose's letters to him, 186, 227, 256, 257, 317, 318. — Arrival in Edinburgh, 198. — Promises to release Montrose, 198. — His troubles, the Incident, and the massacre in Ireland, 201. — By bargain with the Covenanters, releases Montrose, 202. — Rewards his enemies, 202. — His attack on the Kirk, 206. — His want of truthfulness and his weakness, 212. — Interview with Montrose and Hamilton, 214. — Commissions Montrose, 222. — Proposes himself to join Montrose, 269. — His infirmity of purpose, 293. — His attempt to join Montrose, 303, 304. — Places himself in the hands of the Scots, and orders Montrose to disband, 316, 317. — The Scots give him up to the English, 324. — Seized by the English army, 327. — Flight to the Isle of Wight, 328, 329. — His death, 338.

KING CHARLES SECOND. His first negotiation with Montrose, 338. — Montrose's advice to him, 344. — Gives commission to Montrose, 345. — His negotiations with the Covenanters, 342 to 358. — His letters to Montrose, 356 to 358. — His heartless dealing with Montrose, 366 to 369.

KING JAMES SIXTH of Scotland, FIRST of England. Favors bishops, 148. — Signed the old Covenant, 149. — Anecdotes of, 150. — By wordy argument lost his vantage ground, 150. — Death of, 151.

KIRK, or CHURCH, OF SCOTLAND. Attendance of Montrose at Kirk services in his youth, 129. — Contest of Kirk with Episcopacy, 144 to 152. — Riots in Edinburgh and Glasgow, 145, 146. — Subscribers to Covenant, 154. — General Assembly at Glasgow, 156. — Declares Episcopacy unlawful, and contrary to word of God, 169. — Kirk in danger, 206. — Dealings of the Kirk with those who had any communication with Montrose, 236 to 238, 311. — Discoveries made by Baillie and the Earl of Loudon in regard to the English Independents, 329. — Rigids. Moderates. Movement for the King, 329, 330. — Its Commissioners to Charles Second, 342. — Dealings with Montrose, in prison and on the scaffold, 372 to 389.

LAMBYE, JOHN. Tutor of Montrose at St. Andrews, 127. — His accounts, 128. — Secretary of Montrose, carried to Edinburgh, 197, 198.

LANERICK, EARL OF. Fled with his brother, Duke Hamilton, at the time of the Incident, 200, 201. — Has Baillie's chamber and bed in London, 221. — Offers to serve under Montrose, 337. — At the court of Charles Second, at the Hague, 341.

LAUD, ARCHBISHOP, 145, 151. — Description of him, 151. — Charles First guided by him, 151.

LESLIE, GENERAL ALEXANDER. Spalding's account of him, 160. — Accompanies Montrose on an expedition to the north, 160, 161. — Commander-in-chief for the Covenanters, marches south with an army, 164, 165. — Traits of character, 183. — Raised to the peerage as Earl of Levin, 202.

LESLIE, GENERAL DAVID. Marches from England, with a large body of horse, to oppose Montrose, 290. — Surprises and defeats Montrose at Philiphaugh, 294. — Is the same general who met Cromwell at Dunbar, 295.

MACDONALD, ALLESTER, or ALEXANDER. Joins Montrose with his Irish troops, 230. — Some account of him, 232. — Gets fifty pounds at Perth, 236. — Comes in to Blair-Athole with recruits, 249. — Loses his hat, cloak, and gloves, 263. — His bravery and rashness at Aulderne, 266. — Knighted by Montrose, 288. — Characteristic anecdote of him, 288. — Leaves Montrose, 289. — Will not join him again, 304. — Held back by the Earl of Antrim, 313.

MAURICE, PRINCE. His nominal commission as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of Scotland, 222. — His birth, 346.

MONTROSE. James Graham, Earl and Marquis. Biographies of, 115, 116. — Family name, 117. — Ancestors, 117, 118. — Parentage, 119. — Sisters, 119. — Place of birth, 138. — Boyhood, 122, 123. — Death of mother, 123. — Marriages of sisters Lilias and Margaret, 123, 124. — School days at Glasgow, and his tutor, 125, 126. — His books, 126. — Death of father, and funeral, 127. — Curators or guardians, 127. — Entry at College of St. Andrews, 127. — Life at college, and tutor, 127 to 136. — Sickness, 133. — Marriage, 136, 137. — Portrait by Jamieson, 137. — Marriage contract, 138. — Birth of sons John and James, 141. — Sister Katharine's abduction, 141, 142. — His poems, 130. — At Rossdhu without boots or shoes, 131. — At Kinnaird Castle, and saw the daughters of the house, 134. — Party at Drumfad, 134, 135. — His scholarship, 138. — Frequent attendance at Kirk, 129. — Generous to the poor, 129. — Inclination to out-of-door sports, 129, 130. — Travels on the continent, 141, 142. — Presented at Court by Hamilton, 143. — Poem dedicated to him, 143, 144. — His signature on the Covenant and elsewhere, 153. — His first public appearance with the Covenanters, 148. — Means used to engage him in their cause, 147, 148. — Elder of a Presbytery, 156. — A member of the Committee of Estates, 153. — Becomes distrustful of Hamilton's loyalty and honesty, 154, 155. — Goes to Aberdeen to get subscribers to the Covenant, 155. — Protests in the name of the Scottish nobles, 156. — He will "avow every jot that is

writ," 157. — Stents landholders in Forfar, 157. — Encourages a mob in pulling down an organ, and makes a speech in the street, 158. — Hamilton calls him vainly foolish, 158. — Begins to dislike some of the Leaders of the Covenanters: leads an army to Turreff, in the north, 159, 160. — Appointed General for the Covenanters, 160. — His whimsey-blue ribbons, 161, 162. — Enters Aberdeen with his army, 162. — Conference and agreement with Marquis of Huntly, 162, 163. — Complains of "a committee and a vote," 163. — Makes Huntly prisoner, 164. — Returns to Edinburgh, raises force, and marches north again, 164. — Battle with Lord Aboyne at Dunnotter, and storming of the bridge of Dee, 166, 167. — His interview with the King at Berwick, 168. — His sons, 168. — Covenanters become suspicious of him, 169, 170. — Causes of dissatisfaction on both sides, 170 to 172. — His letter to the King, 173. — Takes counsel with other nobles, and goes to his home, 174. — Hereditary right, 175. — Disputes against Argyle, Rothes, &c., 176. — His course in Parliament, 176. — Levies his regiments for the Covenant, and suppresses the loyal Ogilvies, 176, 177. — Trial before Military Committee, 177. — Cumbernauld Bond, 177, 178. — Contest with Argyle, and feud, 177, 178. — Crossing the Tweed, his figure, 180. — Correspondence with the King, 181. — Avows the Cumbernauld Bond, 181, 182. — His discourse with Colonel Cochrane, 182, 183. — His trial and imprisonment, the plot and plotters, 184 to 196. — His personal appearance, 188. — Appears for Parliament, 196. — His castles searched by the Covenanters, 197. — The Incident, some account of it, 199 to 201. — Released from prison, 201. — Goes to Old Montrose and is sick, 203. — His poem on the Faithlessness of the Times, 203. — Letter on Sovereign Power, 204, 205. — Time when he became conservative, 206. — Letters from the King, 207, 208. — His protest, 207. — His difficult position, 211, 212. — Interviews with King and Queen, 213, 214. — Offers made to him by Covenanters, 214. — Refuses to serve with Hamilton, 215. — Interview and conference with Alexander Henderson, 216, 217. — Ceases altogether to act with the Covenanters, 218. — Goes to the King with report of affairs, 219. — His plans of service for the King, 221, 222. — His commission as Lieutenant-General for the King, 222. — Unsuccessful attempt to enter Scotland, 222 to 224. — Services in the north of England, 224, 225. — Joins Prince Rupert, who takes all his forces, 226. — His despatches to the King sent by Lord Ogilvy, 225 to 228. — Enters on an enterprise very desperate for himself, in the disguise of a groom, 228. — Arrives at the house of Patrick Graham, 229. — Gets news of the Irish under Allester Macdonald, 230. — Joins the Irish at Blair-Athole, 231. — The Atholmen come in to him, 232, 233. — Marches his army into the Lowlands, 233, 234. — Battle of Tippermuir, 234, 235. — His clemency after the battle in Perth, 236 to 238. — Marches northward, and takes a "rip of oats" for badge, 241. — Summons city of Aberdeen, 241. — Battle of Aberdeen, 242. — Retreats before Argyle's army, and courses "thrice round about," 244, 248. — His sickness, 245. — Stands at bay on the hills of Fyvie, 247. — Foray into Argyleshire, 249, 253. — His letter to King Charles, giving account of his foray and battle, 252, 258. — March from Loch Ness over the Lochaber Mountains, 255 to 266. — Battle

of Inverlochy, 256, 257. — Marches northward to Gordon Castle, where his son dies, 258, 260. — Joined by the Gordons, 258. — Assault and capture of Dundee, 261, 262. — Rapid and skilful retreat, 262, 263. — Joined by Lord Gordon and Allester Macdonald, he pursues General Hurry through the north, 265. — Battle of Aulderne, 265, 267. — Threatens to "use severity" with his prisoners, but does not, 268. — Severe measures of the Covenanters against him, 269. — Retreats before General Baillie to "places of advantage," 270. — Reënforced, marches toward Baillie, and offers battle, 272. — Battle of Alford, 273, 274. — Joined by many Highland clans, 276. — Encamps near Perth, 277. — Moves southward with his army, followed by Baillie, 278, 279. — Battle of Kilsythe, 280, 284. — Charge against him of cruelty, 284. — His military skill and decisive victories, 284, 285. — His camp-court at Bothwell, and humanity, 285, 286. — His letter to the poet Hawthornden, 287. — Receives commission as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General, 287. — Makes proclamation for a Parliament, 288. — Ordered by the King, he marches south, 289, 290. — Disappointed in aid from the border Earls, he retreats, 293. — Surprised and defeated at Philiphaugh, 294. — Flight to the hills, 297. — His letter to Huntly, 299. — Gordons join him and desert, 299, 301. — Treatment of prisoners, 302. — Death of his wife, 305. — Of his best friend, Lord Napier, 306. — Conference with Huntly, 307. — Correspondence with Huntly, 308. — Sir Robert Spottiswood's letter to him, 310. — Loss of friends by death, 311. — Not easily discomposed, 313. — Correspondence with Lord Aboyne, 314. — His castle of Kincardine besieged, captured, and burned, 315. — The King orders him to disband his army, and go into France, 316. — His letter to the King, 317. — His capitulation with General Middleton, and conditions, 319. — Takes leave of his followers, and goes to Old Montrose, 320. — King's letter to him, 320. — Escapes in disguise of a servant, and embarks for Norway, 321, 322. — Journeys to Denmark, thence to Hamburg, 322. — His proposition to Queen Henrietta to raise an army in Scotland, 323. — Letter from the King, 323. — Letter from the Queen, 325. — His correspondence and negotiations with Queen Henrietta, 325 to 327. — Objects to Lilias Napier's going into the Queen's household, 328. — Honors, offices, and emoluments offered him by the French, 331. — Goes into Germany, and is made Field Marshal, 333, 334. — Bishop Burnet's dispraise and Cardinal de Retz' praise of him, 334, 336. — Correspondence with Prince Rupert, 336, 337. — By request of Charles Second, appoints to meet Chancellor Hyde, 338. — Greatly shocked by news of the death of Charles First, 338. — His verses on the event, 339. — Some account of his metrical productions, 339. — His devotion to Charles First, 340. — Scotch Commissioners' abuse of him to Charles Second, 342, 343. — Charges of cruelty, ambition, vanity, 343. — His counsel to Charles Second, 343, 344. — Commissioned by Charles Second, 345. — Intercourse and correspondence with Elizabeth Stuart, 346 to 348, 350 to 352. — He goes to north of Europe, to organize an expedition to Scotland, 349 to 353. — Delays and difficulties there, 350 to 360. — Letters to him from Charles Second, 356 to 358. — His passions or state of mind in exile, 359. — Embarks for Scotland, 360, 361. — Arrives

at Orkneys, 361. — His landing on the main, and march southward, 362 to 364. — Defeated and wounded at Corbiesdale, 365. — His flight and capture, 365, 366. — Dealings of Charles Second with him, 366 to 369. — His procession as captive from north of Scotland to Edinburgh, 370 to 375. — Interview with his sons, 373. — In the Tolbooth, visited by ministers and committees, 375 to 387. — His answers to charges made by ministers of the Kirk, 378 to 380. — His personal vices, 381. — His appearance before the Parliament, and speech, 382, 383. — His sentence, 384. — His prayers and verse in prison, 386. — His dress, going to execution, 387. — His demeanor, 388. — His execution, 389, 390.

MONTROSE, JOHN GRAHAM, fourth Earl of, 118. — Children of, 119, 123. — At Mugdok, 126. — Death of, and burial, 127.

MONTROSE, TOWN OF. Description, 120, 121. — Homestead there repaired, 136. — The Marquis of Montrose sees it for the last time, 373.

MURRAY, WILLIAM. Sends copy of Montrose's letter to the King to the Covenanters, 181. — Some account of him and his particular quality, 200, 202. — Agent of Argyle at the Hague, 342. — Agent of Charles Second, 368.

NAPIER, ARCHIBALD, LORD. Married Margaret Graham, 123. — Guardian of Montrose, 127. — His friend and counsellor always, 152. — Loyal to King, but opposed to Episcopacy, 153. — His age and character, 153. — One of the Plotters, 183, 184. — His trial and account of it, 184 to 196. — Imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, 192. — Refuses to be released without trial, 194, 195. — Appears before King in Parliament, and speaks, 198. — Released from prison, 202. — His protest, 207. — Petition to Privy Council, 209. — Fined and imprisoned by the Covenanters, 268. — Origin of the name Napier, 268. — His death, 306.

NAPIER, MASTER OF, afterwards LORD. Commands the reserve at battle of Alford, 273. — Married the Lady Elizabeth Erskine, 269. — Besieged in the Castle of Kincardine: his escape, 315. — His letter to his wife, 330. — His wife, Lady Elizabeth Erskine, got the heart of Montrose after his death, and embalmed it, 334.

OGILVIES. Loyalists, 176. — Montrose disarms them gently, but Argyle roughly and brutally, 176, 177. — He burns their Castle of Airlie, 177. — Lord Ogilvy, 213, 217, 221, 223, 225, 226, 228. — Sir Thomas, Sir David, 240, 248, 257, 278. — Earl of Airlie, 240, 248, 256, 278, 279.

ROSSDHU, on Loch Lomond. Its scenery, 124. — Residence of Montrose's sister Lilias, 124. — Montrose there in his boyhood, 124. — There again destitute of boots or shoes, 131.

ROTHES, EARL OF. Brought in Montrose, 148. — Also Alexander Leslie, 161.

RUPERT, PRINCE. Summons Montrose to join him, 225. — Takes from Montrose all his troops, 225. — His correspondence with Montrose in exile, 336. — His difficulties getting his fleet under way, 336. — His proceedings and privateering for the public good, 355.

RUTHVEN, second Earl of Gowrie. Lost his life in the Gowrie conspiracy, 119.

RUTHVEN, MARGARET, mother of Montrose, and daughter of Earl of Gowrie, 119. — Her death, 123.
RUTHVEN, WILLIAM, Earl of Gowrie. Maternal grandfather of Montrose, leader in Raid of Ruthven, 119.

ST. ANDREWS. City and university, 129, 130. — Montrose at college there, 129 to 136.
SCOTLAND. Clannish, 132. — State of society in, 139, 140. — Religious state in 1636, 144 to 152. — History of its bishops, 148 to 152. — Tulchans, 149. — Religious temper of its people very old, 146, 147. — Its nobles generally opposed to bishops, 152, 153. — People generally loyal to King, 159. — State of the country described by Montrose, 183, 184. — Change of affairs, 206, 212. — Solemn League and Covenant, and other events, 219, 220. — Army raised, 220.
SEAFORTH, EARL OF, 194. — Gathers an army to oppose Montrose, 254. — His army disbanded, 258. — His negotiations with Montrose, and vacillations, 308, 309, 312.
SPOTTISWOOD, SIR ROBERT. Brings commission to Montrose after battle of Kilsythe, 287, 289. — His letter to Lord Digby, 290. — Taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, 299. — Beheaded, 309. — His letter to Montrose, 310.
STIRLING, SIR GEORGE, of Keir. One of the "Plotters," 183, 184. — Married a niece of Montrose, 184. — Trial, 185 to 196. — Imprisoned in Castle, 192. — Released, 201, 202. — Imprisoned again and released, 286.
STUART, ELIZABETH. Queen of Bohemia, 336. — Some account of her, 346. — Her correspondence with Montrose, 346 to 354.

TRAQUAIR, EARL OF. King's Commissioner, 175. — His treachery, and Sir Philip Warwick's report of him, 290, 291, 297, 298.

WIGTON, COUNTESS OF. The Lady Lilias Graham, maternal aunt of Montrose, 132. — Active in cause of the Kirk, 132.
WIGTON, EARL OF. Cousin and guardian of Montrose, 127. — His seat at Cumbernauld, 132. — With party at Drumfad, 134.
WISHART, GEORGE. Biographer of Montrose, 115. — Minister at St. Andrews, 136. — In danger of death by rats, 321. — Goes abroad with Montrose, 321.

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